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THIRD VOLUME

SONGS OF THE HEBRIDES.

127
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ROYAL CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC OF TORONTO

Collected and Arranged
for
Voice and Pianoforte
With Gaelic and English Words
by

Marjory Kennedy-Fraser
and
Kenneth Macleod

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To my Sister

MARGARET KENNEDY

interpreter of

"Land of Heart's Desire"
"Kishmul's Galley"
"Heart of Fire Love"
"The Benbecula Bridal"
"Cuchullan's Lament"
"The Hebridean Mother's Song"
"The Harper"
and many others.

P. 89
P. 94
P. 14

ALPHABETICAL INDEX.

INTRODUCTORY.

"The Songs of the Hebrides" .. Poem by Alix Egerton .. .. vii.
Poem .. .. By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson .. viii.
Some Notes and Tunes .. .. By Marjory Kennedy-Fraser .. ix.
Notes as to Rendering of the Tunes ,, ,, ,, .. xxii.
Prelude .. .. By Kenneth Macleod .. .. I.

PAGE
Aignish on the Machair 94
At the Wave Mouth 5
Barra Fishers' Sea-Prayer and Sea-Joy . 8
Barra Love Lilt (A) 98
Birds at the Fairy Fulling 126
Birlinn of Clanranald (The) 43
Blessing of the Road 64
Chanty that beguiled the Witch (The). 170
Clanranald's Galley 43
Clyde-Side Love Lilt (A) 154
Cockle-Gatherer (The) 14
Courting of the King of Erin's Daughter (The) 69
Curse of the Aspen Tree 27
Dance to your Shadow 23
Dowerless Maiden (The) 146
Down comes the Hawk, and she flies no more 166
Ethne's Croon to her Child Columba .. 104
Fairy Loom (The) 10
Going West 94
Gormshuil the Blue-eyed 170
Harp of Dunvegan (The) 31
Harper (The) 57
Harp Sorrow (The) 175
Hazel by the River (The) 66
Hebridean Foster-Sister's Song (A) .. 124
Joy Invocation (The) 82
Jura Harvesting Lilt 124
Kirsteen 60

PAGE
Lure of the Fairy Hill (The) 108
Old Crone's Lilt (The) 113
Ossian's Day-Dream 34
Peat-Fire Flame (The) 188
Pulling the Sea-dulse 86
Putting out to Sea 72
Putting the Taunt 140
Rannoch Herding Song 150
Return from the Fairy Hill (The) .. 84
Rodel Fishing Rune 138
Rune of the Moon 62
Rune of the Weaver (The) 144
Sea-Bird to her Chicks 80
Sea Moods 8
Sea-Quest (The) 175
Sleeps the noon in the deep blue sky . 34
Spreading the Sea-wrack 129
Skua-Gulls (The) 76
Skye Steersman's Song (The) 53
St. Kilda Cliff-climber to his Son .. 116
To people who have Gardens 89
Two Cronies (The) 40
Uist Cattle Croon 36
Vow Song of the Birds 134
Wandering Shade (A) 2
Wind on the Moor (The) 18
Witchery Graces 160
Witchery Cantrips 162
Witchery Milking Croon (The) .. 164
Witchery Fate Song (The) 166
Witchery Croon 172

ALPHABETICAL INDEX.

Gaelic Titles.

TITLE PAGE

Adò Adè .. 86
A's an da .. 124
Aig Beul nan Tonn .. 5
Am Broǹ Binn .. 175
An Clarsair .. 57
An Crithionn Cruaidh .. 27
An Druimionn Dubh .. 150
An nochd tha Bata dol gu Cuan .. 72
An Talla 'm bu ghnath le Mac-Leoid .. 33

Bando Ribinnean .. 23
Birlinn Chlann Raonuill .. 43
Bodach Innsechro' .. 40
Boilich nam Bana-bhuidseach .. 162
Bruadar Mara .. 8

Chailin oig an Stiuir thu mi .. 69
Chunna mi 'n t-Seabhag .. 166
Clarsach Shil-Leoid .. 31
Cleite Gàdaig .. 116
Co bhios agad, Chairistīona .. 60
Cur na Tamaìlte .. 140
Cronan Cuallaich .. 36

Dh' eirich mi moch maduinn aluinn .. 98
Duan an Rathaid .. 64

Faileas nam Beann .. 2
Fise Faise Fó .. 172

TITLE PAGE

Gilbhinn .. 108
Gun chrodh, gun aighean .. 146

Ha-Rim, Ha-Ró .. 170
Hin, Hin, Haradala .. 66
Ho, Fiream Forum .. 126
Ho, halovi chall o .. 134
Ho i ril .. 129
Ho ro laìl o .. 84

Mhairi Bhan (A) .. 154

Na Beannachdan .. 82
Na Lochlinnich .. 76
Nighean Righ Eireann .. 69
Nuair bha mi Fhein nam Mhaighdean 113
Null a Mhonadh e Nall a Mhonadh .. 18

Obaidh Buaile .. 164
Obaidh na Cloinne .. 160

Rann do'n Ghealaich .. 62
Rann Iasgaich .. 138
'S mo lamh air a stiuir .. 53
'Sè mo nighean á ni ceòl .. 80
'S trusaidh mi na Coilleagan .. 14

Taladh Chalumchille .. 104
Tha Smeorach 'sa mhaduinn chiuinn .. 120

LEGENDS AND NOTES, Etc., by KENNETH MACLEOD.

Prelude .. 1
The Skīr of St. Kenneth .. 133
The Return from the Fairy Hill .. 83
The Foster Sister .. 123
The Harper .. 56
The Aspen Tree .. 26
The King of Erin's Daughter .. 68
The Witchery .. 159
Putting out to Sea .. 72
St. Bride in laughter .. 8
The Limpet Gatherer .. 144
Fare thee well .. 192

THE FOLLOWING BY MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER:—

The Nut-Gatherers .. 107
Some Notes and Tunes .. ix.

CLASSIFIED CONTENTS.

LABOUR LILTS AND CROONS.

ENGLISH TITLE.	GAELIC TITLE.	PAGE
The Cockle Gatherer	*'S trusaidh mi na Coilleagan*	14
St. Kilda Cliff-Climber	*Cleite Gàdaig*	116
Haymaking Croon— Putting out to Sea	*An nochd tha bata dol gu cuan*	72
Rōdel Fishing Rune	*Rann Iasgaich*	138
Uist Cattle Croon	*Cronan Cuallaich*	36
Jura Harvesting Lilt— Hebridean Foster Sister's Song	*A's an da*	124
Herding Song	*An Druimionn Dubh*	150
Pulling the Sea Dulse	*Adò Adè*	86
Spreading the Sea Wrack	*Ho i rithill laìl leo*	129
The Skye Steersman's Song	*'S mo lamh air a stiuir*	53

SONGS OF THE FAIRY HILLS.

The Lure of the Fairy Hill	*Gilbhinn*	108
The Return from the Fairy Hill	*Ho ro laìl o*	84

FROM IONA.

An Iona Lullaby— Ethne's Croon to Columba	*Taladh Chalumchille*	104

A SONG OF THE ROAD.

Blessing of the Road	*Duan an Rathaid*	64

SONGS OF THE HARPING.

The Harp of Dunvegan	*Clarsach Shil-Leoid* *An Talla 'm bu gnath le Mac-Leoid*	31
The Harper	*An Clarsair*	57

DRUIDIC ODE.

The Rune of the Moon	*Rann do'n Ghealaich*	62

PROCESSIONAL.

The Curse of the Aspen Tree	*An Crithionn Cruaidh*	27

CLASSIFIED CONTENTS—*Continued.*

SINGING GAME.

ENGLISH TITLE.	GAELIC TITLE.	PAGE
Putting the Taunt	*Cur na Tamaìlte*	140
"Think ye, have ye killed a heron?"		

BIRD SONGS.

The Vow-Song of the Birds	*Ho halovi chall o*	134
The Sea-Bird to her Chicks	*'Sè mo nighean a ni ceòl*	80
Birds at the Fairy Fulling	*Ho Fiream Forum Foirm*	126
The Fairy Loom	*Tha Smeorach 'sa mhaduinn chiuinn*	120

PEAT-FIRE LILTS.

The Two Cronies	*Bodach Innsechro'*	40
The Old Crone's Lilt	*Nuair bha mi Fhein nam Mhaighdean*	113
The Peat-Fire Flame		188

LAYS AND LILTS FROM THE ARTHURIAN AND FAYNE CYCLES.

An Arthurian Ballad—		
The Sea-Quest	*Am Bròn Bìnn*	175
The Courting of the King of Erin's Daughter	*Nìghean Rìgh Eireann*	69
The Lure of the Fairy Hill	*Gìllbhinn*	108
Ossian's Day Dream—		
Sleeps the noon in the deep blue sky		34

SEA RAPTURE SONGS.

Sea Moods	*Bruadar Mara*	8
The Sea Prayer and Sea Joy of the Barra Fishers	*Urnuigh Mhara*	8
The Birlinn of Clanranald	*Birlinn Chlann Raonuill*	
The Blessing of the Ship and The Sailing (From the famous Gaelic Sea-Poem by the Jacobite Poet, Alexander Macdonald.)		43
The Skua-Gulls—		
Sea Reivers' Mouth Music	*Na Lochlinnich*	76

CLASSIFIED CONTENTS—*Continued.*

LOVE SONGS.

ENGLISH TITLE.	GAELIC TITLE.	PAGE
A CLYDE-SIDE LOVE LILT	*A Mhairi Bhan*	154
KIRSTEEN	*Co bhios agad, Chairistīona*	60
BARRA LOVE LILT	*Dh 'eirich mi mòch maduinn aluinn*	98
THE DOWERLESS MAIDEN	*Gun chrodh, gun aighean*	145

MOUTH MUSIC.

SEA REIVERS' MOUTH MUSIC— The Skua Gulls	*Na Lochlinnich*	76
DANCE TO YOUR SHADOW	*Bando Ribinnean*	23
THE HAZEL BY THE RIVER	*Hin, Hin, Haradala*	65
TO PEOPLE WHO HAVE GARDENS		89

OF BIRTH AND DEATH AND THE BEYOND.

AT THE WAVE MOUTH	*Aig Beul nan Tonn*	5
A WANDERING SHADE	*Faileas nam Beann*	2
PUTTING OUT TO SEA	*An Nochd tha Bata dol gu Cuan*	72
THE JOY INVOCATION	*Na Beannachdan*	82
THE WIND ON THE MOOR	*Null a Mhonadh e Nall a Mhónadh*	18
AIGNISH ON THE MACHAIR		94
THE RUNE OF THE WEAVER		144

WITCHERY SONGS.

WITCHERY CROON	*Fise, Faise, Fo*	172
WITCHERY GRACES	*Obaidh na Cloinne*	160
WITCHERY CANTRIPS	*Boilich nam Bana-bhuidseach*	162
WITCHERY MILKING CROON	*Obaidh Buaile*	164
WITCHERY FATE SONG— Down comes the Hawk and she flies no more	*Chunna mi 'n t-Seabhag*	166
GORMSHUIL THE BLUE-EYED— The Chanty that beguiled the Witch	*Ha-Rim, Ha-Ro*	170

THE SONGS OF THE HEBRIDES.

(To M.K.F.)

Do they not sing these songs where Arthur sleeps,
And when Cuchulain came,
Did not that [1] Triumph-song
Over the peacock glory of the sea
Roll like a flame.
Behind the loves of Lancelot and the Queen,
And in far Rimini
Through all such fateful lives
Surely there blew that moaning of the [2] Wind
Of Destiny.
And we who dream of other dawns than these
Acclaim the Sacred Fire,
Which by your ardent torch
Reveals to us a vision of the [3] Land
Of Heart's Desire.

ALIX EGERTON.

---

[1] To the Lord of the Isles, Vol. II. [2] The Wind on the Moor, Vol. III.
[3] Vol. II.

As the lift of the wave to the venturing keel,
As the spark that is stricken from steel upon steel,
As the sea-light that lures in the eyes of the seal.

As the soar and the sweep of the sea-gull in flight,
As the grip of the foe in the thick of the fight,
As the grasp of a friend in the heart of the night.

As a loved sail lost in the gold of the West,
As the laughter of God in a baby's breast,
As the lights of the haven, the end of the quest,

To me, these songs in the Island Tongue,
That reivers and weavers and fishers have sung,
Songs that are old as the earth and as young.

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.

SOME NOTES AND TUNES.

"An air is more lasting than the voice of birds,
A word is more lasting than the riches of the world."
ELEANOR HULL (*from the Gaelic.*)

"But which is the way to the Western Island?
. . . .
If the South Wind but knew my thoughts,
It would blow my dreams till they got to the Western Island."
ARTHUR WALEY (*from the Chinese, 4th cent.*)

Long before roads opened up continents, folk who lived in Island groups, like the Greeks and the Hebrideans, were close to the highways of the world. Their boats could carry them where they listed along sea-paths as good then as now, while the great un-charted waste of seas that lay west of the Hebrides made those islands, for the time, the *ultima thule* of the known world. There was caught and held the spiritual drift-thought of the ancient world. And, entering the Hebridean world of poetic legend and song to-day, it is, to quote Yeats, as though the spray of an inexhaustible fountain of beauty was blown into our faces. The very air in the small, remote, southerly isles of the Long Island group seems filled with the symbolism, idealism and hypnotic rhythms of this tradition. Over the jagged rocks, green machair and far-reaching sheen-white sands there broods ever an ineffable, spiritual beauty of space, colour, the infinite. One feels there a fierceness of exultation but rarely attained—in Tagore's words—the "impetus of the infinite energy to be glad."

Possibly to the heaping up of the traditional music-lore of the Isles many races have taken part. For we must think in *milleniums rather than in centuries when we dream of the far away origins of melodic stuff. And no one people surely can claim sole rights in such inherited melodic wealth—wealth of the most precious kind—to be shared by all.

---

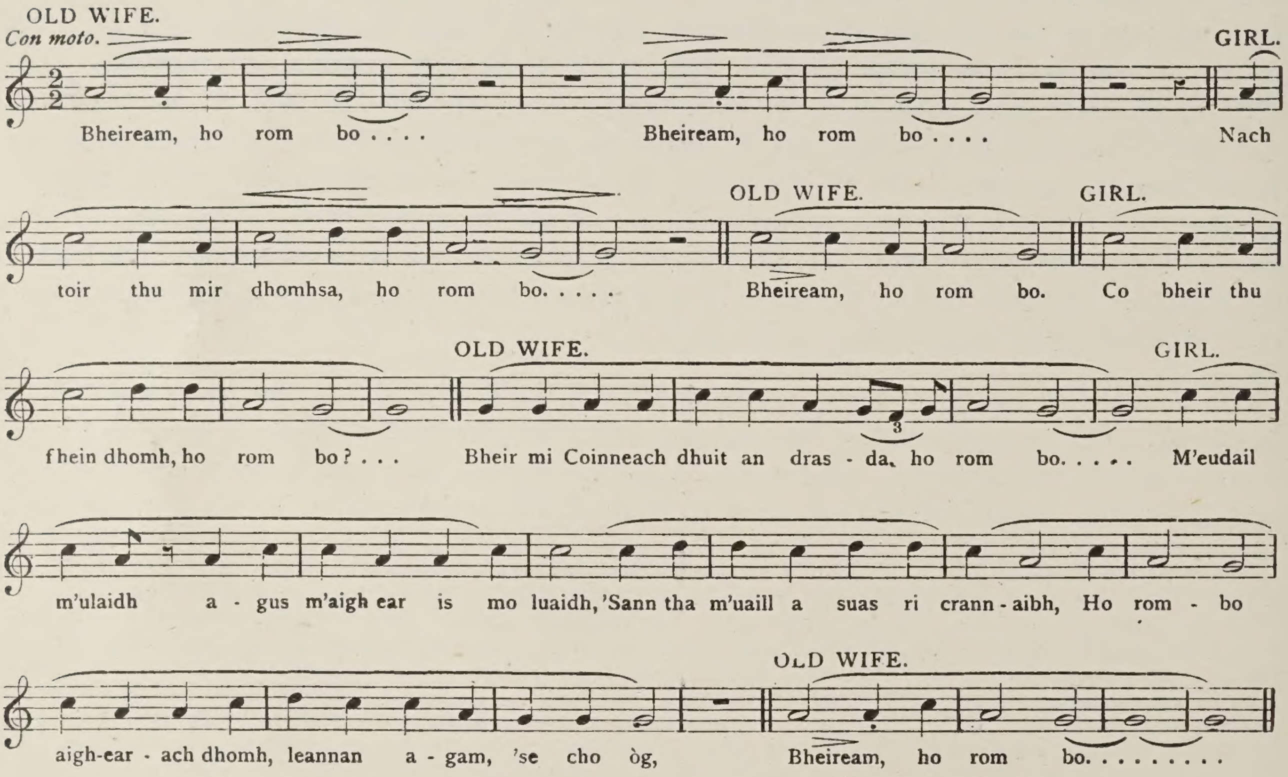
*Sir Arthur Keith, in a paper read to the British Association in September, 1921, (dating back 2,000 years B.C. for his "reliable facts,") said that the late paleolithic races of S. Europe, from whom Scot and Scandinavian were alike descended, had dark hair, eyes and complexion. Fair hair, light eyes and clear complexion were to be regarded as more recently evolved. The darker hair and eyes of the Scot to-day were perhaps due to his retaining more of the characteristics of the common ancestor. On the other hand, apropos the dark Scot, Scotland was, 2,000 years B.C. in free communication with Europe by two portals—the Eastern, open to the North Sea and Central Europe—the Western, a back door to the Mediterranean. At that time, 4,000 years ago, the pulse of the Mediterranean was beating on Scotland along what might be called the Celtic Sea-passage—St. George's Channel, the Irish Sea, the Western Shores as far as Orkney and Norway. "This," comments Sir Leslie Mackenzie, "offers a very direct explanation of the continuity between Mediterranean and Hebridean civilizations. The earlier dark-haired round-heads of the Hebrides may have been partly successors of the common ancestors of Nordic and Southern races, but it is certain that there was a much later invasion of the Western Isles, direct from the Mediterranean peoples. In tracking these races, the skulls have been the chief guide, and types are easily differentiated by the expert. Psychological peculiarities, however, are not so easily or definitely recaptured thus. Size and shape of skull may be correlated with types of character—the round-head with the highly reflective, speculative and designing brain—the long-head with the active, fighting, adventurous brain. But this is at best purely speculative. Among the more stable customs and traditions rather might one look for indications of psychological character."

Now, as musical patterns, or even phrases, may remain constant for hundreds, and tonalities or scale-limitations, for thousands of years, we have surely, in traditional music, a valuable medium for ethnological research.

Commonly this traditionally-preserved music is termed folk-music and set apart. But in truth there is no dividing line between such inspired orally-passed-on music and any other good music. No schools can *make* the poet-musician, although notational facilities can certainly better perpetuate his work.

Of the music thus carried down from generation to generation, perhaps the labour lilts and hypnotic croons are the most ancient. Here is a hypnotic labour lilt of a strange wistful allure, fashioned out of but four notes: a, c, g, d, a fifth note f, being used oncè only, as a passing note. Because of the fierce economy of the means used—only three notes to begin with—how effective the rise to the "d" when the maiden speaks of her lover. It is a *waulking* duologue between a girl and an older woman—these communal labour lilts were often antiphonal—the girl asking the older woman to give her a sweetheart. The woman names a certain lad, and the girl—be it in earnest or be it in irony—sings loud his praises:

LABOUR CROON—A DUOLOGUE BETWEEN AN OLD WOMAN AND A GIRL.


OLD WIFE.
Con moto.
Bheiream, ho rom bo . . . . Bheiream, ho rom bo . . . .
GIRL.
Nach toir thu mir dhomhsa, ho rom bo. . . . .
OLD WIFE.
Bheiream, ho rom bo.
GIRL.
Co bheir thu fhein dhomh, ho rom bo ? . . .
OLD WIFE.
Bheir mi Coinneach dhuit an dras - da, ho rom bo. . . . .
GIRL.
M'eudail m'ulaidh a - gus m'aigh ear is mo luaidh, 'Sann tha m'uaill a suas ri crann - aibh, Ho rom - bo aigh-ear - ach dhomh, leannan a - gam, 'se cho òg,
OLD WIFE.
Bheiream, ho rom bo. . . . .

"If we are to suppose" continues Mackenzie, "as Keith justifies us in doing, that the men of the Mediterranean civilization penetrated into Ireland and the Western Isles over 3,000 years ago, it is not too fanciful to suggest that musical forms of the Ægean Isles and of the north shores of Africa might be recoverable to-day in the Hebrides."

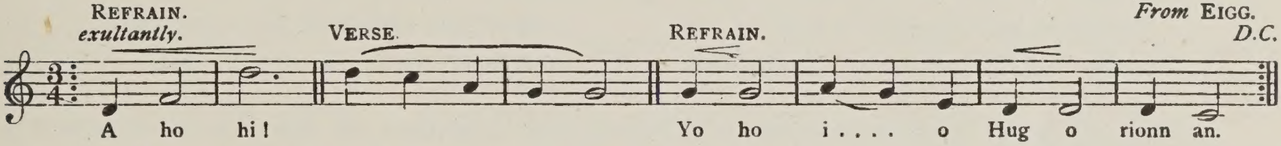
Such have been recovered † and we are surely not justified in dismissing these as mere coincidences or as recent borrowings. The persistence of musical "motives" finds a parallel in the persistence of the roots common to the Indo-European tongues. At least it is a gratifying confirmation of our speculation to find that the researches of anthropologists along entirely different lines lead to the same conclusions.

† See examples in Introduction, Vol. II., p. xiii.

The words translated run :

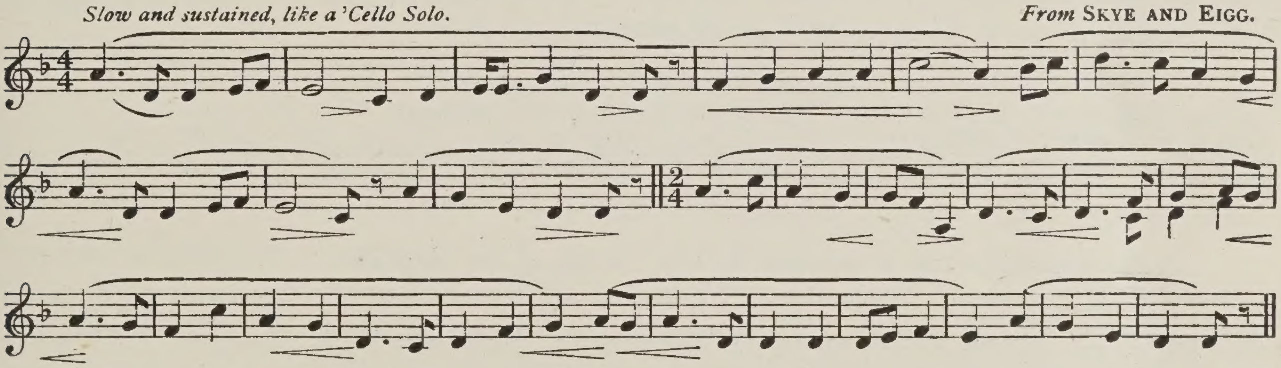
Girl. Wilt thou not give me a bit, ho rom bo.
Woman. I will give it, ho rom bo.
Girl. Whom wilt thou give ?
Woman. I will give Kenneth for the nonce, ho rom bo.
Girl. My love, my treasure, my joy and my dear one,
My pride is lifted up to the mast tops,
Gladness of me, a sweetheart have I,
And he so young !
Woman. I will give it, ho rom bo.

In strong contrast to this hypnotic chant is the short characteristic sea-chanty that follows. The sudden rousing upward leap to the octave, with the third as an intermediate step—a favourite melodic device in this type of tune*—announces the *pull-ye-all-together* character of the air.



From EIGG.

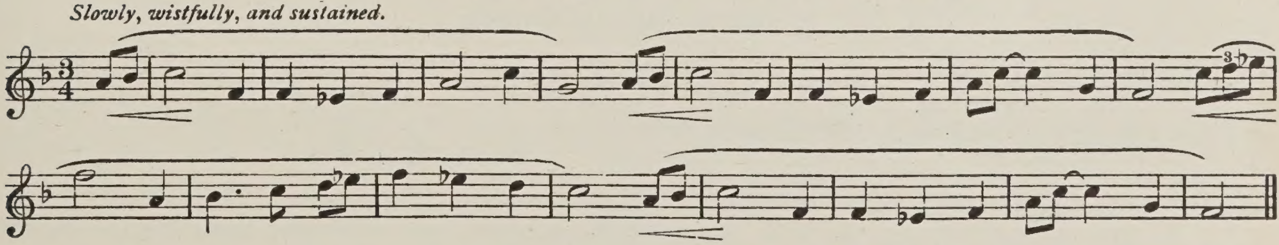
Of a totally different character again, this passionate love lament learnt long ago in Skye by Janet Macleod and carried thence by her to Eigg :



From SKYE AND EIGG.

The next two are love songs in a happier vein :—

AN AIR FROM POOLEWE ON THE WEST COAST.



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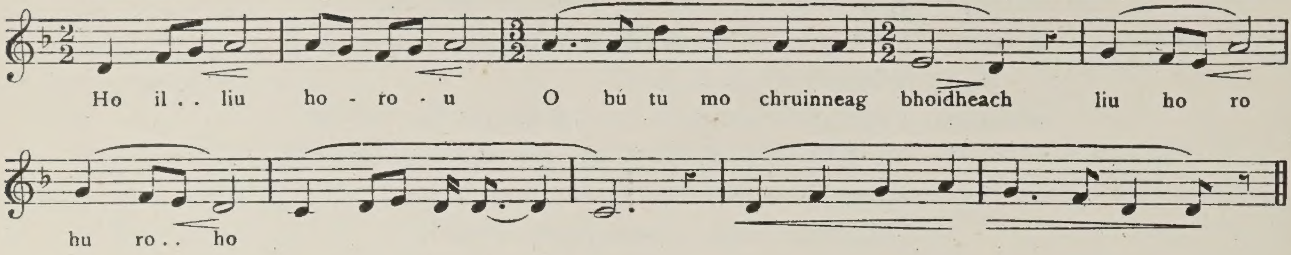
* See "In Hebrid Seas" in Vol. I.

MO CHRUINNEAG BHOIDHEACH.

Sostenuto. *From* MARGARET MACDONALD, BERNERA, The "Lews."

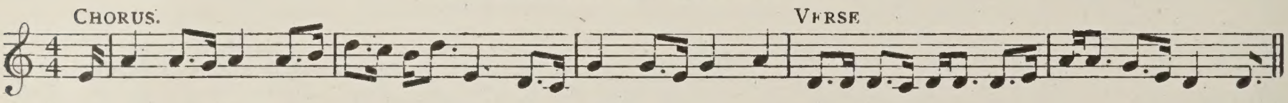

Ho il . . liu ho - ro - u O bú tu mo chruinneag bhoidheach liu ho ro
hu ro . . ho

The words of the latter run :—

Reidhinn leat a dh'Uidhist	I would go with thee to Uist
Far am buidhicheadh an t-eorna.	Where the barley would yellow.
Reidhinn leat a dh'Eirinn	I would go with thee to Erin
Gu feill nam ban oga.	To the festival of the maidens.
Reidhinn leat a sear 's a siar,	I would go with thee East and West
Cho fad 's a ghrian a' comhnuidh.	So long as the sun would last.

The air I noted from an old woman carrying peats, a genuine old traditional singer, in the isle of Bernera off the west coast of The Lewes, the *Thule* of William Black's novel. She was one of those rare singers who remember not merely the scaffolding of a tune but all its beautiful curves. As an example of how such a tune may be shorn of its curves, here is a notation of the same song given me as from a singer on the mainland of Lewis :—

"MO CHRUINNEAG BHOIDHEACH."

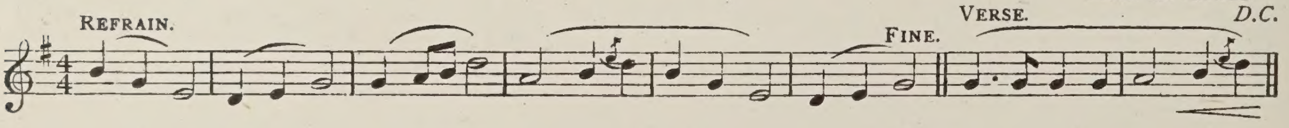


In this form the tune is not new to the "Songs of the Hebrides." It is almost identical with an air that Kenneth Macleod and I collected and noted from the singing of a Lewis girl engaged on the herring curing at Eyemouth in 1912, the air to which, in Vol. II., we set the words of "The Smuggler's Song."

A simple little hypnotically rhythmical love tune, noted from the same peat-carrier is :—

A FHLEASGAICH CHIUINN.

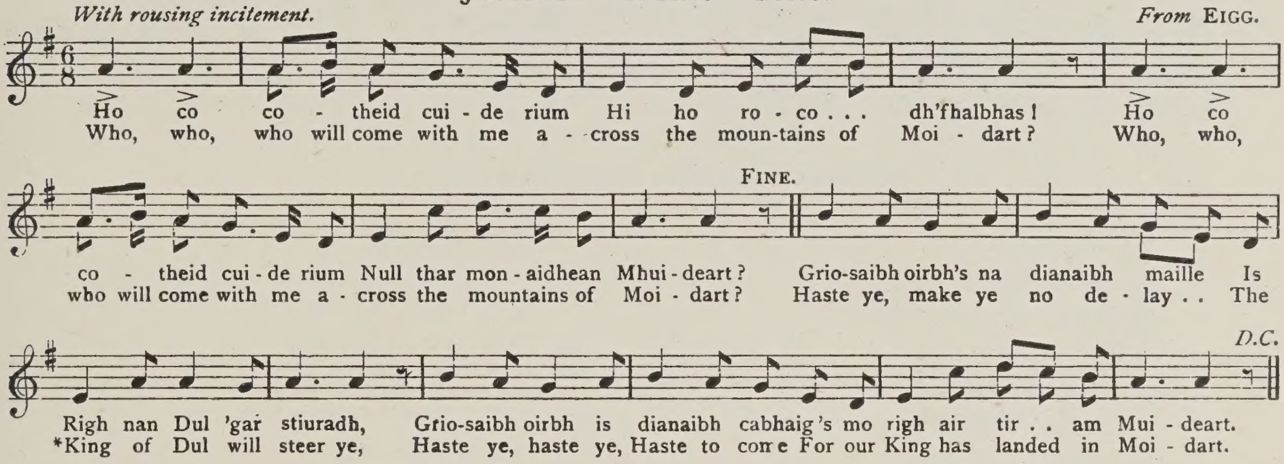
From the LEWES.



A rare old isleswoman she was, Margaret Macdonald, and I should have liked a longer *ceilidh* with her. But we had just landed from a small boat, on a very dangerous point, and our boatman was anxious to get away before more dangerous sailing conditions set in, so I had to desist in the middle of one of the most alluringly elusive tunes I have ever tried to note. A playful puff of wind, however, might have turned a difficult situation into an impossible one!

A type of tune familiar to Lowland and Highland Scotland through the well-known and widely sung Jacobite Rising songs of "the '15" and "the '45" is this from Egg:

JACOBITE "RISING" SONG.

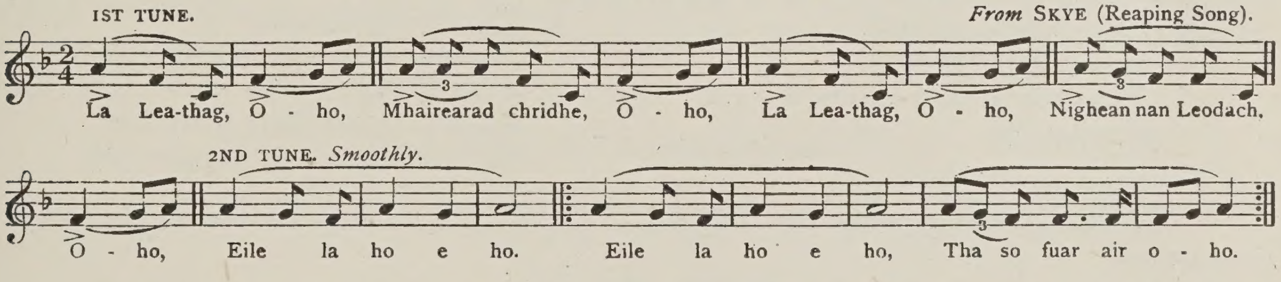

With rousing incitement.
From EIGG.
Ho co co - theid cui - de rium Hi ho ro - co . . . dh'fhalbhas! Ho co
Who, who, who will come with me a - cross the moun-tains of Moi - dart? Who, who,
FINE.
co - theid cui - de rium Null thar mon - aidhean Mhui - deart? Grio-saibh oirbh's na dianaibh maille Is
who will come with me a - cross the mountains of Moi - dart? Haste ye, make ye no de - lay . . The
D.C.
Righ nan Dul 'gar stiuradh, Grio-saibh oirbh is dianaibh cabhaig's mo righ air tir . . am Mui - deart.
*King of Dul will steer ye, Haste ye, haste ye, Haste to come For our King has landed in Moi - dart.

The poet here has put words into the mouth of young Macdonald of Kinloch-Moidart who, by his enthusiasm for the cause, in the beginning of "the '45," turned the scale in favour of Prince Charlie.

Such *tunes* are likely to be much older than the times and doings commemorated by the *words*—the special Jacobite appeal of the words here having probably ousted the earlier verses.

And yet such tunes may, on the other hand, be ultra-modern airs as compared with such labour lilts as "Ho rom bo" and this somewhat similar one used of old in Skye alike for reaping and for waulking:—

ORAN ARABHAIG.


1ST TUNE.
From SKYE (Reaping Song).
La Lea-thag, O - ho, Mhairearad chridhe, O - ho, La Lea-thag, O - ho, Nighean nan Leodach.
2ND TUNE. Smoothly.
O - ho, Eile la ho e ho. Eile la ho e ho, Tha so fuar air o - ho.

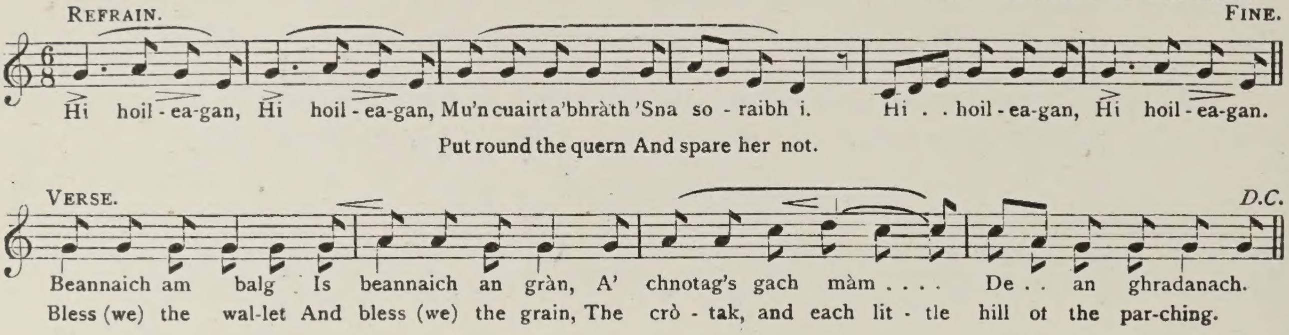
The two tunes, the first the main one, the second only an alternate one, are fashioned out of four notes. The following is pentatonic. If reaping be nigh as old as the hills, so surely was the preparing of the grain in the old quern or hand-mill, and here a quern-croon, the words of which are perhaps even more interesting than the air:—

---

* Righ nan Dul=King of the Elements.

THE BLESSING OF THE QUERN.

From THE BRAES OF LOCHABER.


REFRAIN.
FINE.
Hi hoil-ea-gan, Hi hoil-ea-gan, Mu'n cuairt a'bhràth 'Sna so-raibh i. Hi . . hoil-ea-gan, Hi hoil-ea-gan.
Put round the quern And spare her not.
VERSE.
D.C.
Beannaich am balg Is beannaich an gràn, A' chnotag's gach màm . . . . De . . an ghradanach.
Bless (we) the wal-let And bless (we) the grain, The crò-tak, and each lit-tle hill of the par-ching.

Cronan Brathann = Croon of the Quern.

1. Hi hòileagan
Hi hòileagan
Mu'n cuairt a' bhràth
'S na sòraibh i,
Hi hòileagan
Hi hòileagan.

2. Beannaich am balg,
Is beannaich an gràn,
A' chnotag 's gach màm
De'n ghradanadh.

3. Beannaich an t-inneal,
Is beannaich an crann,
A 'bheairt is gach ball
A bhuineas di.

4. Cuir an car deiseal
Am feasda de'n bhrath,
Ma's maith leat min bhàn
Bhi torrach dhuit.

5. Mu'n cuairt i 'na still
Le luinneagan binn,
'S cha toirear do'n t-sithean
Deannag dhi.

1. Hee hòlikan
. . . .
Put round the quern
And spare her not
Hee hòlikan.
Hee hòlikan!

2. Bless the wallet
And bless the grain,
The [1]cròtak and each little hill
Of the parching.

3. Bless the gear
And bless the handle,
The tackle, each part
That belongs to it.

4. Put sunwise turn
Ever on quern,
If thou dost wish
White meal to be plentiful.

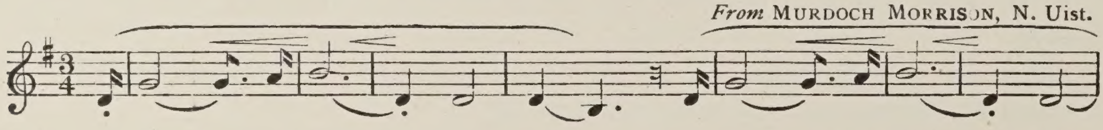
5. Turn her in showers
With sweet liltings and ne'er e'en
A pinch will be ta'en
Away to the sheean! (fairy hill).

From Macpherson's "DUANAIRE" 1868.

And here a boat-song from the other side of the Minch with the very throb of the oars in its swing:—

HARRIS BOAT SONG.

From MURDOCH MORRISON, N. Uist.



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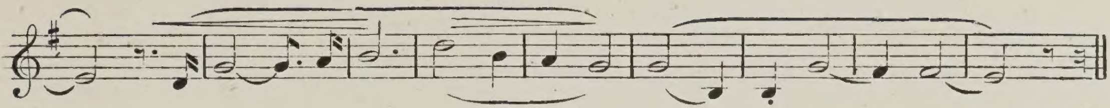
[1] A hollow stone for unhusking corn.



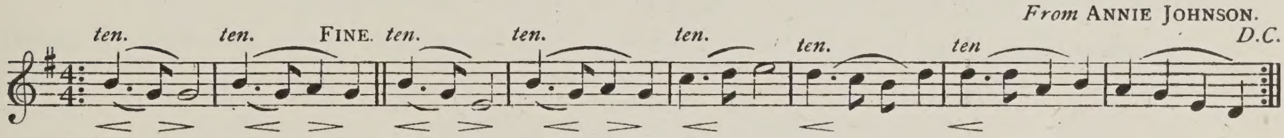
"Nam biodh agam coite bhiorach
Seisear ghillean air chul ramh
'S mi gun rachadh null thar linne
Fiach an robh mo chruinneag slan."

Which in English runs :—

If I had a sharp-prowed coracle
And six lads behind the oars,
It is myself that would cross the linn
To see how it fares with my love.

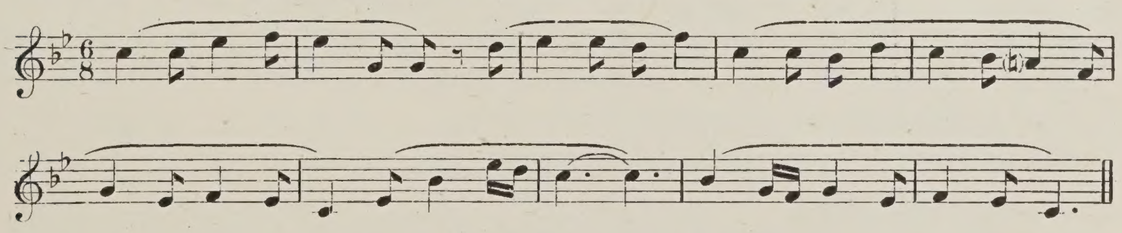
The next, a slow rowing song from Barra, suggests a heavily laden boat :—

From ANNIE JOHNSON.



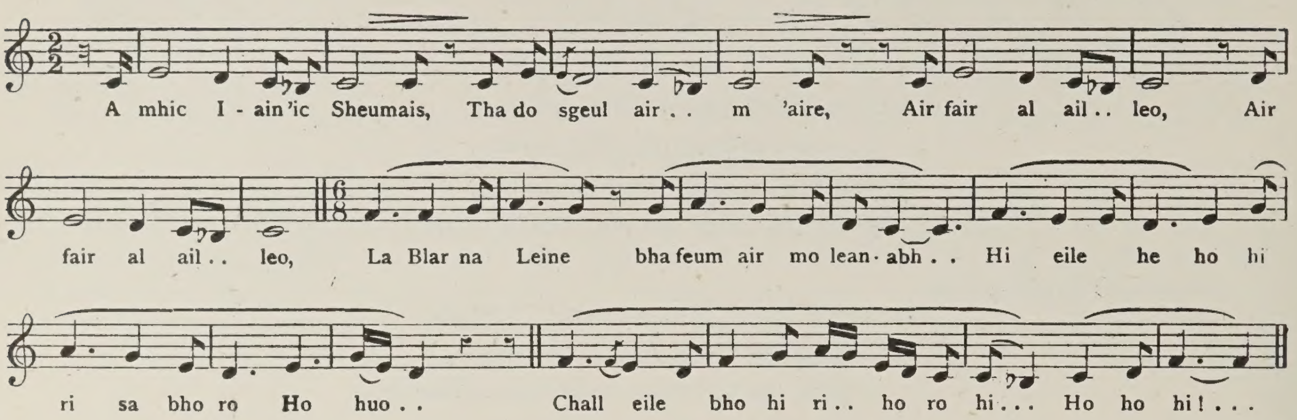
To the Johnsons (or Mac Iains) of Barra, I am indebted for many fine tunes, Donald MacIain, father of Malcolm Johnson the elder (there are two cousins of the same name) sang the opening *Blessing* air in the "*Birlinn of Clanranald*" and also the "*Sea Rapture*" tune in "*Sea Moods*" although it was from Malcolm Johnson the younger that I noted the latter. The *Blessing* I noted one morning, sitting in the sun, after service, between the buttresses of the church wall, looking down on old Kishmul Castle. The singer was Calum Mac Iain (Malcolm Johnson the elder) son of Donald, and of him and his like I would say that in many cities there is quite a wrong conception of the traditional singer, at least as he is found among the Gaels. In the Outer Isles, where the tradition is still the strongest, he may be a markedly individual artist, or, as is the case the world over, he may attempt to sing and yet be no artist at all. He may sing like an *ideal* Wagnerian say, as this man invariably did, or he may, if he is the *non*-artist, grind you out a tune like a hurdy-gurdy. But—the inspired *composers* of the finest of these melodies could never have been hurdy-gurdy-ites!

Here are two curious tunes noted from the same two cousins :—



The first in the *re* mode, containing all the notes of the scale and extending in compass to an octave and a fourth.

LA BLAR NA LEINE=THE DAY OF THE BATTLE OF THE SHIRTS.

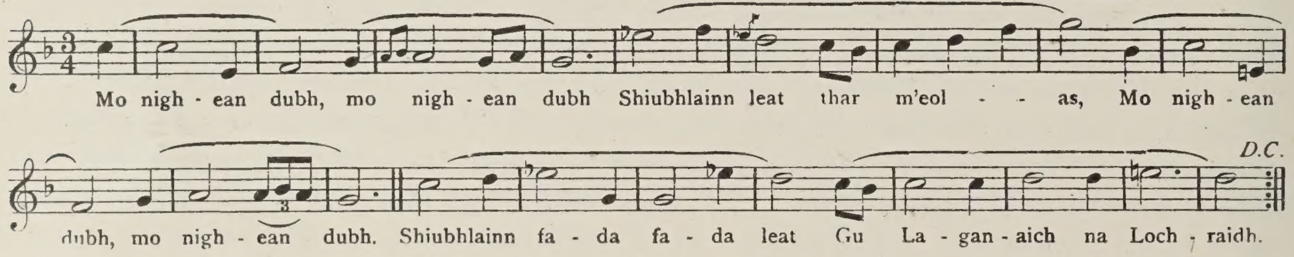

A mhic I - ain 'ic Sheumais, Tha do sgeul air . . m 'aire, Air fair al ail . . leo, Air
fair al ail . . leo, La Blar na Leine bha feum air mo lean - abh . . Hi eile he ho hi
ri sa bho ro Ho huo . . Chall eile bho hi ri . . ho ro hi . . . Ho ho hi ! . . .

This again uses all the notes of the scale, and in the second half of the tune gives a fine rousing effect as of modulation.

Another, from Eigg, is perhaps more curious than attractive. Note the alternate use of E♭ and E♮:

ANCIENT MACDONALD SONG.

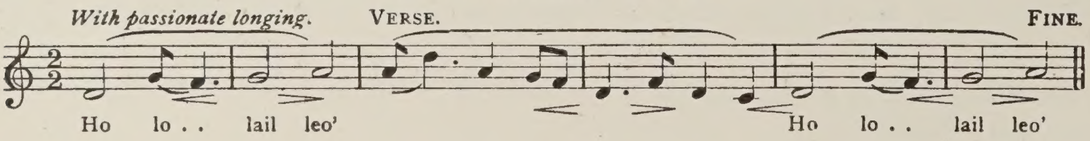
From MARION MACLEOD.

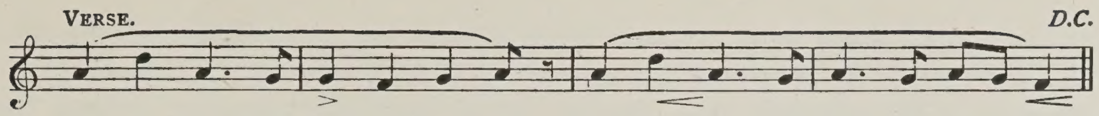

Mo nigh - ean dubh, mo nigh - ean dubh Shiubhlainn leat thar m'eol - - as, Mo nigh - ean
dubh, mo nigh - ean dubh. Shiubhlainn fa - da fa - da leat Gu La - gan - aich na Loch - raidh.
D.C.

My dark maiden,
I would wander with thee beyond my ken,
I would wander far far with thee
To Laggan of Lochry.

The rowing song as an actual labour lilt seems to be dying out in the Isles. There is fortunately as yet no question of need to revive the *waulking* song. In isles where the homespun wool is still woven and shrunk by the folk, the *waulking* song is still to be heard as an actual communal labour lilt. Here are some we heard in North Bay, Barra, in the summer of 1920. The first expresses the hopeless passionate longing of a woman who had "taken the love of her heart" for the husband of another:—

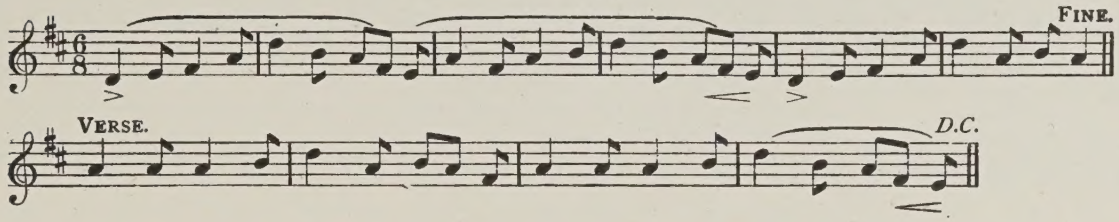
SLOW WAULKING SONG.


With passionate longing.
VERSE.
FINE.
Ho lo . . lail leo' Ho lo . . lail leo'

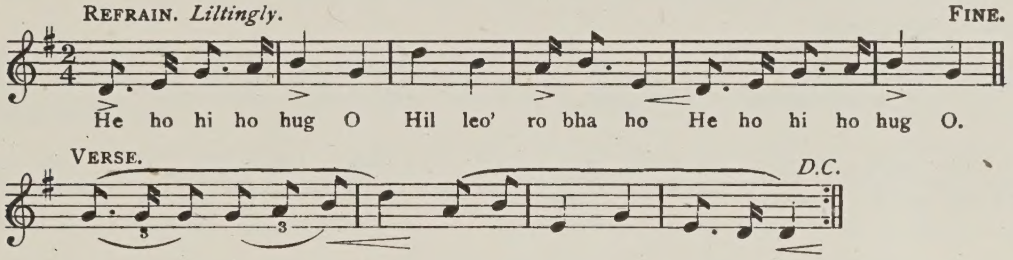


The next is a joyous lilt to be sung as the work approaches completion :—

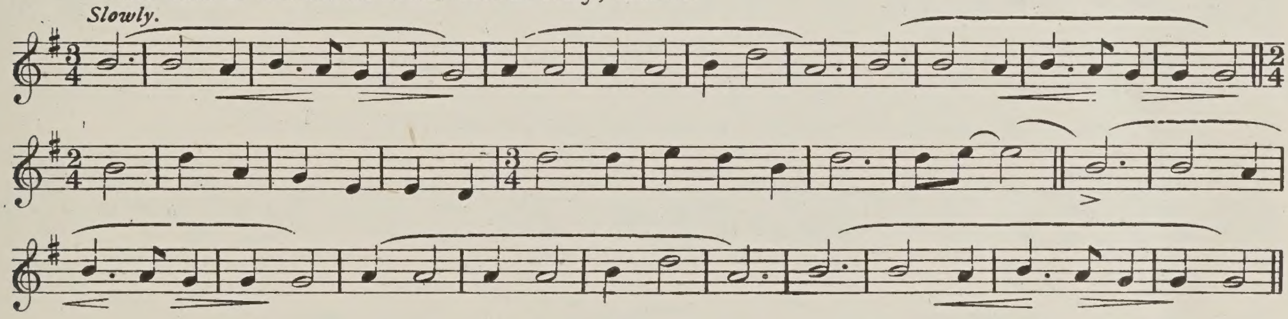
LIVELY WAULKING SONG.



Another such, this tune from Eigg :—

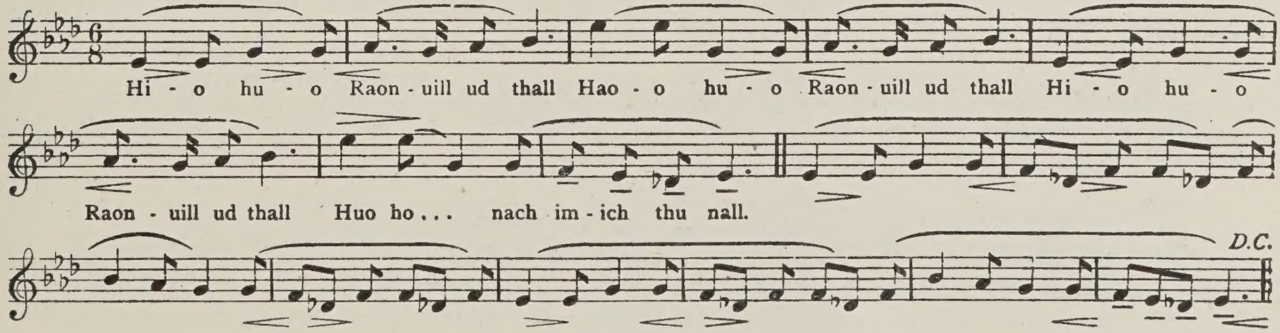


And this is a lament from North Bay, Barra.

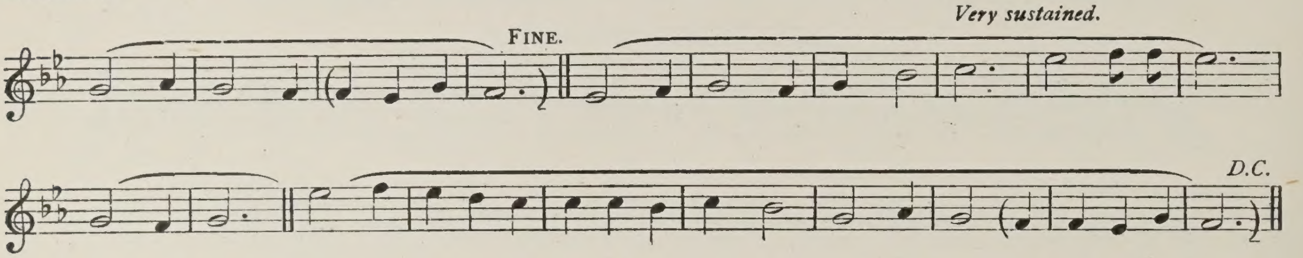


The next a little sea-lull-song from Castle Bay, noted by Annie Johnson, my indefatigable collaborator there, from the singing of her brother Malcolm :—

LURE OF THE SEA-MAIDEN.


Hi - o hu - o Raon - uill ud thall Hao - o hu - o Raon - uill ud thall Hi - o hu - o
Raon - uill ud thall Huo ho . . . nach im - ich thu nall.
D.C.

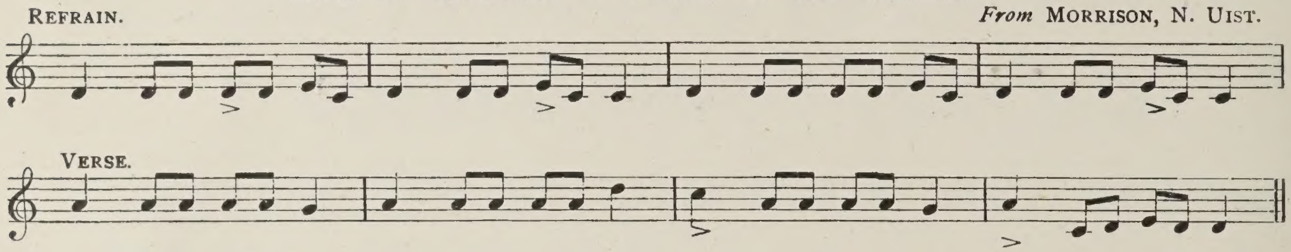
At the end of this volume we have given a fairly full version of a famous old classic Hero-Tale *Bron Binn* or the Melodious Sorrow. Alike in that air and in the following, also from Barra, there is a reminiscence of a Breton idiom—note the recurring cadence between brackets:—



Repeating-note tunes such as follow* have always struck me as rather Scandinavian than Celtic:—

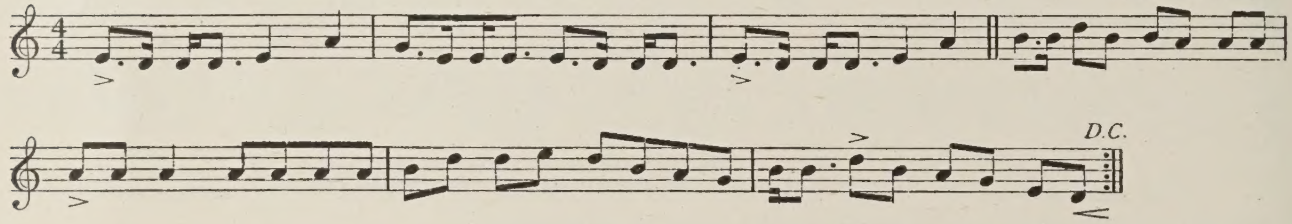
MAIDENS CHAFFING A WOOER AT THE SHEILING.

From MORRISON, N. UIST.



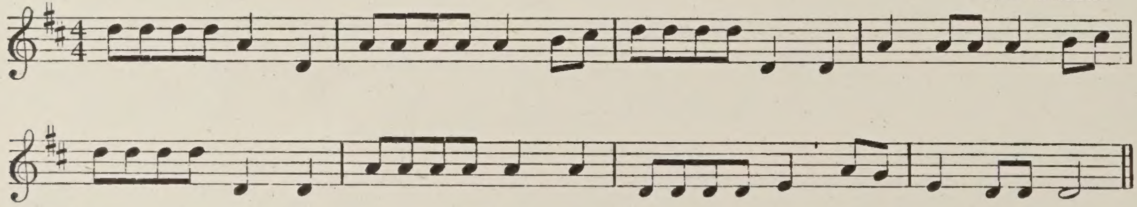
PORT-A-BIAL—MOUTH TUNE.

From N. UIST.



The next is unlike the typical Hebridean airs in its insistence on the 1st and 5th of the scale and its inclusion of the 4th and 7th:—

From BARRA.



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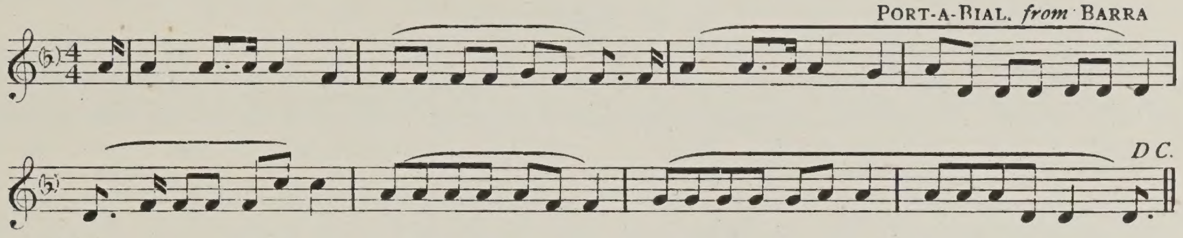
* See also "Milking" in Vol. I.

Another of the same:

THE LITTLE PEAT—A CHAORAN.

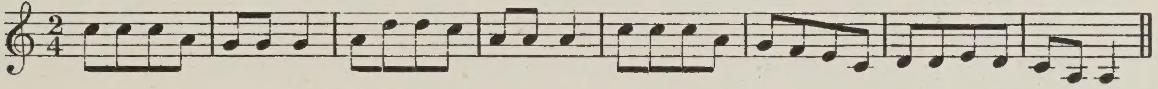
PORT-A-BIAL. *from* BARRA



Still another, noted at Inverailort Castle on the mainland, just over against Eigg. It suggests the air of Burns' "Green Grow the Rashes, O," in embryo:—

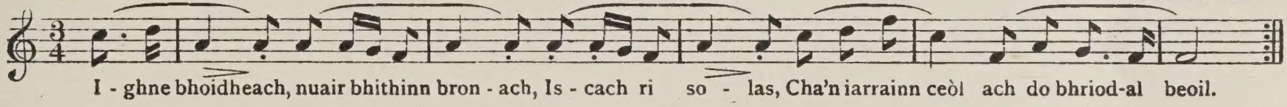
PORT-A-BIAL "CAORADH RUADH."

From RONALD McISAAC.



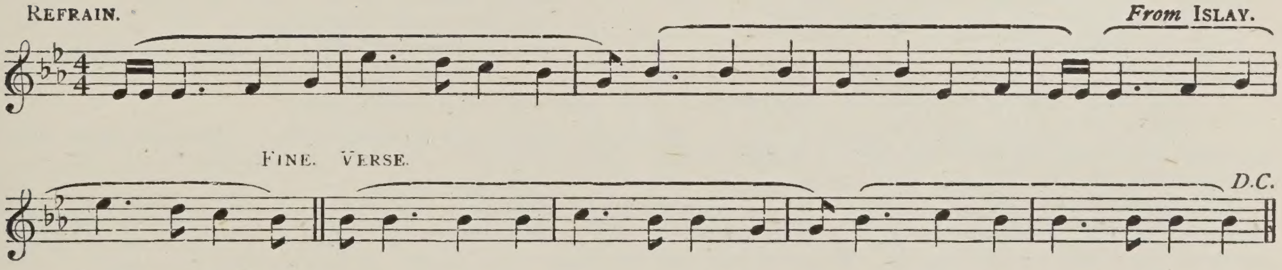
Such simpler forms of tunes, now national favourites because of the words the poets have fitted to them, are frequently found. Here are just such earlier and more characteristic forms of two favorite Gaelic songs: "Mo run geal dileas" (and Gur Milis Morag) and "Ged tha mi gun chrodh gun aighean":—

From EIGG.


I - ghne bhoidheach, nuair bhithinn bron - ach, Is - cach ri so - las, Cha'n iarrainn ceòl ach do bhriod-al beoil.

Beauteous Maiden,
When I would be sorrowful
And the others in gladness,
No music would I seek
But the witchery of thy mouth.

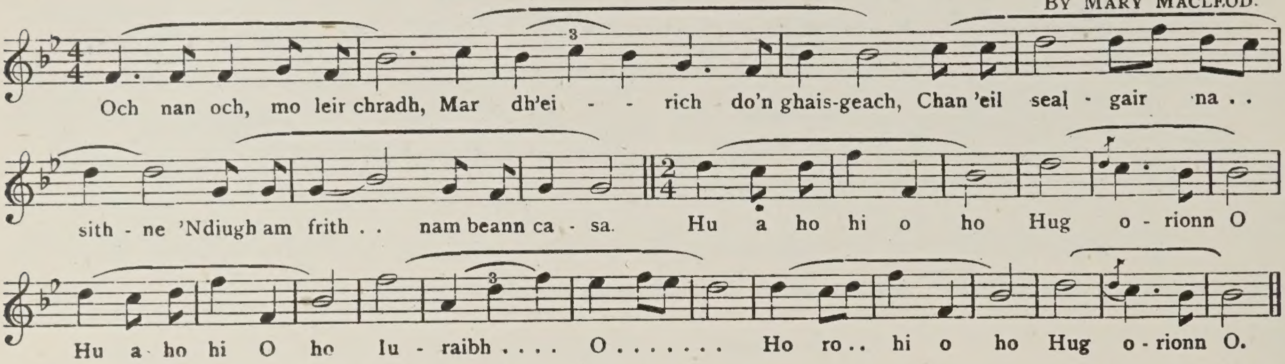
From ISLAY.



The Lament, in the Isles, was frequently also a Boat Song. A case in point, the "Harp of Dunvegan" at p.31 by Mary Macleod, the most famous of the poetess-singers of the Isles! We do not know for certain that she made any of her own tunes. One tradition has it that another woman made the tunes while Mary made the words and certainly sang them all over the Isles. Another air attributed to her as singer at least, is this:—

LAMENT FOR RAASAY.

By Mary Macleod.


Och nan och, mo leir chradh, Mar dh'ei - - rich do'n ghais-geach, Chan 'eil seal - gair na . .
sith - ne 'Ndiugh am frith . . nam beann ca - sa. Hu a ho hi o ho Hug o - rionn O
Hu a - ho hi O ho lu - raibh . . . . O . . . . Ho ro . . hi o ho Hug o - rionn O.

Mary Macleod's poems were first published in 1776, long after her death, in a small volume of Gaelic poetry, an anthology prepared and published by Ronald Macdonald at one time schoolmaster in Eigg. He was a son of the Gaelic sea-poet Alexander Macdonald whose most famous poem, *The Birlinn of Clan-Ranald*, was included in the volume.[1]

Of Alexander Macdonald, Dr. George Henderson wrote: With Macdonald the poetry of the age of the chiefs culminates, a master of objective descriptive language, his "Clan-Ranald's Galley" is the most powerful of sea-poems in any language.[2]

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[1] The words selected and adapted for singing, were taken from Alex. Nicholson's translation of the poem. There are translations also by John Stuart Blackie and by Thos. Davidson. The latter gives a fine literary version, following line by line the original. After the Blessing is invoked, the seamen, he says, raised up the sails about the rising of the sun on the day of the Feast of St. Bride and they bore out of Loch Ainneart, in Uist, looking southward:

> "The sun had opened golden yellow
> From his case,
> Though still the sky wore dark and drumly
> A scarr'd and frowning face;
> Then troubled, tawny, dense dun-bellied,
> Scowling and sea blue;
> Every dye that's in the tartan
> O'er it grew."

Any one, he adds in a note, who has watched a threatening February morning in the Hebrides, will perceive that this vigorous description has been taken from nature.

There are also characteristically fierce lines such as:

> Its blue depth opening in huge maws,
> Wild and devouring,
> Where the horned and clawy wild beast
> Short-footed splay;
> With great wailing gumless mouths
> Huge and wide open lay.
> But the whole deep was full of spectres
> Loose and sprawling
> With the claws and with the tails of monsters
> Pawing, squalling."

An ancient * Sailing Rune used at intervals in a Fionn Saga, as told in Barra, runs:

"They hoisted the speckled flapping sails up against the tall, rough, wooden masts. The ropes that were loose they tied, and the ropes that were fast they loosed. They set a pilot on the prow and a helm on the stern—the broad sea, the blue sky, the waves beating hither and thither about her planks!

Their music was the blowing of whales and the snorting of sea-hogs, the biggest beast eating the least and the least doing as best he might; the bent whorled whelk that was at the bottom of the ocean played crack on her great gunwhale and smack on her floor and she would have split a slender grain of oats, so well did they steer her."

* *From Celtic Review, October* 1905.

[2] Norse influence on Celtic Scotland.

In the preface to the anthology, Ronald Macdonald tells us that "The Clans looked on the chief as their father, whose commands they were bound to obey . . . the very lowest of his dependants was admitted to his hospitable board and rejoiced with him in his hall. Apropos, there is (he continues) a proverbial saying in Gaelic: 'Suidhe thuairn-fhear; Suidhe thail-fhear; Suidhe gach duine mar as deise agus suidhe usa leisd-fhear;" = "sit down turner; sit down taylor; sit down every man as is convenient and sit down thou arrow-maker."

Following close on Mary Macleod's song in this volume, we give two lyrics by a new singer of the isles, Agnes Mure Mackenzie, a native of Stornoway, who, in *Aignish on the Machair* voices the home-cry of the dying exiled island Gael and in her *People who have Gardens* seems to re-live the days in her own life when as an Aberdeen University student she must have known what it was to "go up and down" in the city. The tune to which we have mated the little poem was an Eigg *Port-a-bial* wont to be sung to nonsense syllables.

A. E., the Irish writer, has said that the Celt has kept in his heart some affinity with the mighty beings ruling in the unseen—legends and fairy tales unite his soul with the inner lives of air, water and earth. In Islay, where I got the tale and song of *The Lure of the Fairy Hill* (or *Gilbhinn,* as Campbell of Islay calls it in his *Leabhar na Feìnne*) driving through the island, and before I knew of its connection with fairy lore, I was strangely attracted by a rock, a rock standing out from the shore and sharply silhouetted against the sea and sky-line. This rock, I was told later, was the fabled fairy camp of the old fairy tale.

Of another little fairy song, *Birds at the Fàiry Fulling,* noted by Frances Tolmie, the tale has it that long ago a herd laddie lying on the turf above the old ruined tower of Dun Osdail, near to Haleval Mor and Haleval Beag (Macleod's Tables) in Skye, heard first one voice, as in exultation, then all the fairies as with one accord, take up the refrain of the fairy Waulking Song, and sing, "Ho fire, faire, foirm, Ho faireagan an clo!"

Many of the airs as well as the words of the songs in this volume are of Kenneth Macleod's collecting. In his childhood in Eigg he overheard much and he forgot little. In his boyhood he learned from the other boys the witch-lore that seemed to have been their province; in his teens he became a conscious collector, and much of what has found its way into our volumes, was learned and noted in his High School and College days.

"The race sings its songs" says Ed. Carpenter "through the lips of the poet, beholds its visions through the eyes of the seer . . . . the profound experiences of the individual are at one and the same time his own, and the experiences of the race as a whole in him."

No fitter words could be found to express what we owe to Kenneth Macleod alike for what he has gathered and what he has added. Tagore bids us "bring our different products into the market of humanity." The work of my own later life has been the attempt to bring some of the art-product of my own race, the Scots Gael, into the market of modern music.

The *airs* are faithfully recorded as I found them among the people, and although I re-issue Hebridean song through the medium of my own consciousness, it is the same race-consciousness as that of the original composers. This Hebridean work was the outcome of a great emotional experience—the finding of myself in my own race surrounded still by the conditions which may have been those of my *forebears*, and in which the character of the race was long ago formed. From such an experience, one's life receives a dramatic deflection, finds a new centre of gravity. And I have found an extraordinary response everywhere to the work undertaken, not alone in Scotland, but wherever there were minds akin to that of the Gael—that of the Gael who in all his literature and art links closely poetry and fact, dreams and realities and indeed is ever more concerned with truth than with fact—who follows ever the quest of elusive beauty and, in Kenneth Macleod's words, feels the "Joy of seeking, Joy of ne'er finding" when "Skies to westward shine like sea-tangle" and "Bride (Breedja) is in laughter."

MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

NOTES AS TO THE RENDERING OF THE SONGS.

As to the performance of Hebridean songs, one cannot generalize, they are so varied. They simply must always obey the laws of interpretation, applicable alike to them and to the songs of a Schubert and a Schumann. I stress Schubert, because in him most often a rigorously driving rhythm is exacted (as in so much of the best Hebridean song), and Schumann, because in him a broad rhapsodical *tempo rubato* is essential (as in another type of Hebridean air).

Both classes are to be found in plenty in Celtic music. Of the latter class, the rhapsodical, Patrick Macdonald, in his 18th century collection of "Highland and Island Vocal Airs," writes: "Chiefly occupied with the sentiment and expression of the music, the singers dwell upon the long and pathetic notes, while they hurry over the inferior and connecting notes in such a manner as to render it exceedingly difficult for a hearer to trace the measure of them." How applicable this to the works of the 19th-century-Romantic-School! Of Brahms even, it is said that he played his own compositions so erratically, shall we say, at least so differently from the rigid formalism of his own notation, that Clara Schumann, looking over his shoulder when he was playing his new compositions could not follow him. And yet Patrick Macdonald, accustomed only to the classical school of his time, apologises for this romantic tendency in the music of the Gael!

In many of the lighter lilts of the Isles, there is a subtlety of rhythmical feeling, a subtlety which throws the accents at times out of their regularly recurring places; and the irregularity of barring which one has to adopt occasionally in noting the airs, arises from the needs of a time when barring was not used in notation, a state of matters which some devoutly hope may return. *A Mhairi Bhan* for instance, to which Shakespeare, (?)tradition has it, wrote the song "Live with me and be my love,"—included in some editions of his "Passionate Pilgrim,"—is quite madrigalesque and Elizabethan in its phrasing. In this the singer must give full value to the syncopation which throws (on its recurrence) the accent off the syllable "Fal" of the refrain on to that of "lay." Shakespeare's first verse by the way (which we have used in our singing version of the song) sounds, to ears accustomed to Celtic songs of love invitation, like a translation from the Gaelic, save that, in old Hebridean love-proposals, the deer of the "craggy hills" and the fish of the rivers figure among the proffered joys.

"Ochoin-a-ri, Nach mi bha thall
Ann an coilltean Mhuile leat,
Is marbhain iasg, Is sithionn fhiadh,
'Sa chiall cha bhiodh Oirnn uireasbhuidh."

The Return from the Fairy Hill I have noted in alternate bars of 3 and of 2-beats—this is simply an attempt to make clear how the 5-beat rhythm should be taken. Feel the swing of such unfamiliar rhythms and they themselves will soon teach you how to render them. Obey these musical subtleties—do not try to *put them right* or to slur them over. Yield to the sing-song swing of rhythm—it it just such swing that gives the needful hypnotic character to poetry and music, and the student must see to it that all mood-characterisation and sense-phrasing is achieved without disturbing this rhythm.

In the light rapid rhythm of such songs as *The Cockle-Gatherer, Dance to Your Shadow, The Skua Gulls, The River Calling* or *People who have Gardens,* the most exquisite discrimination of musical accents is called for, together with a perfect unforced articulation of the words; all underlining of individual words or use of emotional and characteristic colouring being achieved without sensibly breaking the intoxicating onward flow or dance of the rhythm. In rhapsodical or passionate songs, on the other hand, such as *The Bens of Jura, Sea-Gull of the Land-under-waves, Mull Fisher's Love Song, Love Wandering,* from our first volume; *Sea-Longing, The Wild Swan, Heart of Fire-Love, Cairistiona* and *Sea Tangle,* from Vol. II., and *Aignish on the Machair* and *The Harper* in this volume, a broader *tempo rubato* is required. Here also the law of rhythm, however, must be obeyed—what is elastically taken must, over the whole, be elastically repaid. A song like the **Wind on the Moor* again, while it would seem to drive piteously onward, is yet subject to a fairly broad *tempo rubato.* It's very ruthless sweep is the outcome of a fairly considerable elasticity applied mainly in the form of a *leaning* on the initial "null," and a consequent driving accelleration in order to pay back when due the time robbed by the *leaning* note. The elasticity thus obtained, together with the prolonged moaning sounds of the intoning consonants, (the n's, l's and v's of the original Gaelic), and a steady *crescendo,* from the pianissimo opening to the climax, are all-important factors in the interpretation of the piece.

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* The Wind on the Moor, like all good songs, may be said to have a face-meaning and a mind-meaning. The Gael uses the Wind as a symbol of vague desires and hopes—wind and the spirit of vague desire always associated.

Vocal control, again, in slow sustained singing, has always been held the test of the singer. †Ossian's Day-Dream = *Sleeps the Noon in the deep blue Sky*. like ‡*Land of Heart's Desire* in Vol. II., must be sung with an ecstatic serenity, the serenity of desire *realized*, and to express this only the most perfectly free tone-production suffices, a perfection of tone-mastery, an ease and transparency of production to attain which is the life long aim of the singer.

Indeed, for the adequate interpretation of these songs, taking all three volumes, the singer will find use for the vocal studies of a life time, with the sole exception of *fioriture.*

Like Schubert's songs, as already implied, they are rigorously musical, first and last musical, and piteously exacting as to rhythm. They offer also great variety of mood. The mood and the form, these we must keep ever before us in our quest after true interpretation.

The songs, even the labour songs, are intended to be sung with accompaniment. To quote again from Patrick Macdonald, writing about 150 years ago of conditions in the Isles then and earlier:

"On the Western Coast, benorth Middle Lorn, and in all the Hebrides, *luinigs* are most in request. These are, in general way, short and of a plaintive cast, analagous to their best poetry, and they are sung by the women during almost every kind of work where more than one person is concerned, as milking cows, watching the folds, fulling of cloth, grinding of grain with the quern, haymaking and cutting down corn . . . . *The greater number of the luinigs appear to be adapted to the harp, an instrument that was once in great estimation there.*"

The piano, for the time, has replaced the more ancient instrument in daily use, and for the piano the accompaniments have been written. A number of them, however, are almost equally adapted to the harp, and my daughter Patuffa, who ably seconded me in all my research work, has edited these for harp-players.

6, Castle Street
Edinburgh.
October, 1921.

---

† The Thos. Davidson version of Ossian from which I have selected and adapted "Ossian's Day Dream" = "Sleeps the Noon in the deep blue sky," runs:

Sweet are the light winds softly murmuring:
Sweet are the lonely heron's notes, and sweet
The cuckoo's—
Sweet the warm sun which whistling blackbirds greet—
The sun that brightly shines on Cona's rocky steep.

Sweet is the eagle with her far-heard cry,
Sailing above great Morven's mighty sea,
When sleeps the noonday in the deep blue sky.

. . . .

When for the chase his hounds are all on fire,
Sweet is their deep-mouthed bay—sweet as the bardic choir.

‡ Expressing (to quote Eleanor Hull) the deep religious feeling of the Celtic mind with its far-stretching hands groping towards the mysterious and the infinite.

PRELUDE.

IN one of the Isles there is a cave which is known to the lobster-fishers, and to the otters. In front of it there is a wrecked smack, partly covered with sea-pinks. From its mouth one can see the Coolin hills.

One day, long ago, three galleys, each from a different isle, put into the creek near by; and the three crews, with their harpers, met in the cave, at the graying of night. Shortly before dawn the harping ceased, and the listening ones asked, softly but eagerly, whence the itch for music. Said a harper, "She was a knee-woman* who spent her days among the hills, looking for the plants of healing. Now and again, because of her gift, a call would come to her from the glen below, where the children were born and the people died. Her boy got the knowing from her, and the wonder of not knowing." Said the second harper, "I was herding a widow's one cow in a deserted sheiling. I saw a gnarled oak-tree standing alone, and a bird's nest in one of its branches. I climbed up to give a few worms to the little ones. The nest was empty. A thought and a sorrow came to me." Said the third harper, "It was a boat that came to our creek. There was a woman in her. And she sang a strange tune, something from another shore. My fingers will always be feeling now for the other shore." "Which makes you a harper," said the listening ones. "Which makes me a little child," said the harper.

---

* From the Gaelic for midwife.

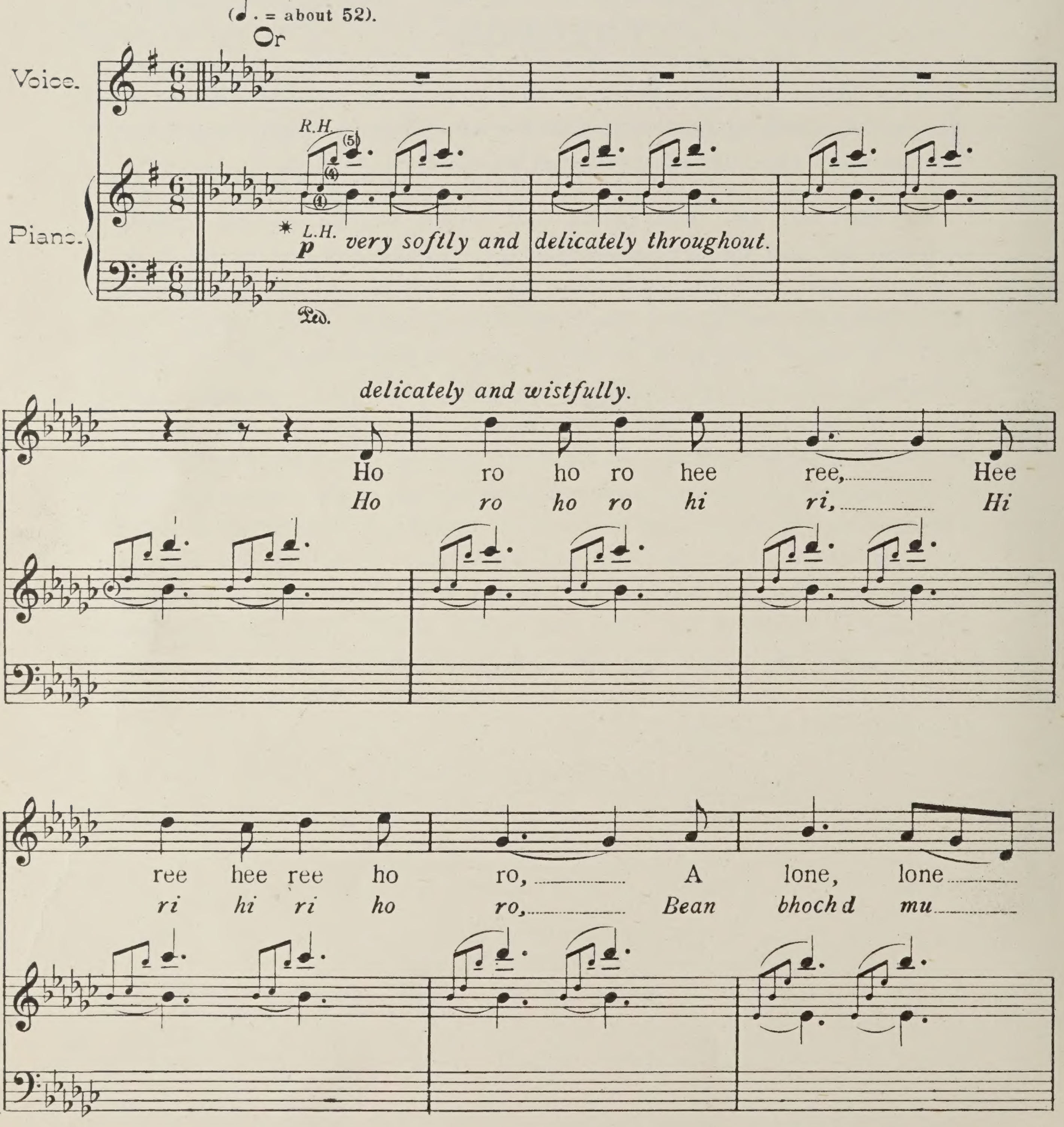
KENNETH MACLEOD.

A WANDERING SHADE.

Faileas nam Beann.

As traditionally sung by
KENNETH MACLEOD.

Arranged for Voice and Piano by
M. KENNEDY-FRASER.


(♩. = about 52).
Or
Voice.
Piano.
R.H.
L.H.
* p very softly and delicately throughout.
Ped.
delicately and wistfully.
Ho ro ho ro hee ree, Hee
Ho ro ho ro hi ri, Hi
ree hee ree ho ro, A lone, lone
ri hi ri ho ro, Bean bhochd mu

---

*The first note of the arpeggio figure to be played and sustained always by the left hand, the right taking the remaining three notes very rapidly in sequence after the first

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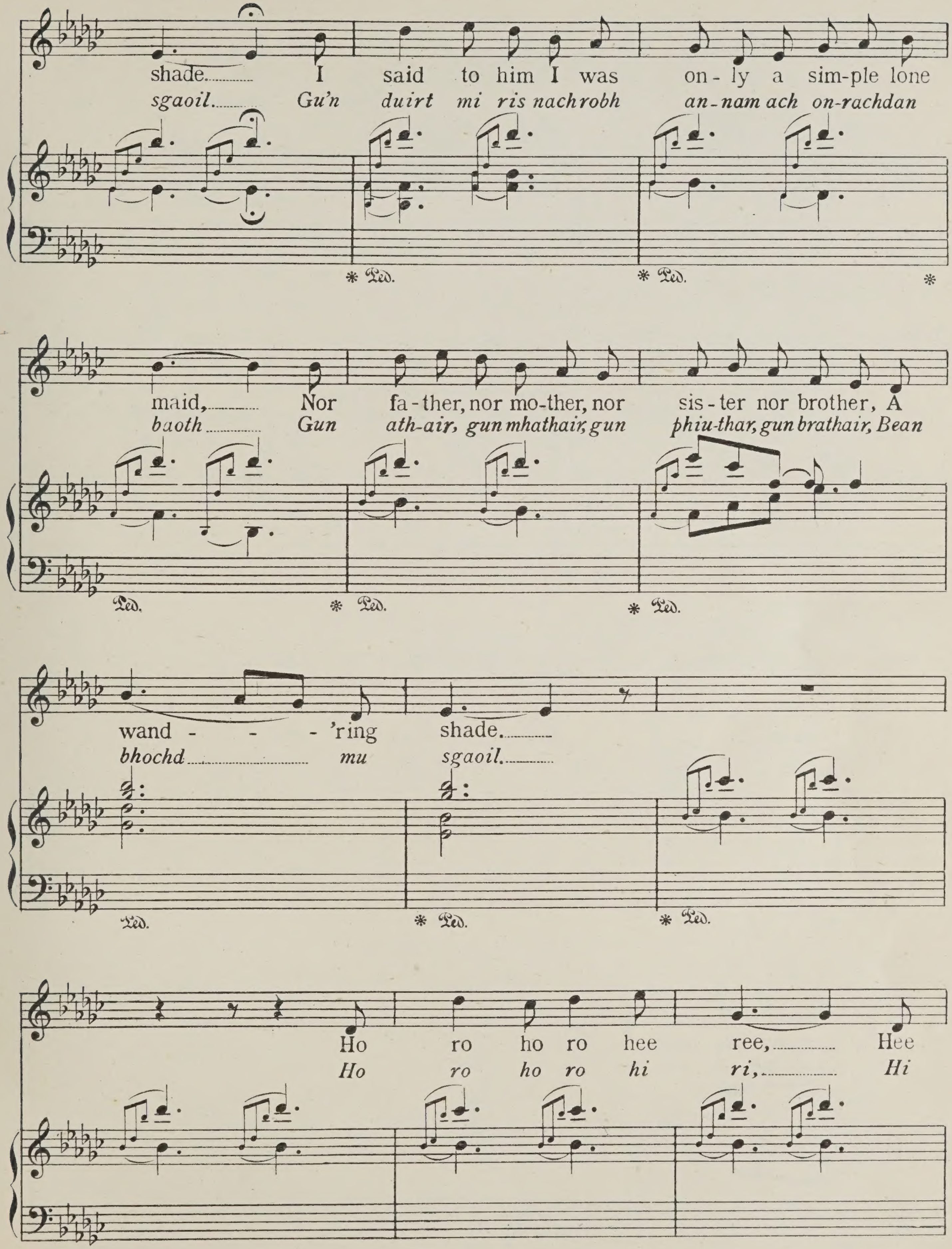
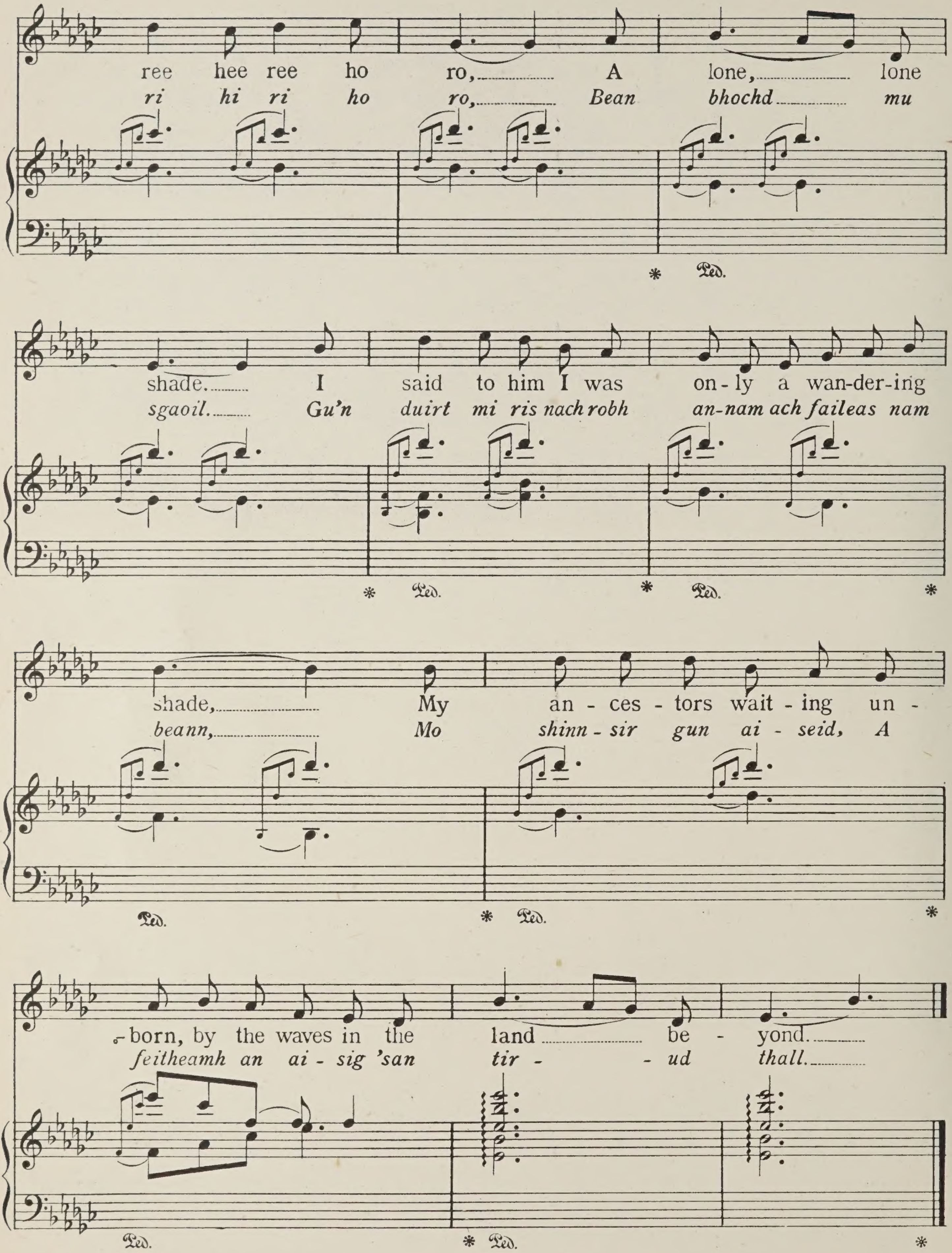

shade........ I said to him I was on - ly a sim-ple lone
sgaoil........ Gu'n duirt mi ris nach robh an - nam ach on-rachdan
Ped. Ped.
maid,........ Nor fa - ther, nor mo-ther, nor sis - ter nor brother, A
baoth........ Gun ath-air, gun mhathair, gun phiu-thar, gun brathair, Bean
Ped. Ped. Ped.
wand - - - 'ring shade........
bhochd........ mu sgaoil........
Ped. Ped. Ped.
Ho ro ho ro hee ree,........ Hee
Ho ro ho ro hi ri,........ Hi

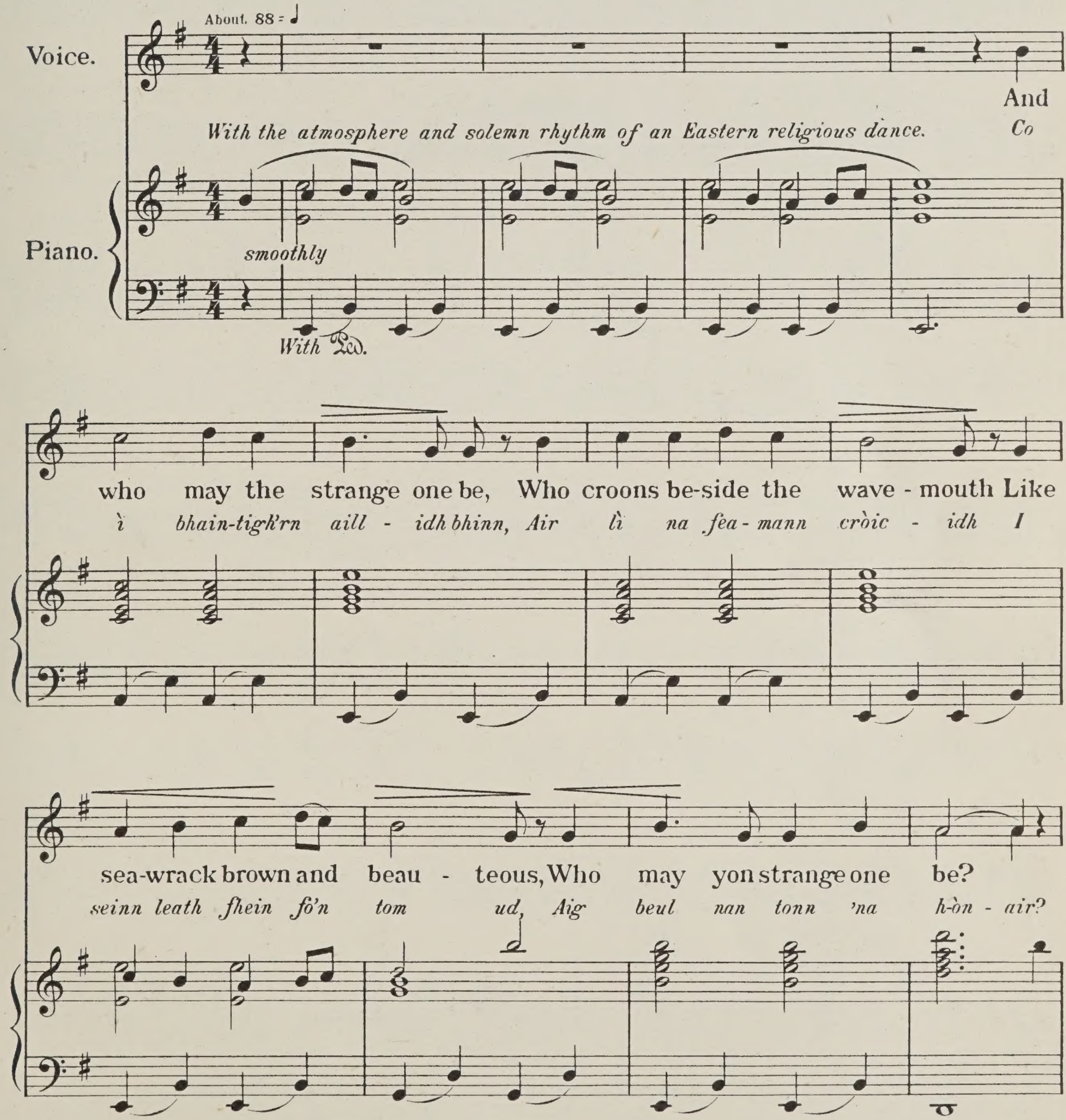

ree hee ree ho ro,……… A lone,……… lone
ri hi ri ho ro,……… Bean bhochd……… mu
Ped.
shade.……… I said to him I was on-ly a wan-der-ing
sgaoil.……… Gu'n duirt mi ris nach robh an-nam ach faileas nam
Ped. Ped.
shade,……… My an - ces - tors wait - ing un -
beann,……… Mo shinn - sir gun ai - seid, A
Ped. Ped.
-born, by the waves in the land……… be - yond.………
feitheamh an ai - sig 'san tir - - ud thall.………
Ped. Ped.

At the Wave Mouth.

Aig Beul nan Tonn.

English by
KENNETH MACLEOD.
*from Gaelic collected by himself.

Air noted from his singing.
(a Mediterranean tune?)
arr: by
M. KENNEDY-FRASER.


Voice.
Piano.
About. 88 = ♩
With the atmosphere and solemn rhythm of an Eastern religious dance.
smoothly
With Ped.
And who may the strange one be, Who croons be-side the wave-mouth Like sea-wrack brown and beau - teous, Who may yon strange one be?
Co ì bhain-tigh'rn aill - idh bhinn, Air lì na fea - mann cròic - idh I seinn leath fhein fò'n tom ud, Aig beul nan tonn 'na h-òn - air?

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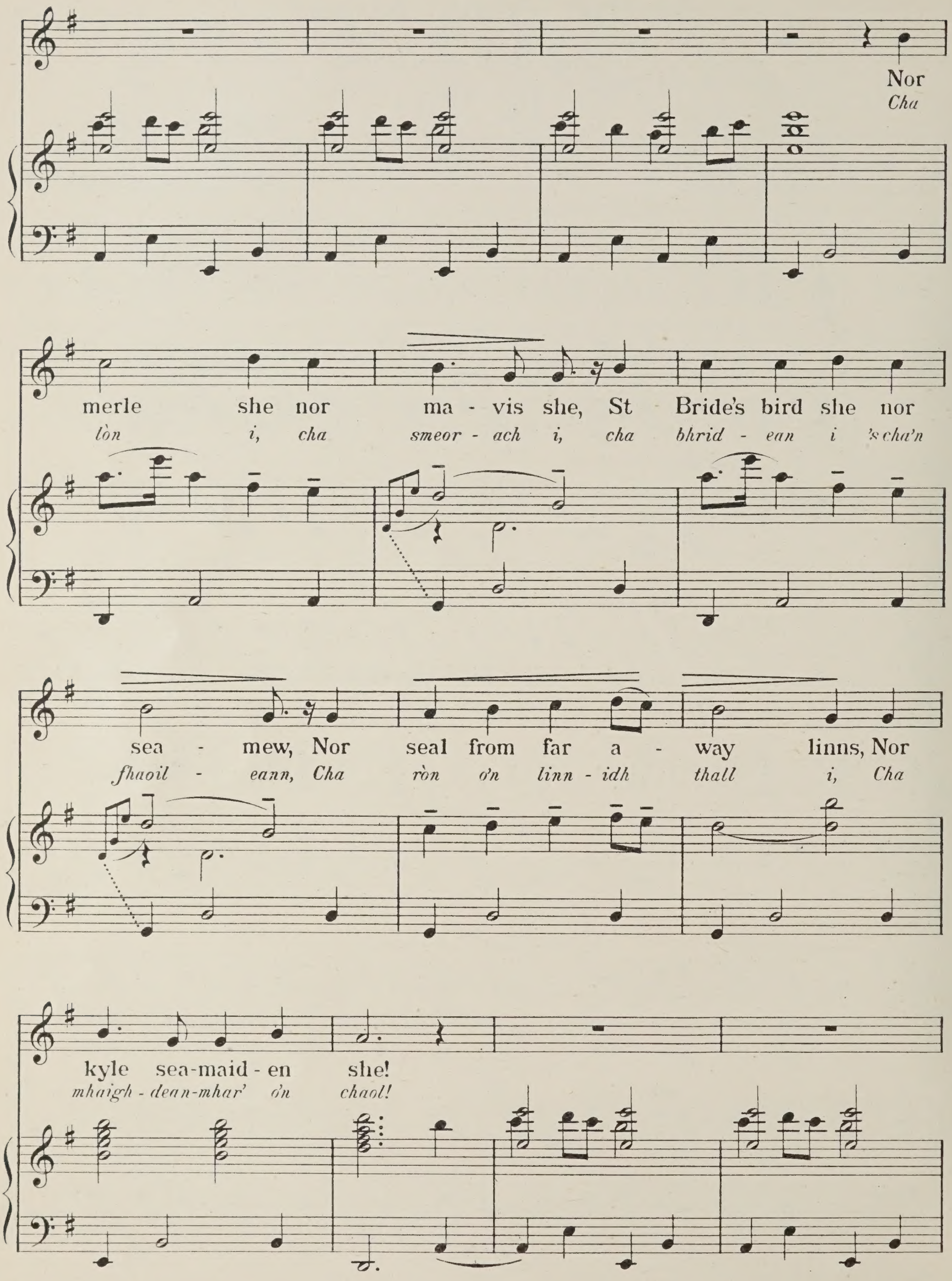
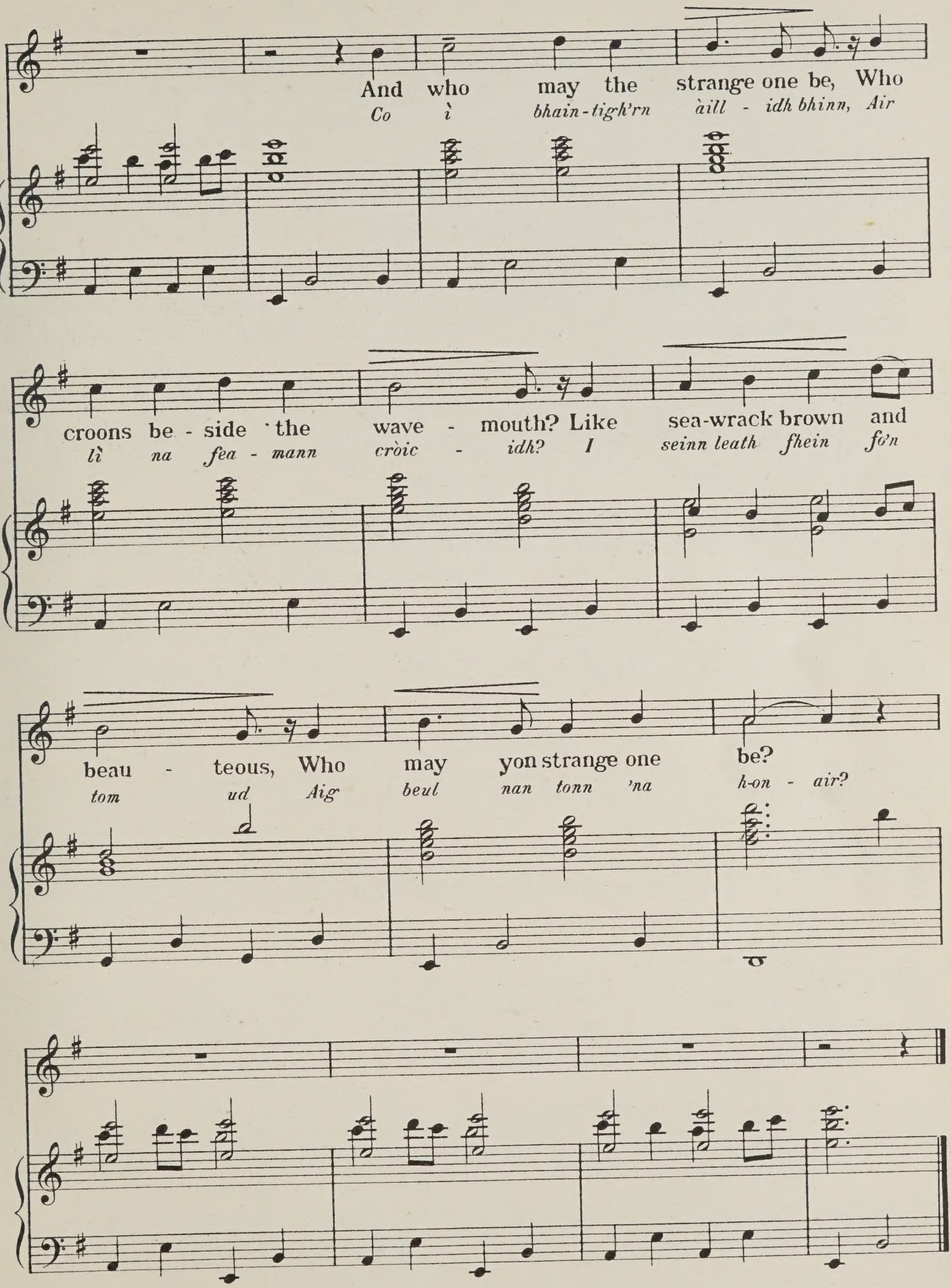
*See also Carmina Gadelica Vol.II.


Nor
Cha
merle she nor ma - vis she, St Bride's bird she nor
lòn i, cha smeor - ach i, cha bhrid - ean i 's cha'n
sea - mew, Nor seal from far a - way linns, Nor
fhaoil - eann, Cha ròn o'n linn - idh thall i, Cha
kyle sea-maid - en she!
mhaigh - dean-mhar' o'n chaol!


And who may the strange one be, Who
Co ì bhain-tigh'rn àill - idh bhinn, Air
croons be - side the wave - mouth? Like sea-wrack brown and
lì na fea - mann cròic - idh? I seinn leath fhein fo'n
beau - teous, Who may yon strange one be?
tom ud Aig beul nan tonn 'na h-on - air?

ST. BRIDE IN LAUGHTER.

Now and again, in harvest time, when there is a light breeze, and the sea is on the swell, more from the joy of it than from evil intent, and the setting sun has the rich glow of the sea-tangle St. Bride's Bird, the oyster catcher, may be seen, proud and graceful, rising and falling with the rising and falling waves. On such an evening the Isle-folk say that Bride (Breedja) is in laughter.

KENNETH MACLEOD.

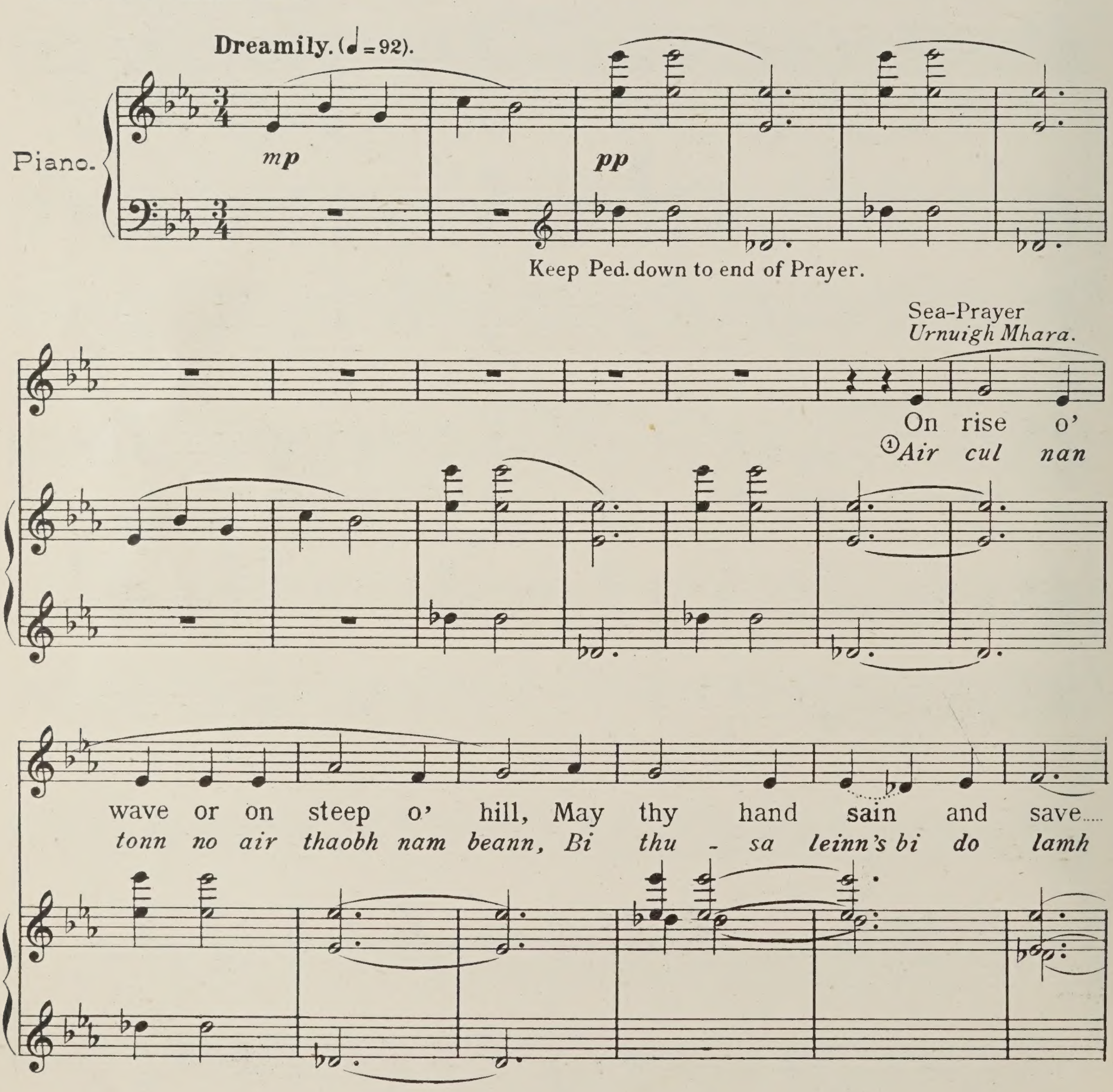
SEA MOODS.

Bruadar Mara.

BARRA FISHERS' SEA-PRAYER & SEA-JOY.

Two airs from S. Uist and Barra.
Words of "Sea Joy" by
KENNETH MACLEOD.

Arranged for Voice and Piano by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.


Dreamily. (♩ = 92).
Piano.
mp
pp
Keep Ped. down to end of Prayer.
Sea-Prayer
Urnuigh Mhara.
On rise o' wave or on steep o' hill, May thy hand sain and save.....
①Air cul nan tonn no air thaobh nam beann, Bi thu - sa leinn's bi do lamh

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① By permission from "Carmina Gadelica."

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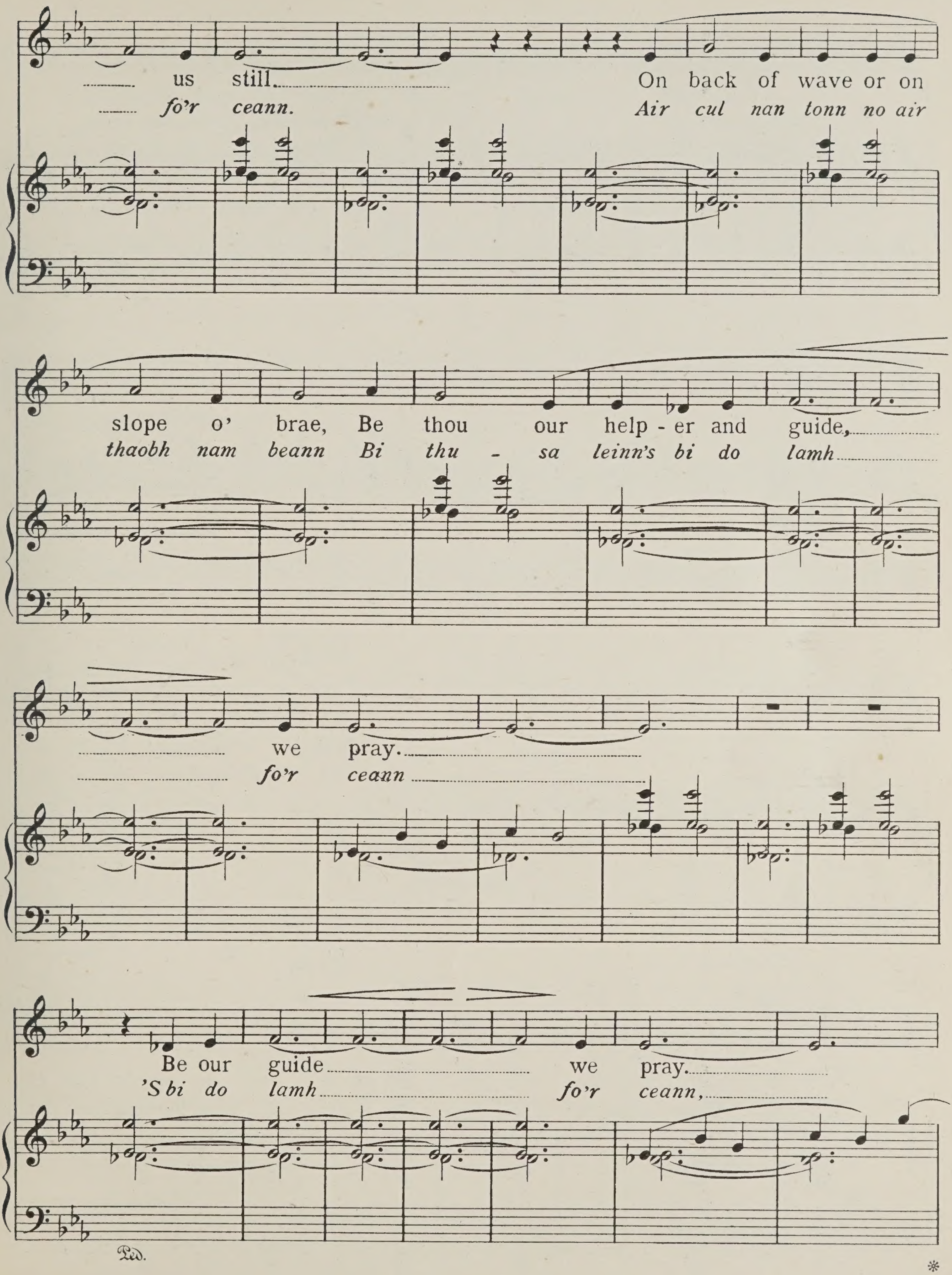
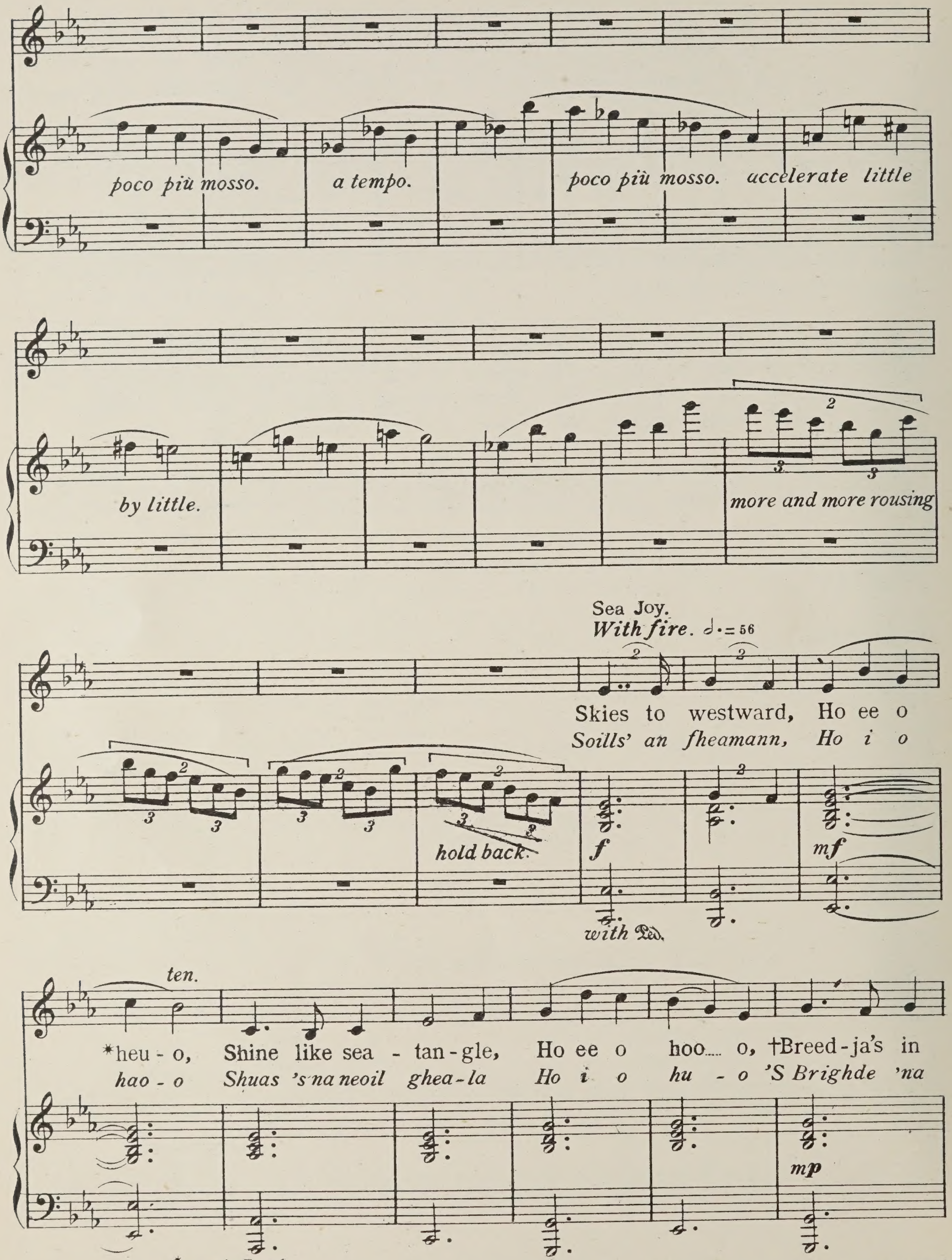

us still.
fo'r ceann.
On back of wave or on
Air cul nan tonn no air
slope o' brae, Be thou our help - er and guide,
thaobh nam beann Bi thu - sa leinn's bi do lamh
we pray.
fo'r ceann
Be our guide we pray.
'S bi do lamh fo'r ceann,
Ped.
*


poco più mosso.
a tempo.
poco più mosso.
accelerate little
by little.
more and more rousing
3
2
hold back.
Sea Joy.
With fire. 𝅗𝅥. = 56
Skies to westward, Ho ee o
Soills' an fheamann, Ho i o
f
mf
with Ped.
ten.
*heu - o, Shine like sea - tan - gle, Ho ee o hoo..... o, †Breed - ja's in
hao - o Shuas 's na neoil gheala Ho i o hu - o 'S Brighde 'na
mp

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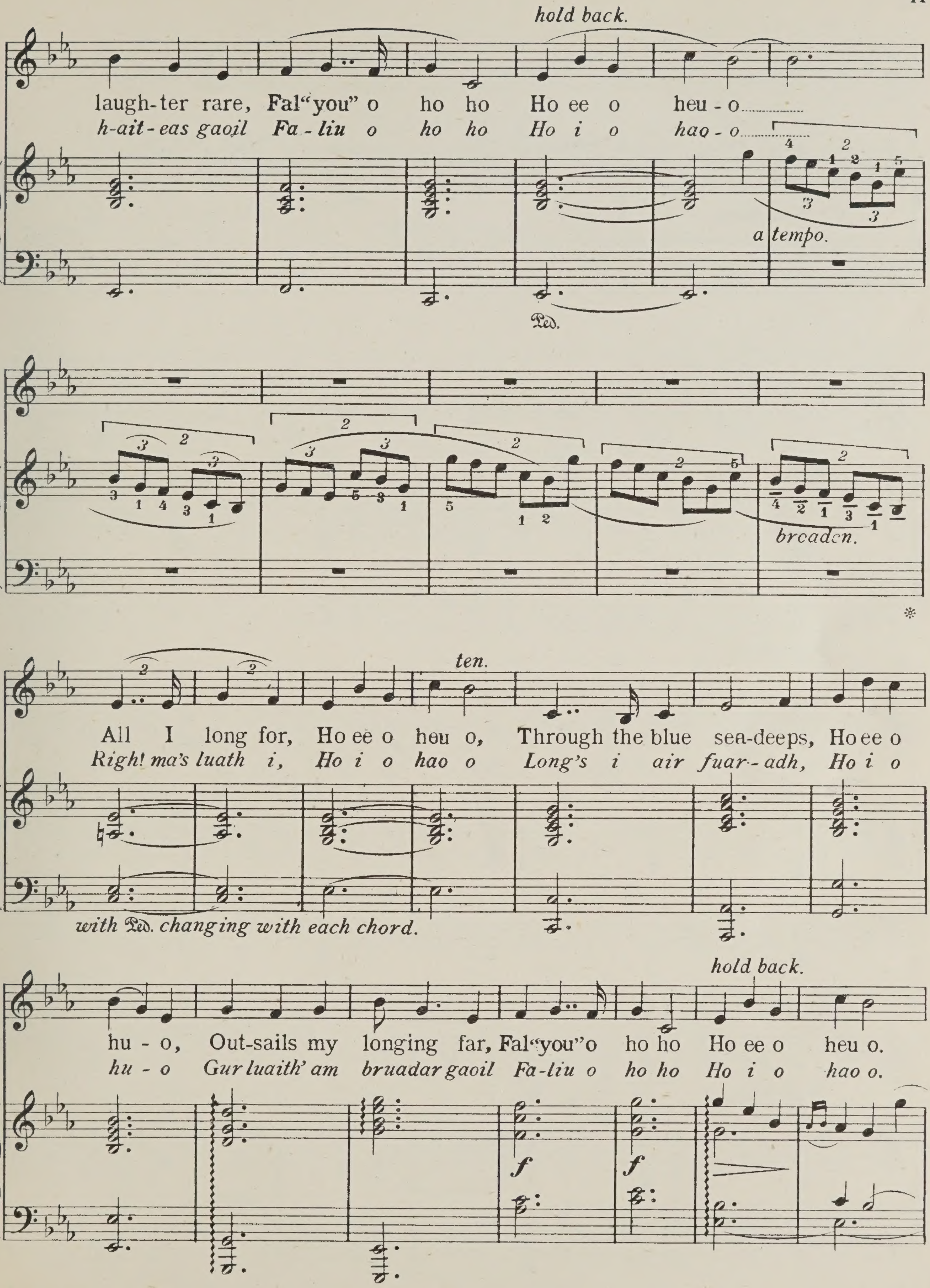
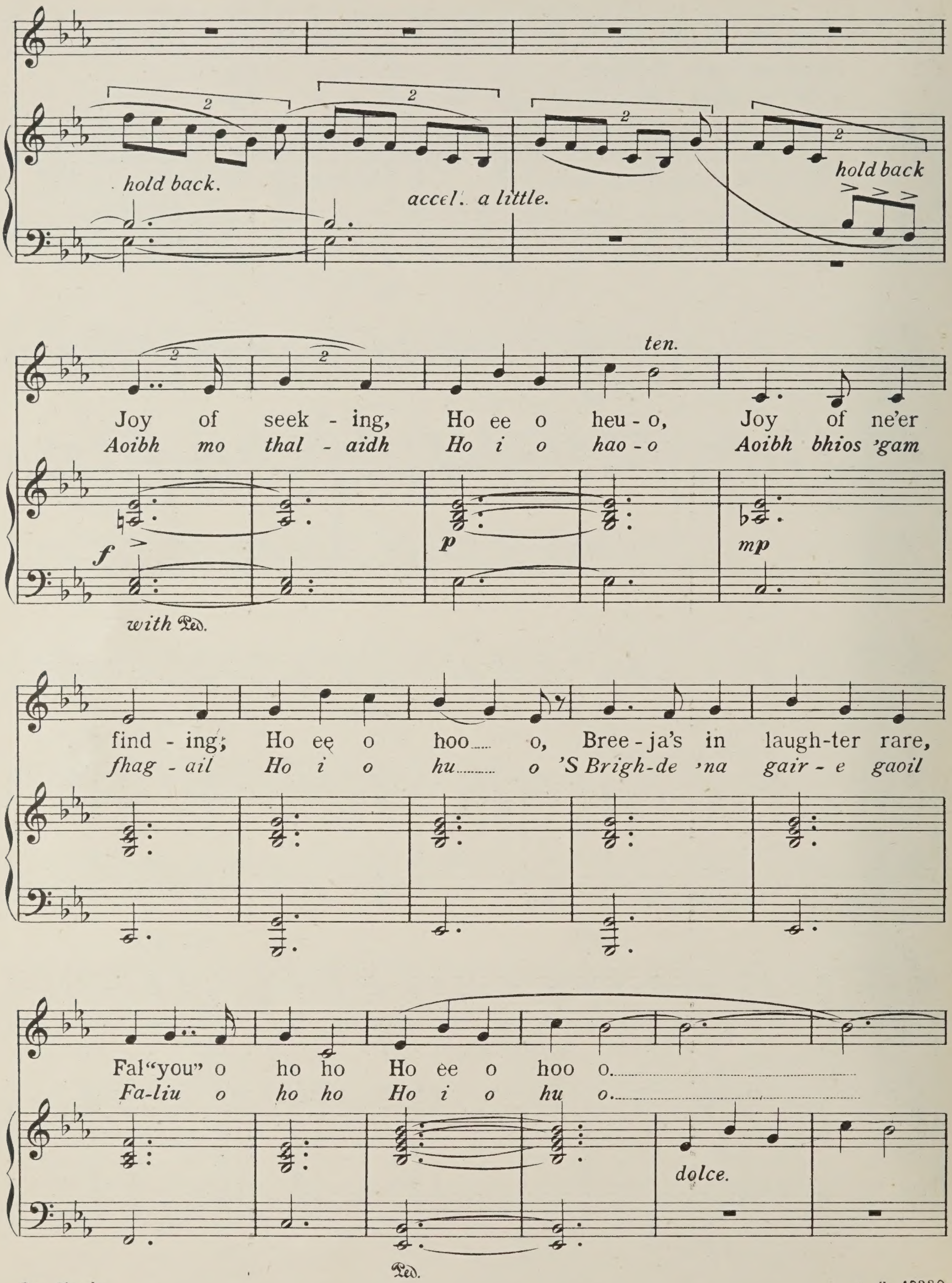
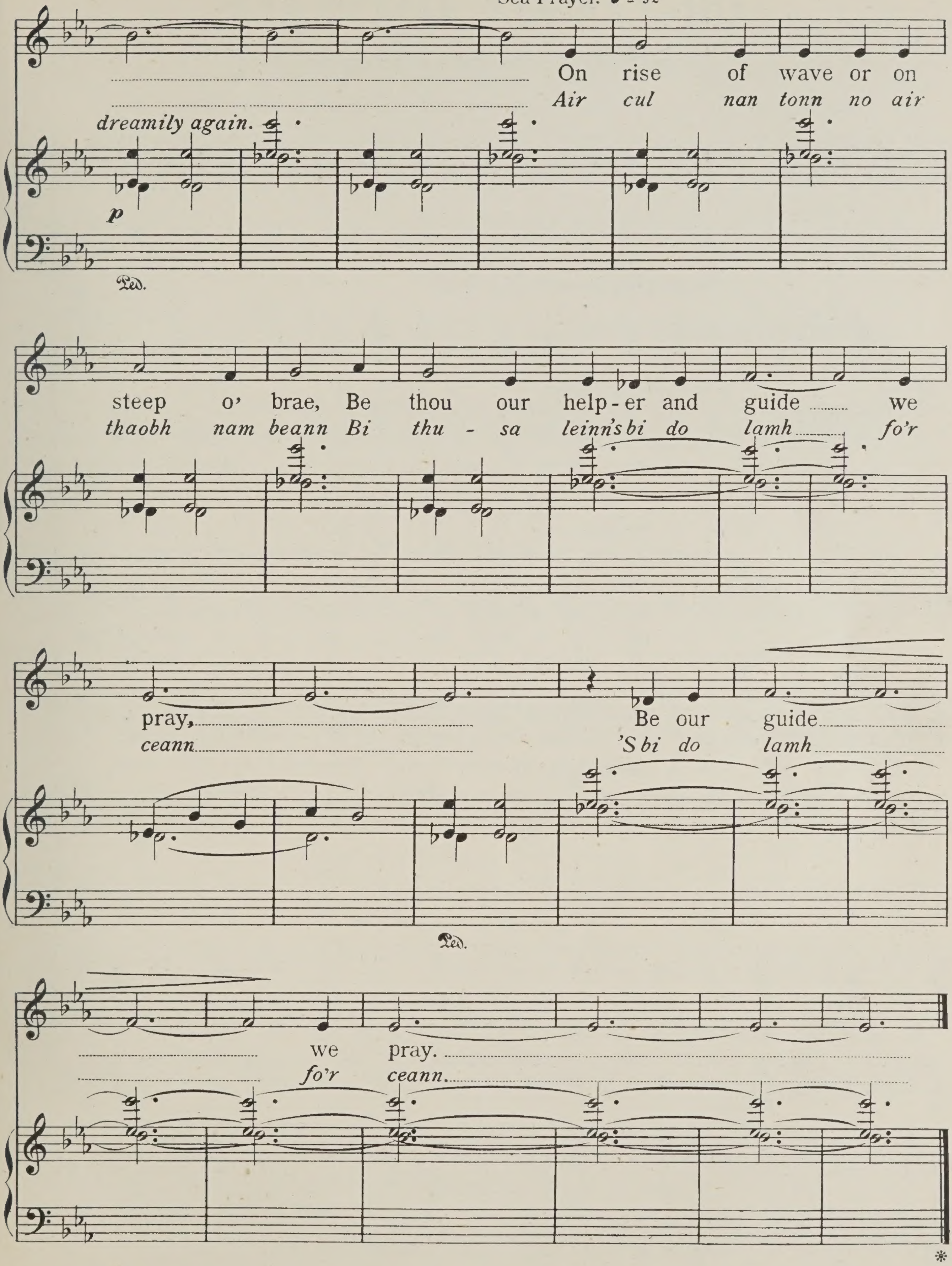
*eu as in French
·oo, used to represent u as in "true" not as in "use."
† St. Bride as pronounced in Gaelic.


hold back.
laugh-ter rare, Fal"you" o ho ho Ho ee o heu - o........
h-ait-eas gaoil Fa-liu o ho ho Ho i o hao - o........
a tempo.
Ped.
broaden.
✻
ten.
All I long for, Ho ee o heu o, Through the blue sea-deeps, Ho ee o
Right ma's luath i, Ho i o hao o Long's i air fuar-adh, Ho i o
with Ped. changing with each chord.
hold back.
hu - o, Out-sails my longing far, Fal"you"o ho ho Ho ee o heu o.
hu - o Gur luaith' am bruadar gaoil Fa-liu o ho ho Ho i o hao o.
f
f


hold back.
accel. a little.
hold back
Joy of seek - ing, Ho ee o heu - o, Joy of ne'er
Aoibh mo thal - aidh Ho i o hao - o Aoibh bhios 'gam
ten.
f
p
mp
with Ped.
find - ing; Ho ee o hoo...... o, Bree - ja's in laugh-ter rare,
fhag - ail Ho i o hu.......... o 'S Brigh-de 'na gair - e gaoil
Fal "you" o ho ho Ho ee o hoo o.............
Fa-liu o ho ho Ho i o hu o.............
dolce.
Ped.

Sea Prayer. ♩ = 92

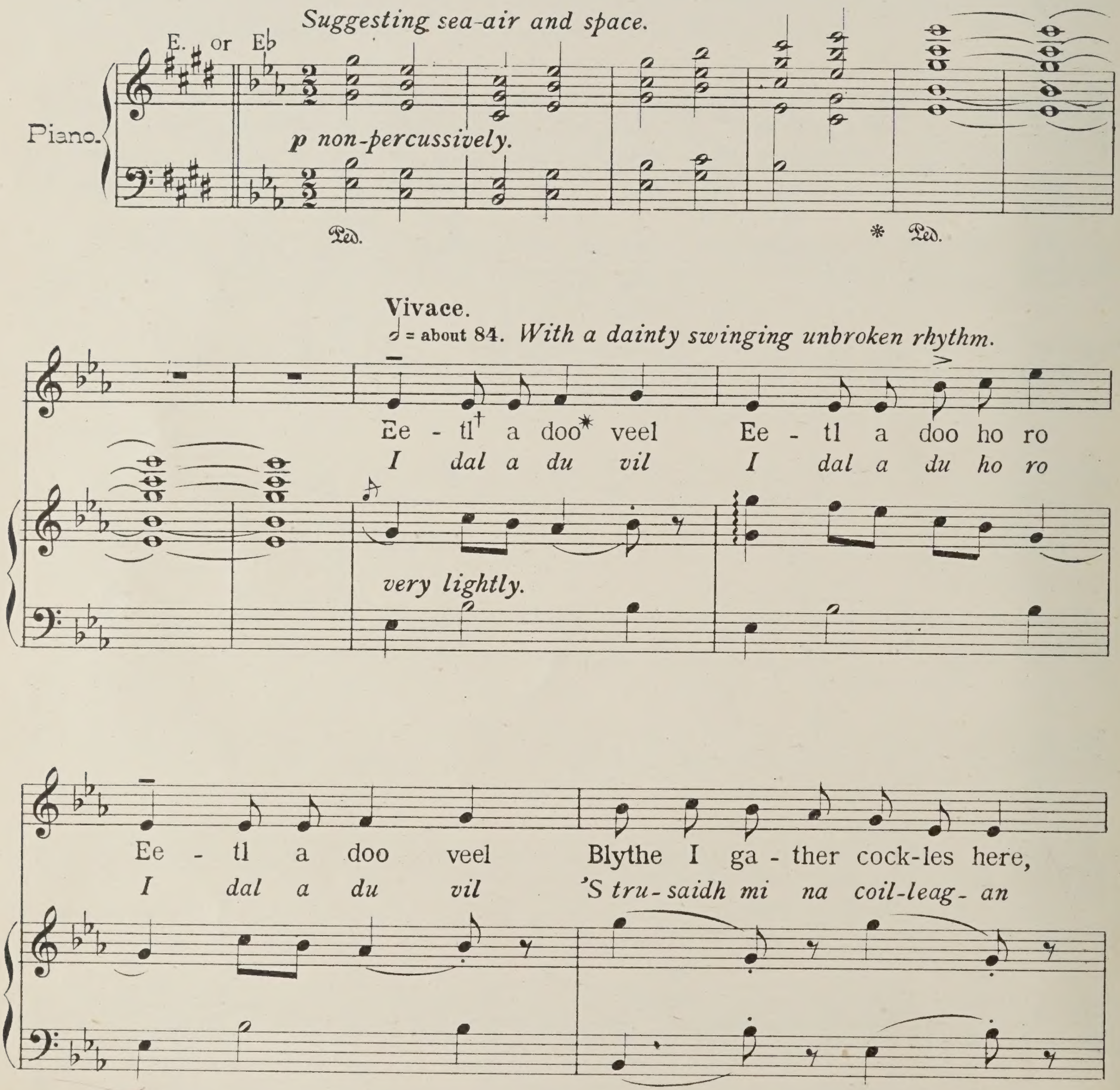


THE COCKLE GATHERER.

'S trusaidh mi na Coilleagan.

Air from MARION MACLEOD, Egg.
Words from KENNETH MACLEOD.

Arr. for Voice and Piano by
M. KENNEDY FRASER.


Suggesting sea-air and space.
E. or E♭
Piano.
p non-percussively.
Ped.
✻ Ped.
Vivace.
𝅗𝅥 = about 84. *With a dainty swinging unbroken rhythm.*
Ee - tl[†] a doo[*] veel Ee - tl a doo ho ro
I dal a du vil I dal a du ho ro
very lightly.
Ee - tl a doo veel Blythe I ga - ther cock-les here,
I dal a du vil 'S tru - saidh mi na coil-leag - an

[†] Like "tle" in Little. [*] "oo" is here meant to represent the Italian "u" which English singers are apt to mistake for "u" as in "use."

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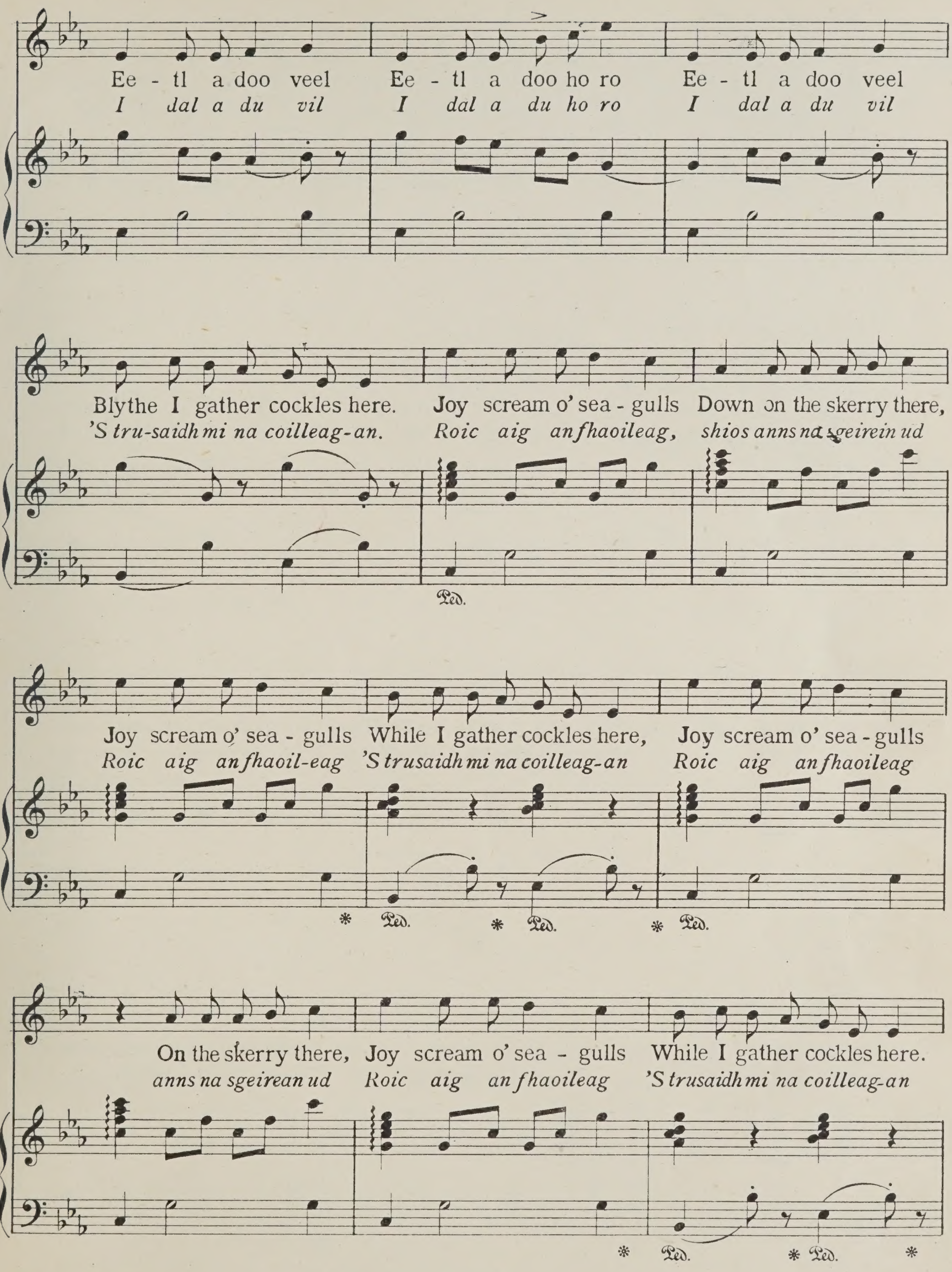
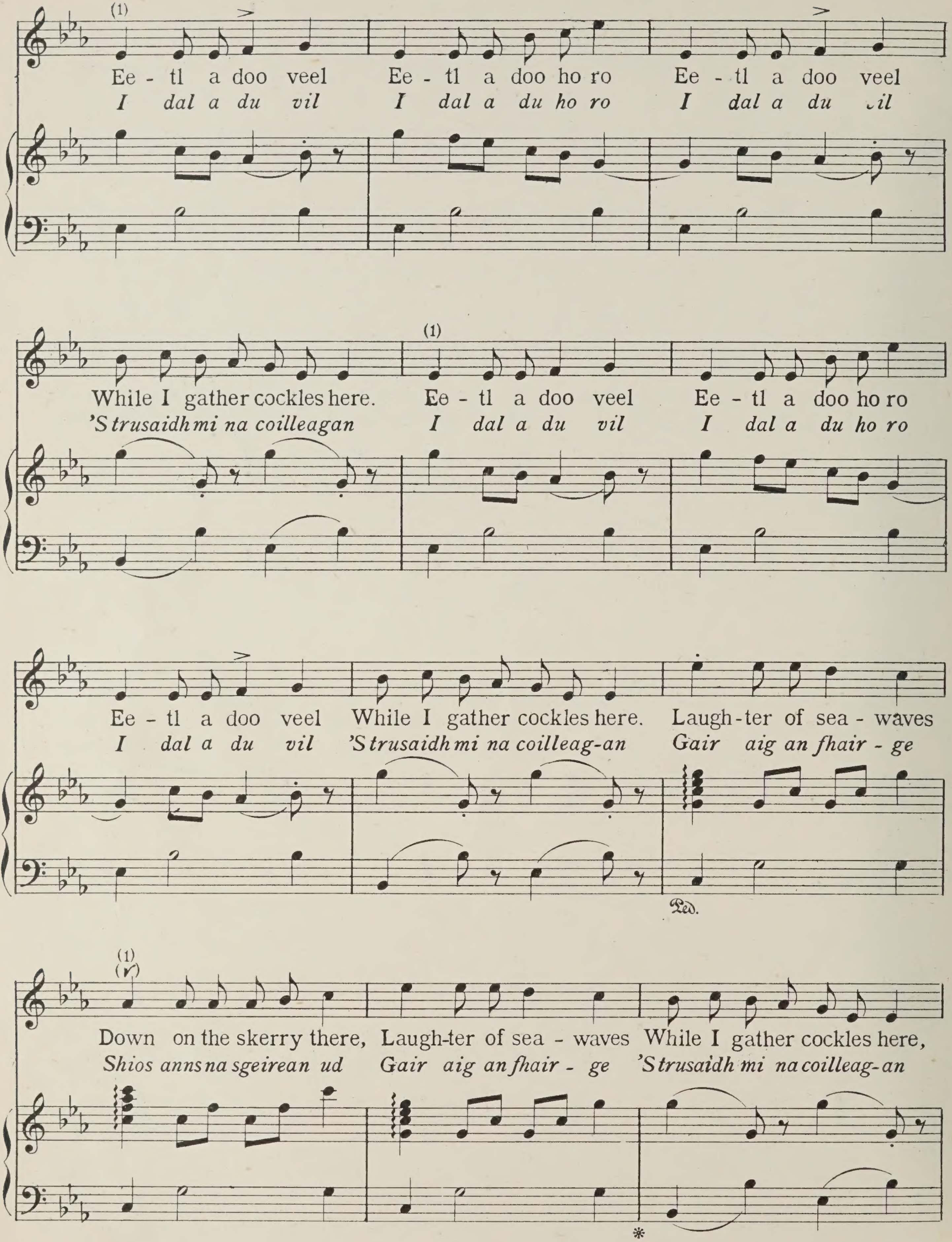
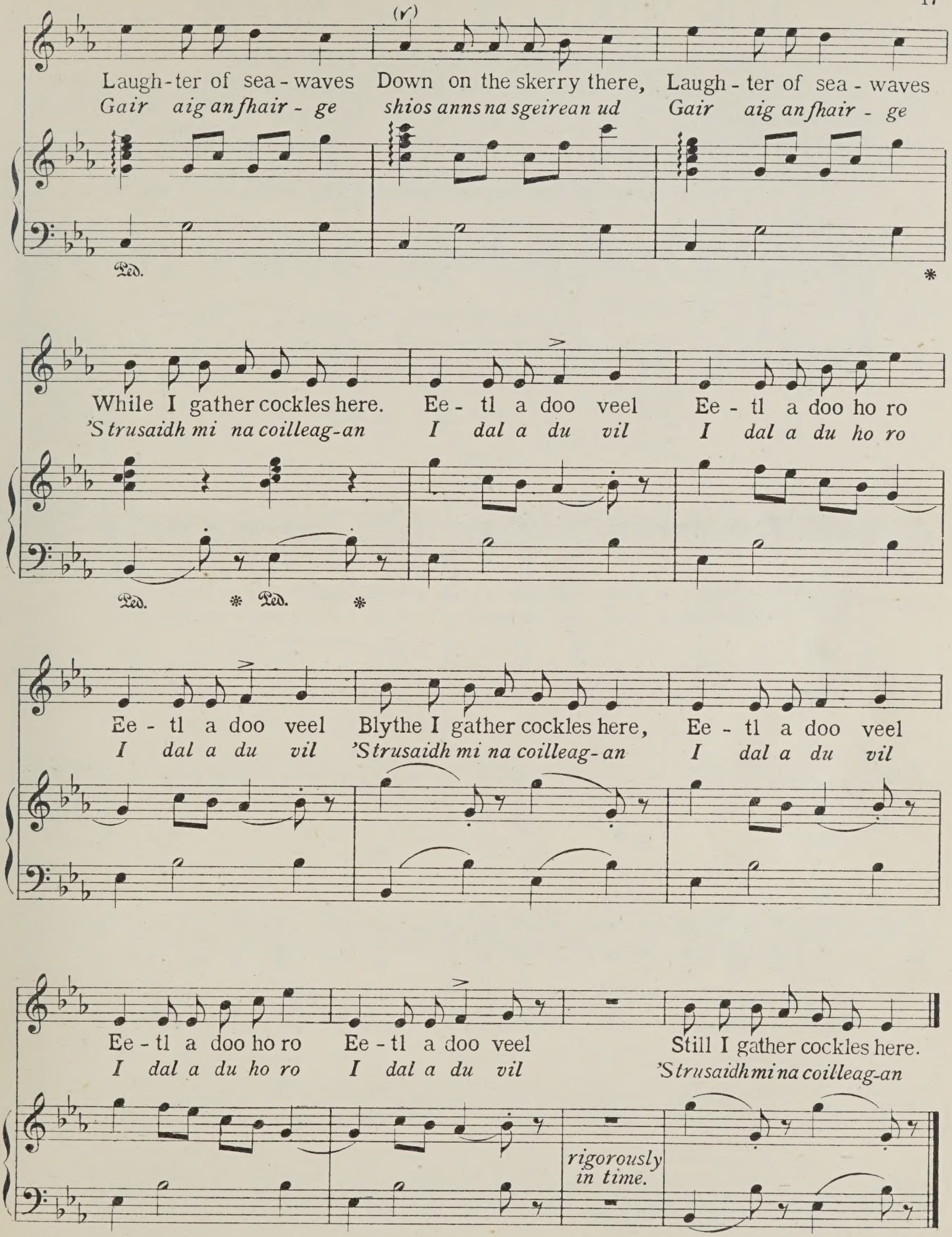

Ee - tl a doo veel Ee - tl a doo ho ro Ee - tl a doo veel
I dal a du vil I dal a du ho ro I dal a du vil
Blythe I gather cockles here. Joy scream o' sea - gulls Down on the skerry there,
'S tru-saidh mi na coilleag-an. Roic aig an fhaoileag, shios anns na sgeirein ud
Ped.
Joy scream o' sea - gulls While I gather cockles here, Joy scream o' sea - gulls
Roic aig an fhaoil-eag 'S trusaidh mi na coilleag-an Roic aig an fhaoileag
* Ped. * Ped. * Ped.
On the skerry there, Joy scream o' sea - gulls While I gather cockles here.
anns na sgeirean ud Roic aig an fhaoileag 'S trusaidh mi na coilleag-an
* Ped. * Ped. *


(1)
Ee - tl a doo veel Ee - tl a doo ho ro Ee - tl a doo veel
I dal a du vil I dal a du ho ro I dal a du vil
While I gather cockles here. (1) Ee - tl a doo veel Ee - tl a doo ho ro
'S trusaidh mi na coilleagan I dal a du vil I dal a du ho ro
Ee - tl a doo veel While I gather cockles here. Laugh-ter of sea - waves
I dal a du vil 'S trusaidh mi na coilleag-an Gair aig an fhair - ge
Ped.
(1)
Down on the skerry there, Laugh-ter of sea - waves While I gather cockles here,
Shios anns na sgeirean ud Gair aig an fhair - ge 'S trusaidh mi na coilleag-an
*

---

(1) As the rhythm *must* be kept going this first beat may be occasionally omitted to take breath.


(r)
Laugh-ter of sea-waves Down on the skerry there, Laugh-ter of sea-waves
Gair aig an fhair-ge shios anns na sgeirean ud Gair aig an fhair-ge
Ped. *
While I gather cockles here. Ee-tl a doo veel Ee-tl a doo ho ro
'S trusaidh mi na coilleag-an I dal a du vil I dal a du ho ro
Ped. * Ped. *
Ee-tl a doo veel Blythe I gather cockles here, Ee-tl a doo veel
I dal a du vil 'S trusaidh mi na coilleag-an I dal a du vil
Ee-tl a doo ho ro Ee-tl a doo veel Still I gather cockles here.
I dal a du ho ro I dal a du vil 'S trusaidh mi na coilleag-an
rigorously in time.

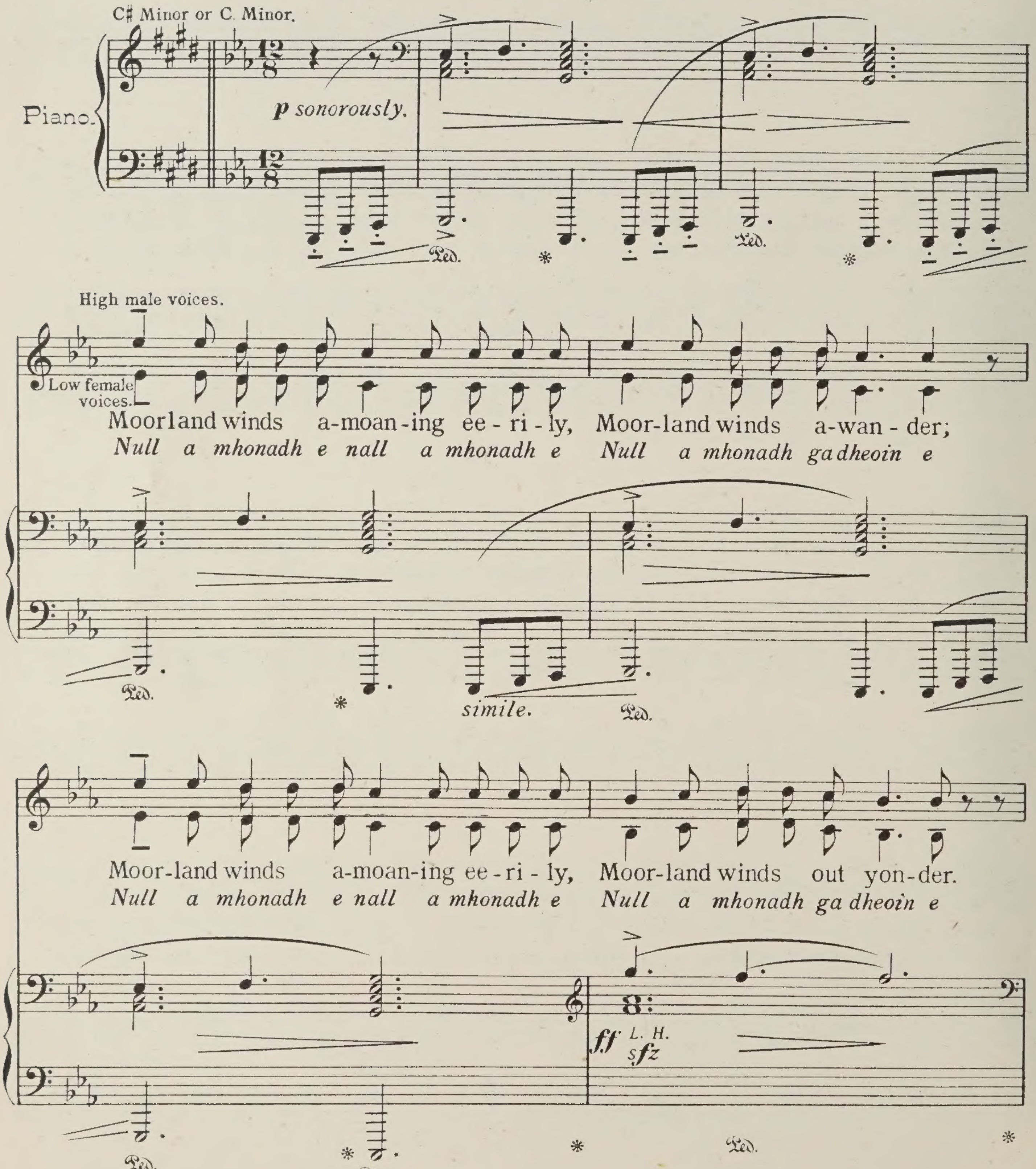
THE WIND ON THE MOOR.

NULL A MHONADH E NALL A MHONADH.

Air noted from the singing of
MARION MACLEOD. Eigg.

Arr. with English words and
Pianoforte acc. by
M. KENNEDY-FRASER.

♩. = 120 **Like the moaning and howling and shrieking of the wind.**


C♯ Minor or C. Minor.
Piano.
p sonorously.
Ped.
High male voices.
Low female voices.
Moorland winds a-moan-ing ee-ri-ly, Moor-land winds a-wan-der;
Null a mhonadh e nall a mhonadh e Null a mhonadh gadheoin e
simile.
Moor-land winds a-moan-ing ee-ri-ly, Moor-land winds out yon-der.
Null a mhonadh e nall a mhonadh e Null a mhonadh ga dheoin e
ff L. H. sfz

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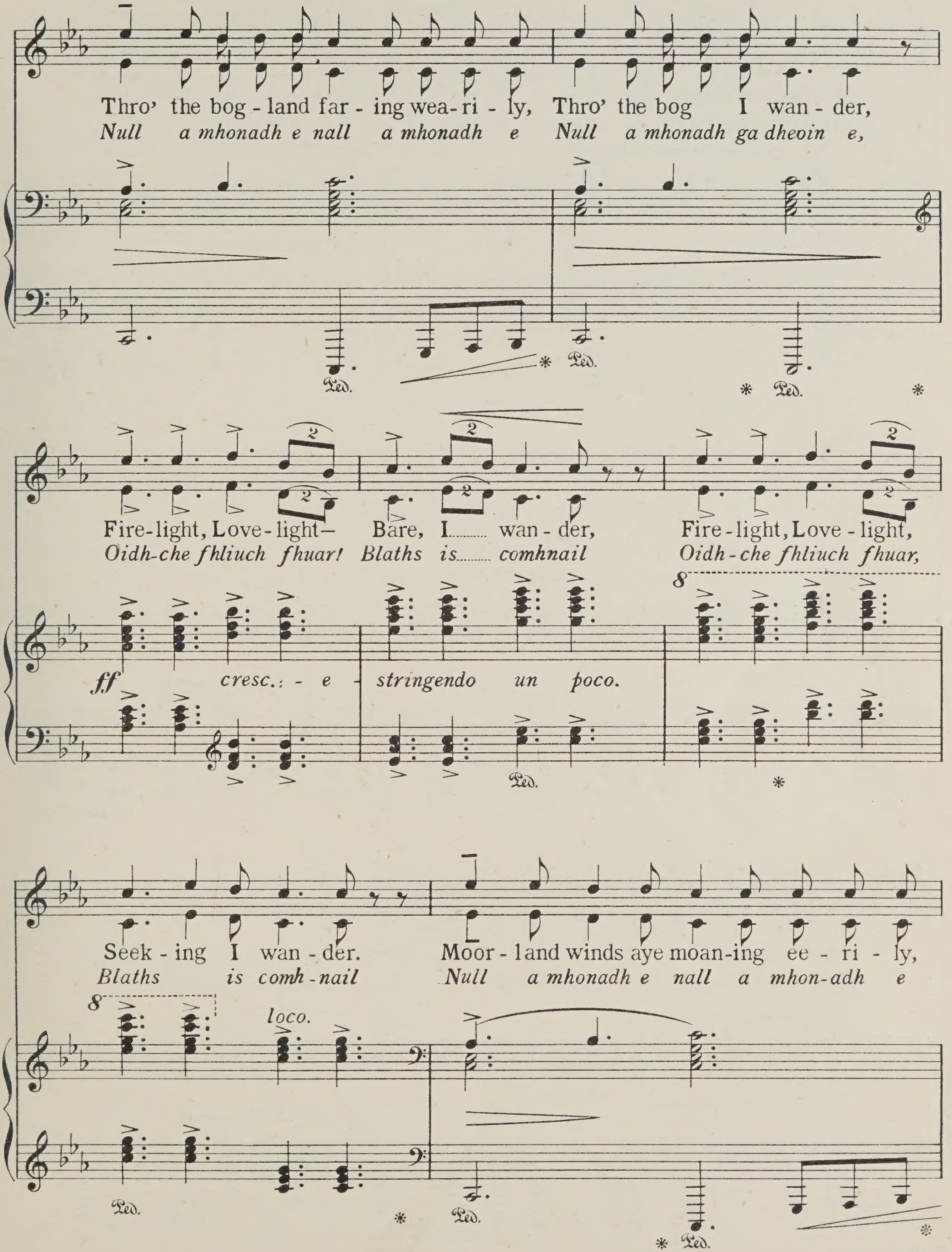
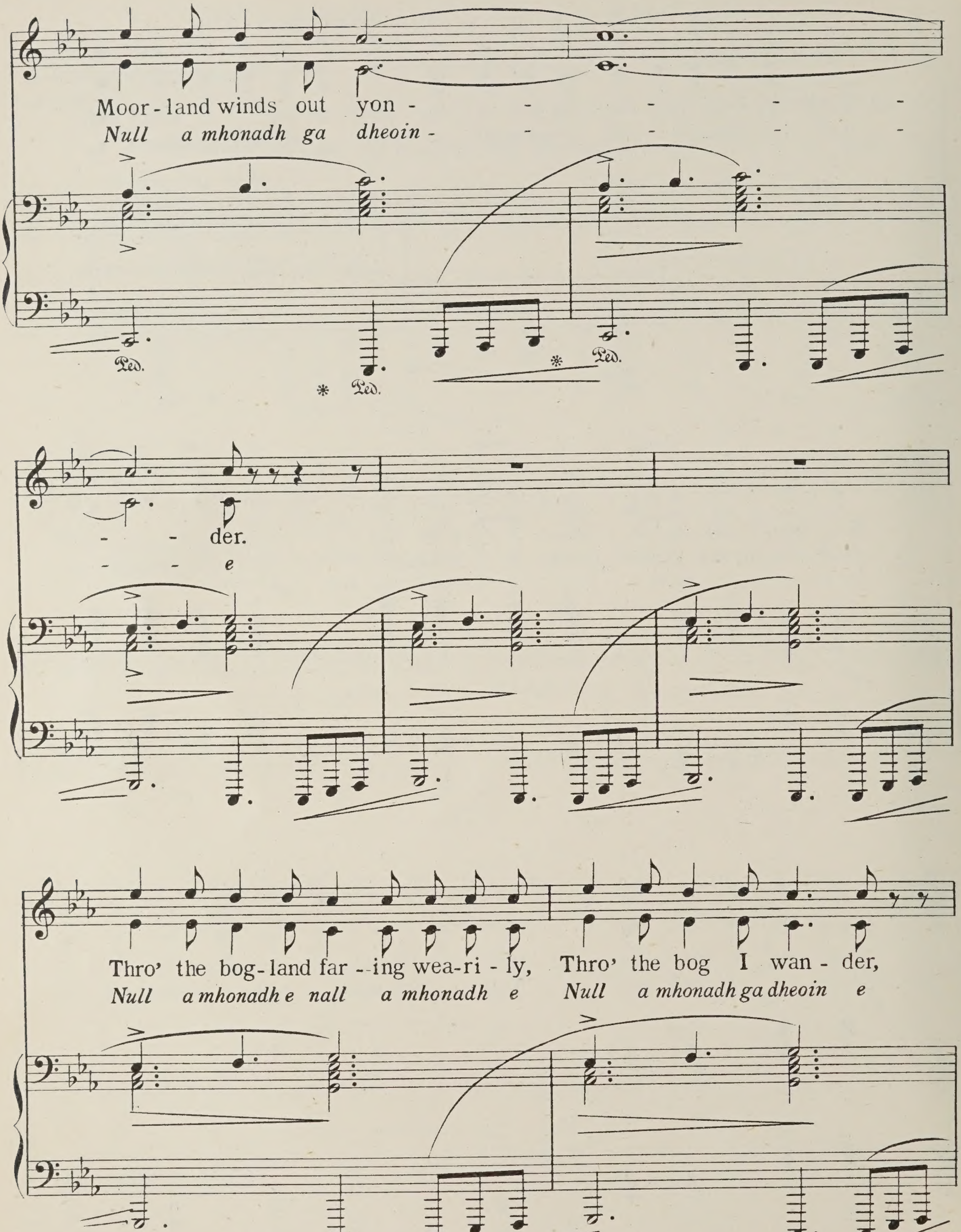
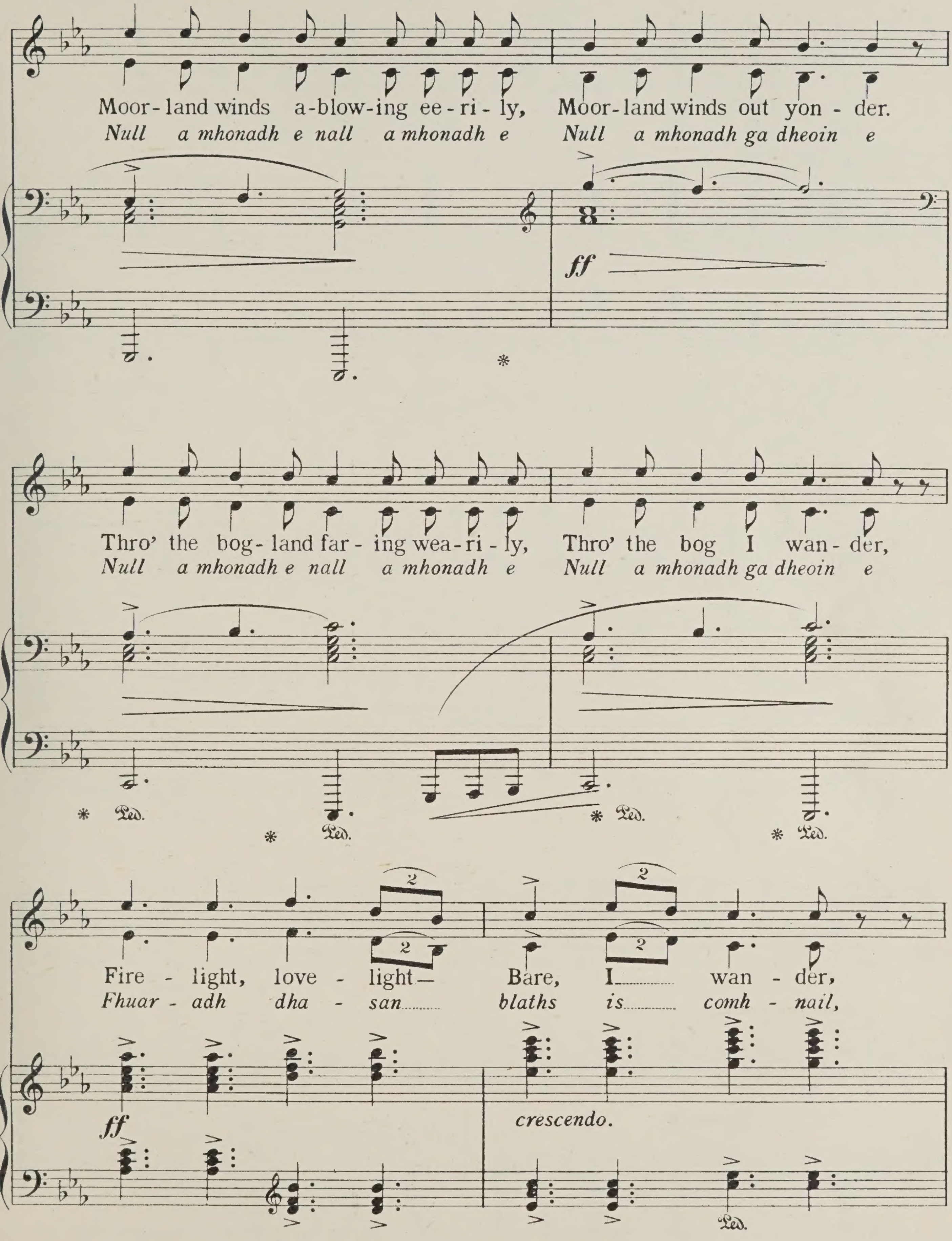
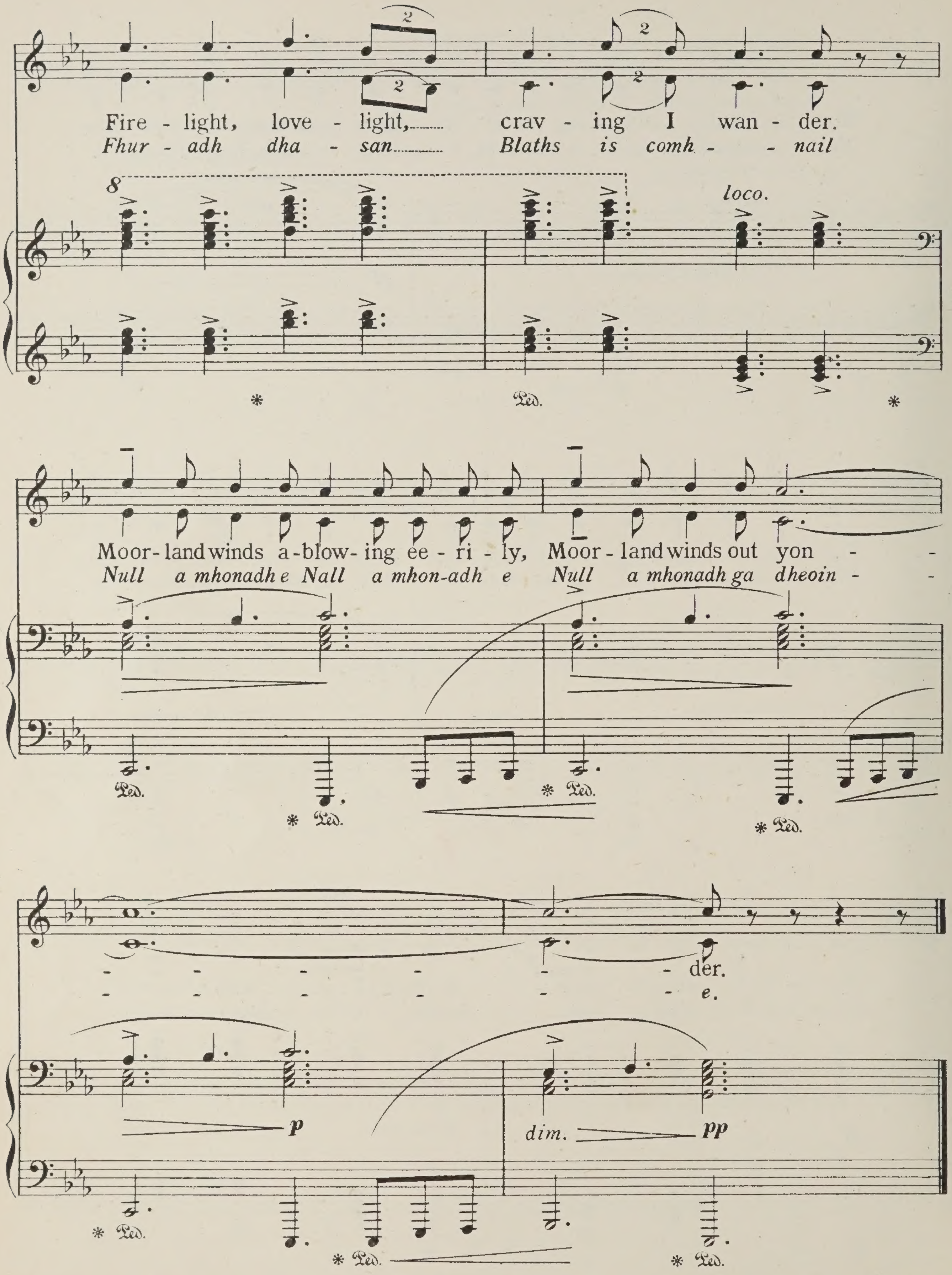

Thro' the bog-land far-ing wea-ri-ly, Thro' the bog I wan-der,
Null a mhonadh e nall a mhonadh e Null a mhonadh ga dheoin e,
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Fire-light, Love-light— Bare, I...... wan-der, Fire-light, Love-light,
Oidh-che fhliuch fhuar! Blaths is...... comhnail Oidh-che fhliuch fhuar,
ff
cresc. - e - stringendo un poco.
8
(2)
Ped.
Seek-ing I wan-der. Moor-land winds aye moan-ing ee-ri-ly,
Blaths is comh-nail Null a mhonadh e nall a mhon-adh e
8
loco.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.


Moor - land winds out yon - - - - - der.
Null a mhonadh ga dheoin - - - - - - - e
Ped.
*
Thro' the bog - land far - - ing wea - ri - ly, Thro' the bog I wan - der,
Null a mhonadh e nall a mhonadh e Null a mhonadh ga dheoin e


Moor-land winds a-blow-ing ee-ri-ly, Moor-land winds out yon-der.
Null a mhonadh e nall a mhonadh e Null a mhonadh ga dheoin e
ff
Thro' the bog-land far-ing wea-ri-ly, Thro' the bog I wan-der,
Null a mhonadh e nall a mhonadh e Null a mhonadh ga dheoin e
Fire-light, love-light— Bare, I wan-der,
Fhuar-adh dha-san blaths is comh-nail,
ff
crescendo.


Fire - light, love - light, crav - ing I wan - der.
Fhur - adh dha - san Blaths is comh - - nail
8
loco.
Ped.
Moor - land winds a - blow - ing ee - ri - ly, Moor - land winds out yon - -
Null a mhonadh e Nall a mhon-adh e Null a mhonadh ga dheoin - -
- - - - - - der.
- - - - - - e.
p
dim.
pp

DANCE TO YOUR SHADOW.

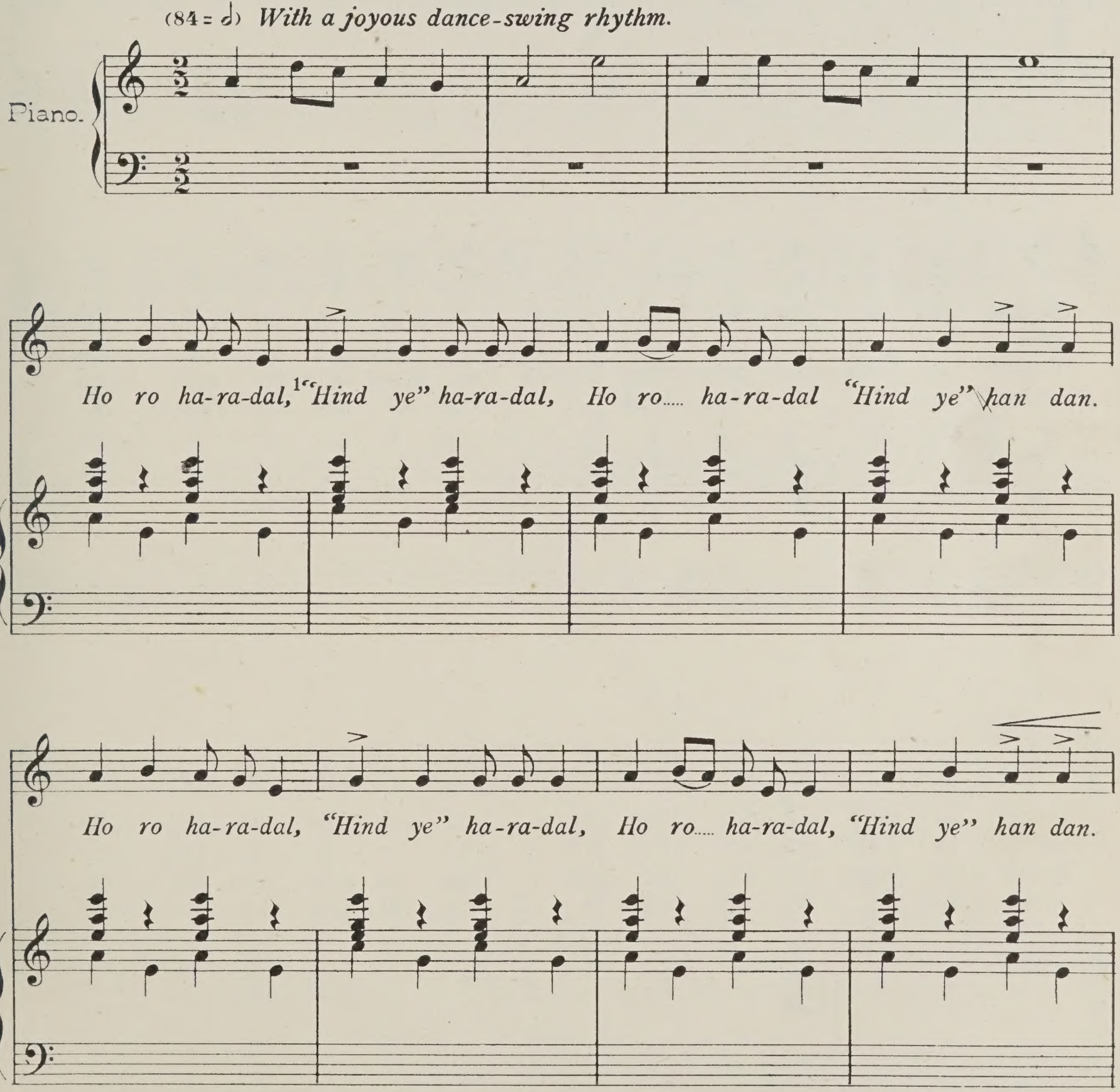
Bando Ribinnean.

PORT-A-BIAL = MOUTH MUSIC.

> "But Mary Macrae heeded not, and went on in her own way, singing her songs and ballads, intoning her hymns and incantations, and chanting her own *port-a-bial,* mouth music, and dancing to her own shadow when nothing better was available"— *Carmina Gadelica.*

English words by
KENNETH MACLEOD.

Noted from the singing of
MARION MACLEOD, Eigg.
Arranged for Voice and Piano by
M. KENNEDY-FRASER.


(84 = 𝅗𝅥) *With a joyous dance-swing rhythm.*
Piano.
Ho ro ha-ra-dal, [1]"Hind ye" ha-ra-dal, Ho ro..... ha-ra-dal "Hind ye" han dan.
Ho ro ha-ra-dal, "Hind ye" ha-ra-dal, Ho ro..... ha-ra-dal, "Hind ye" han dan.

---

[1] Sheinn i. = These two syllables pronounced like the English words "Hind ye" with or without the final d in hind.

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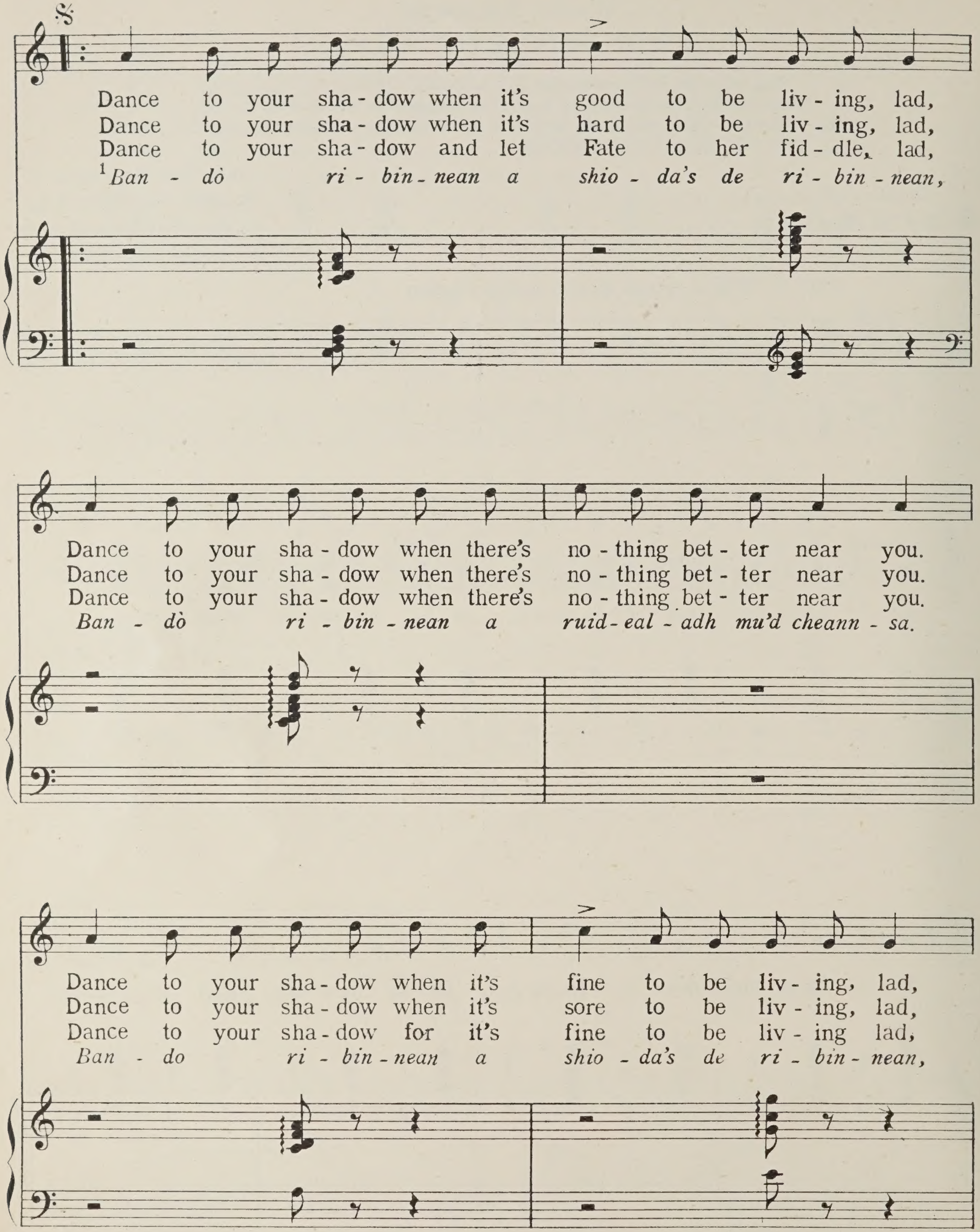
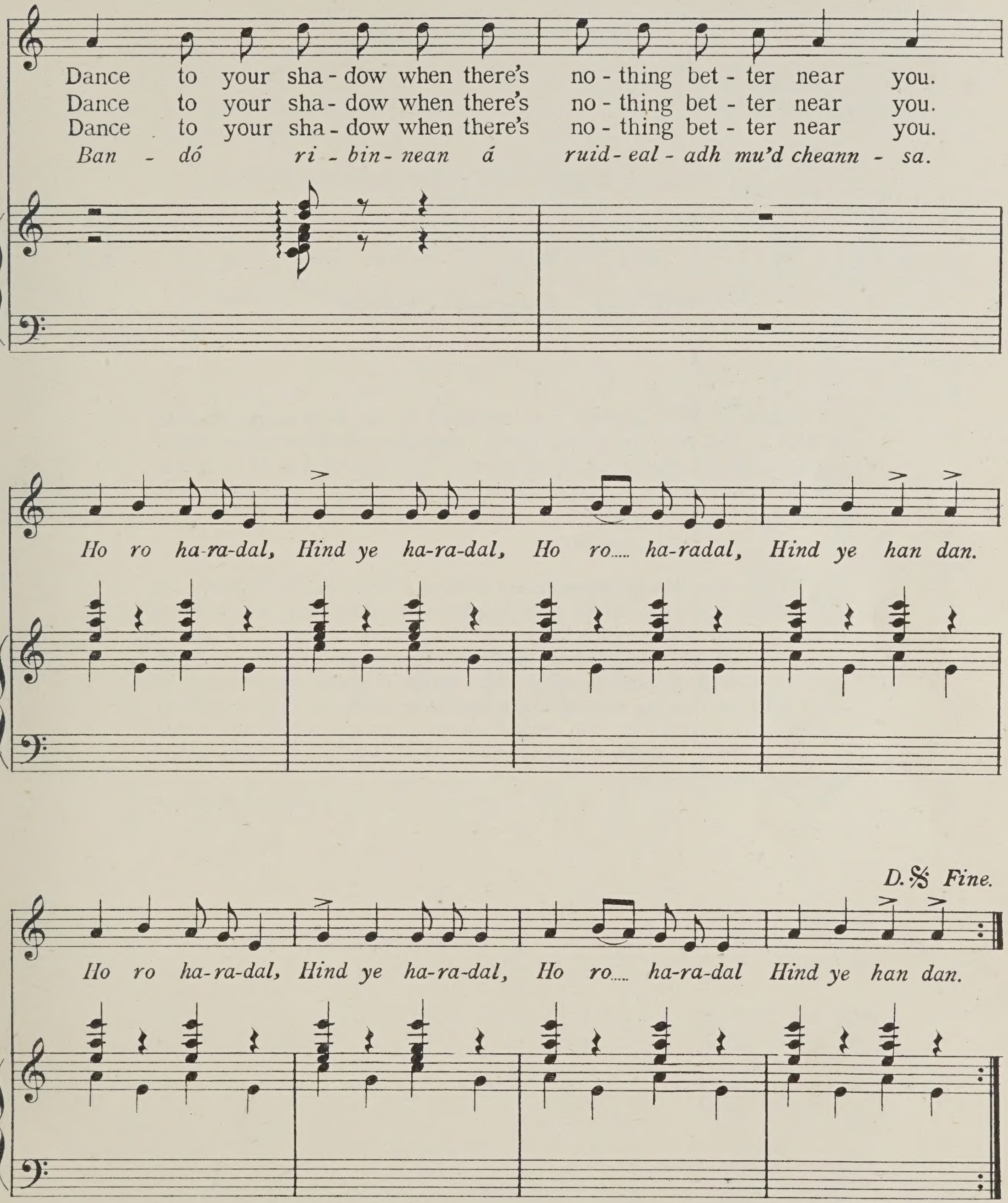

Dance to your sha - dow when it's good to be liv - ing, lad,
Dance to your sha - dow when it's hard to be liv - ing, lad,
Dance to your sha - dow and let Fate to her fid - dle, lad,
[1] *Ban - dò ri - bin - nean a shio - da's de ri - bin - nean,*
Dance to your sha - dow when there's no - thing bet - ter near you.
Dance to your sha - dow when there's no - thing bet - ter near you.
Dance to your sha - dow when there's no - thing bet - ter near you.
Ban - dò ri - bin - nean a ruid - eal - adh mu'd cheann - sa.
Dance to your sha - dow when it's fine to be liv - ing, lad,
Dance to your sha - dow when it's sore to be liv - ing, lad,
Dance to your sha - dow for it's fine to be liv - ing lad,
Ban - do ri - bin - nean a shio - da's de ri - bin - nean,

---

[1] A loan word from the French, *Bandeaux*.


Dance to your sha - dow when there's no - thing bet - ter near you.
Dance to your sha - dow when there's no - thing bet - ter near you.
Dance to your sha - dow when there's no - thing bet - ter near you.
Ban - dó ri - bin - nean á ruid - eal - adh mu'd cheann - sa.
Ho ro ha-ra-dal, Hind ye ha-ra-dal, Ho ro..... ha-radal, Hind ye han dan.
D.𝄋 Fine.
Ho ro ha-ra-dal, Hind ye ha-ra-dal, Ho ro..... ha-ra-dal Hind ye han dan.

The Aspen-tree.

There is more wisdom, says the Gael, in the bird-world than in the folk-world! Men fling their curses at the aspen-tree because wicked people made the Cross out of its wood, but the birds nest in its branches because, for shame of a deed which it could not help, it has ever since trembled in all its leaves.

Within the Rough Bounds, and half-way between St. Finnan's Isle and Shūna, there is a hidden glen which, in the olden days, was bare of of all trees save one venerable aspen. On Good Friday, at sunset, the people of the shore and the hill clachans would march in procession to that aspen-tree, and forming themselves into a circle around it, would solemnly chant its curse to it. And in the coming and going of the years, the accursed aspen-tree became a sacred symbol, around which christian and pagan, hand in hand, bore witness against such as crucify the beautiful and the good, not knowing what they do.

KENNETH MACLEOD

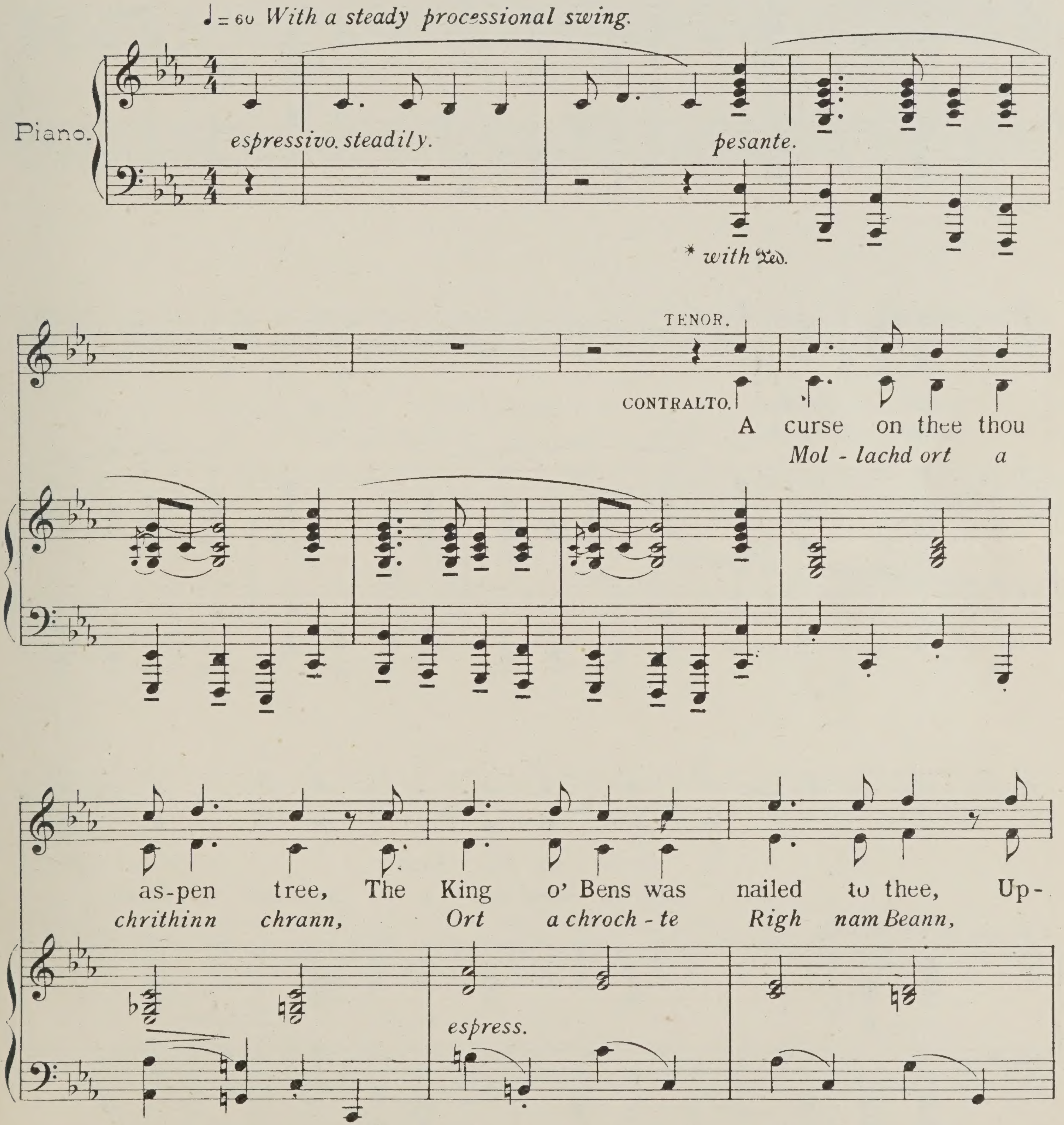
Curse of the Aspen Tree.

A PROCESSIONAL.

An Crithionn Cruaidh.

Words collected and
Translated by KENNETH MACLEOD.
Air, noted from his singing, learnt
by him in boyhood, in Eigg.

Arranged for voice and piano
by M. KENNEDY-FRASER.


♩= 60 With a steady processional swing.
Piano.
espressivo. steadily.
pesante.
* with 𝆮.
TENOR.
CONTRALTO.
A curse on thee thou
Mol - lachd ort a
as-pen tree, The King o' Bens was nailed to thee, Up-
chrithinn chrann, Ort a chroch - te Righ nam Beann,
espress.

---

* With *syncopated* 𝆮. changing with each change of harmony.
See another Version in Carmina Gadelica Vol II, *p*.105.

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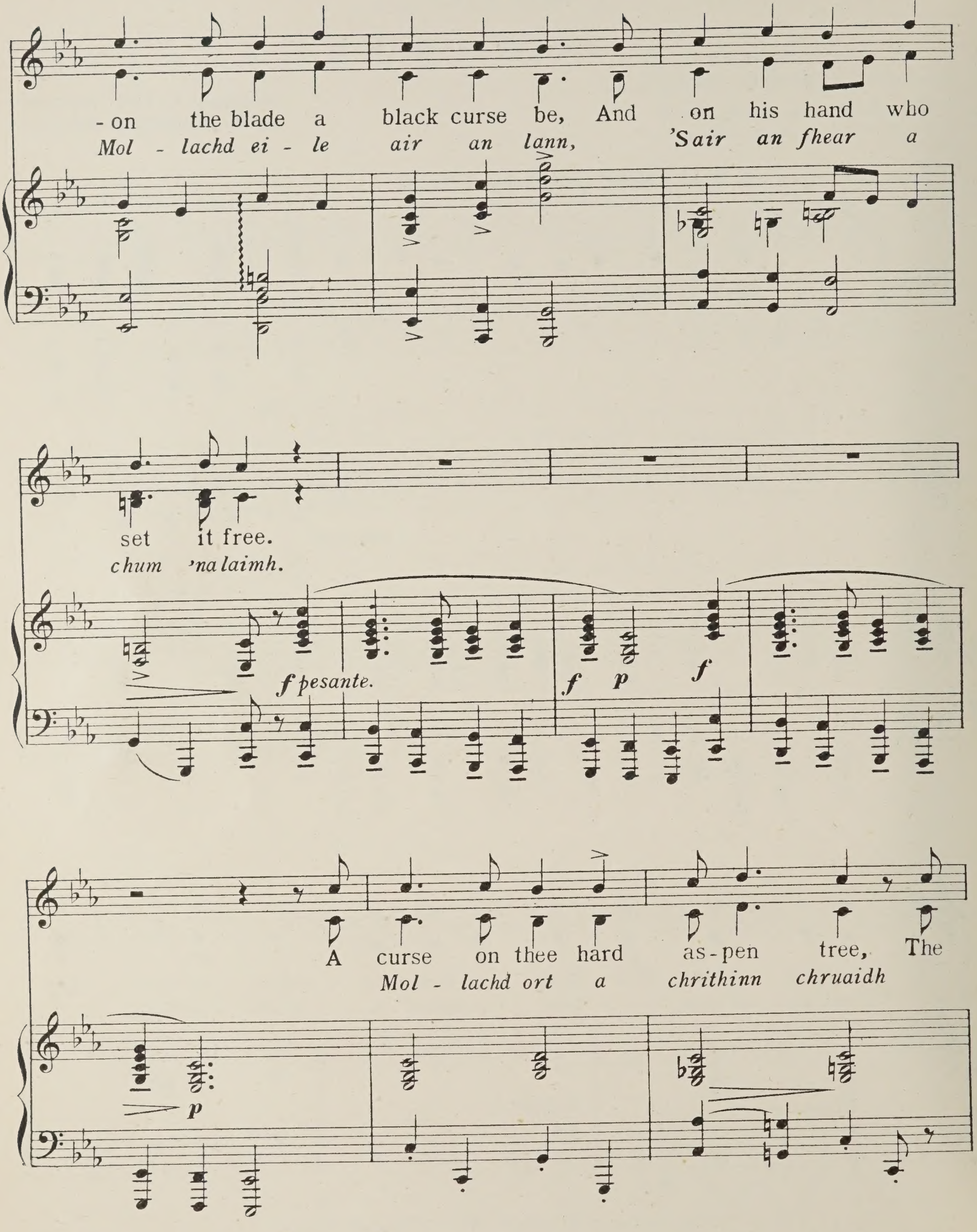
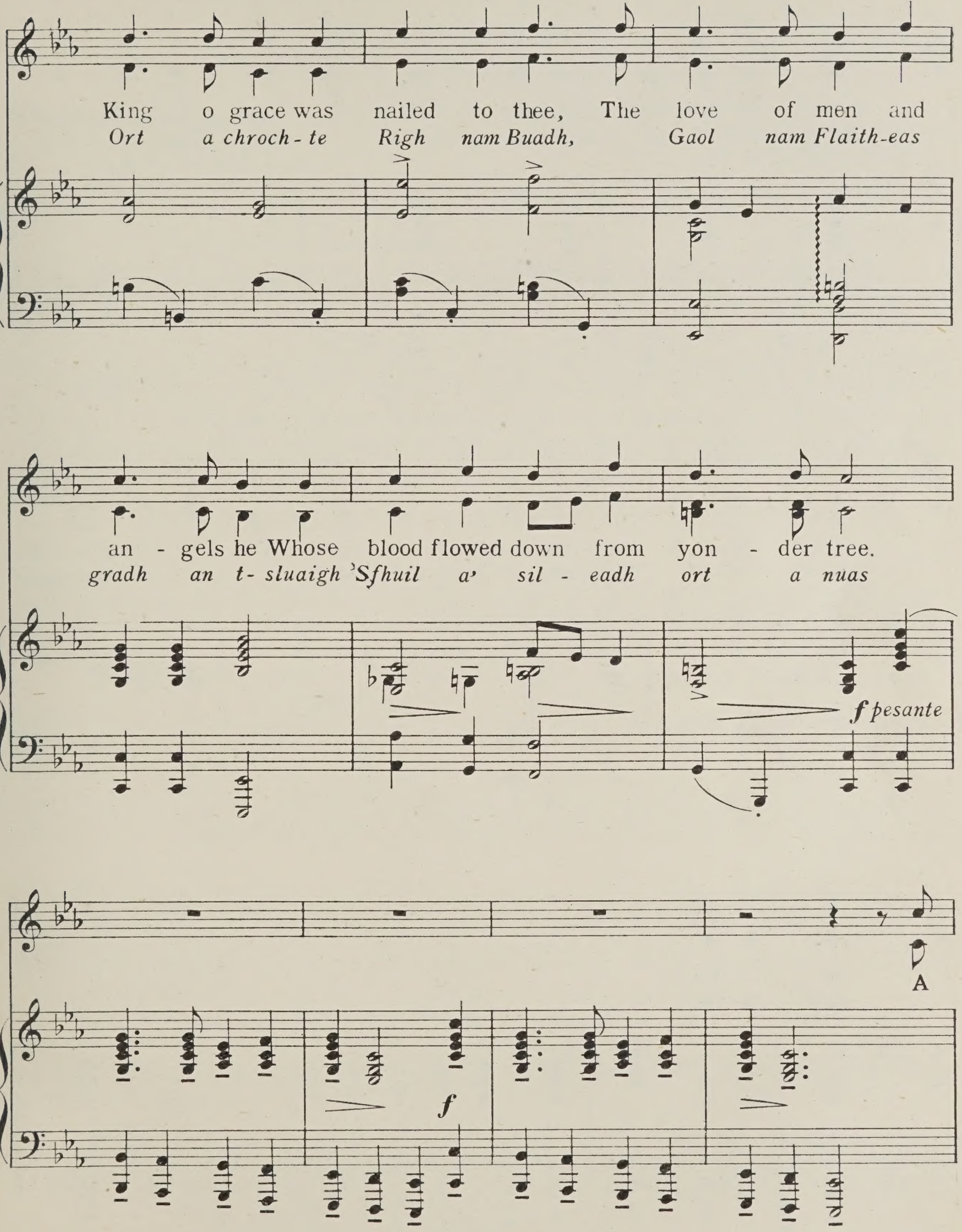
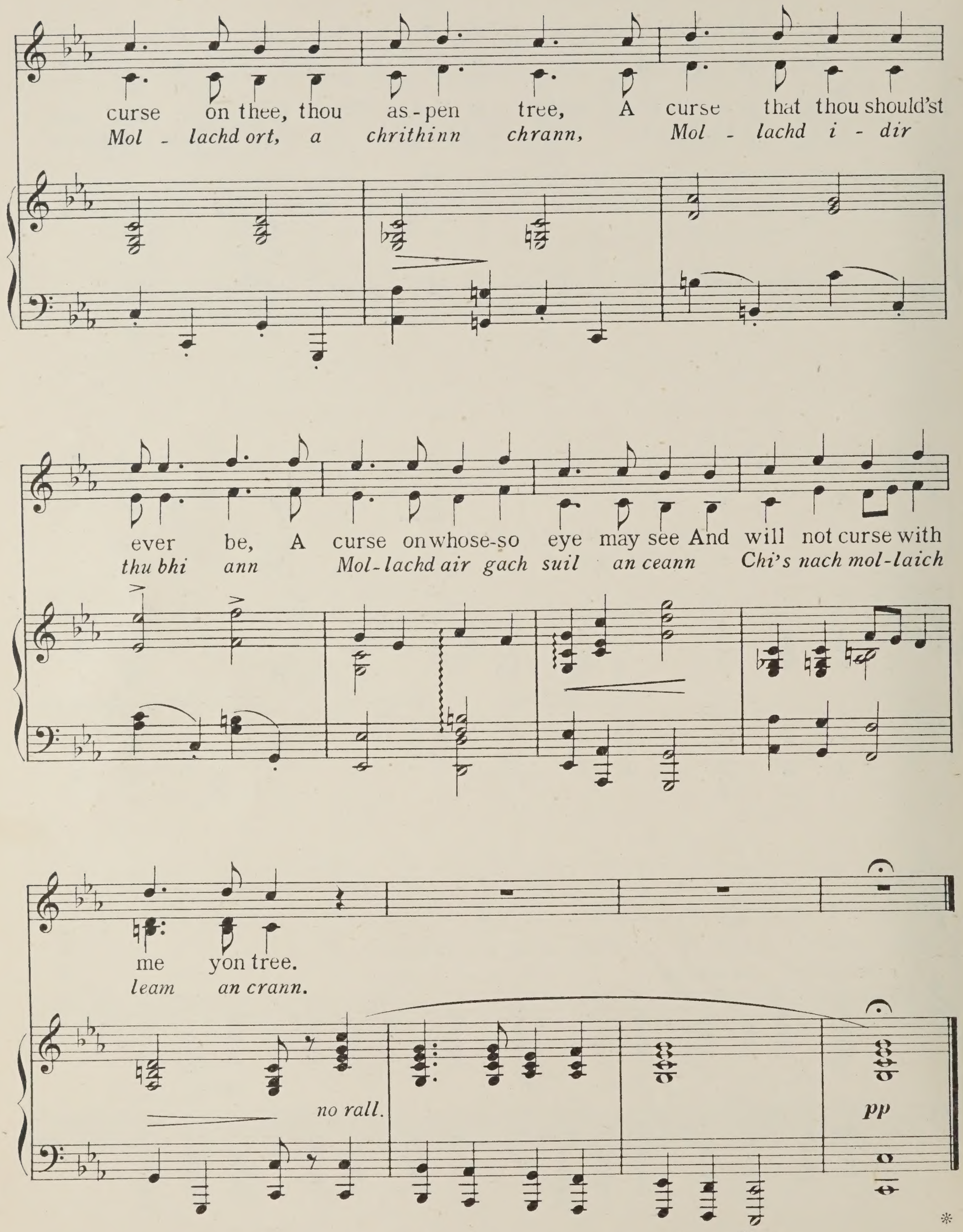

-on the blade a black curse be, And on his hand who
Mol - lachd ei - le air an lann, 'Sair an fhear a
set it free.
chum 'na laimh.
f pesante.
f p f
A curse on thee hard aspen tree, The
Mol - lachd ort a chrithinn chruaidh
p


King o grace was nailed to thee, The love of men and
Ort a chroch-te Righ nam Buadh, Gaol nam Flaith-eas
an - gels he Whose blood flowed down from yon - der tree.
gradh an t-sluaigh 'Sfhuil a' sil - eadh ort a nuas
f pesante
f
A


curse on thee, thou as-pen tree, A curse that thou should'st
Mol - lachd ort, a chrithinn chrann, Mol - lachd i - dir
ever be, A curse on whose-so eye may see And will not curse with
thu bhi ann Mol-lachd air gach suil an ceann Chi's nach mol-laich
me yon tree.
leam an crann.
no rall.
pp
Ped.

THE HARP OF DUNVEGAN.

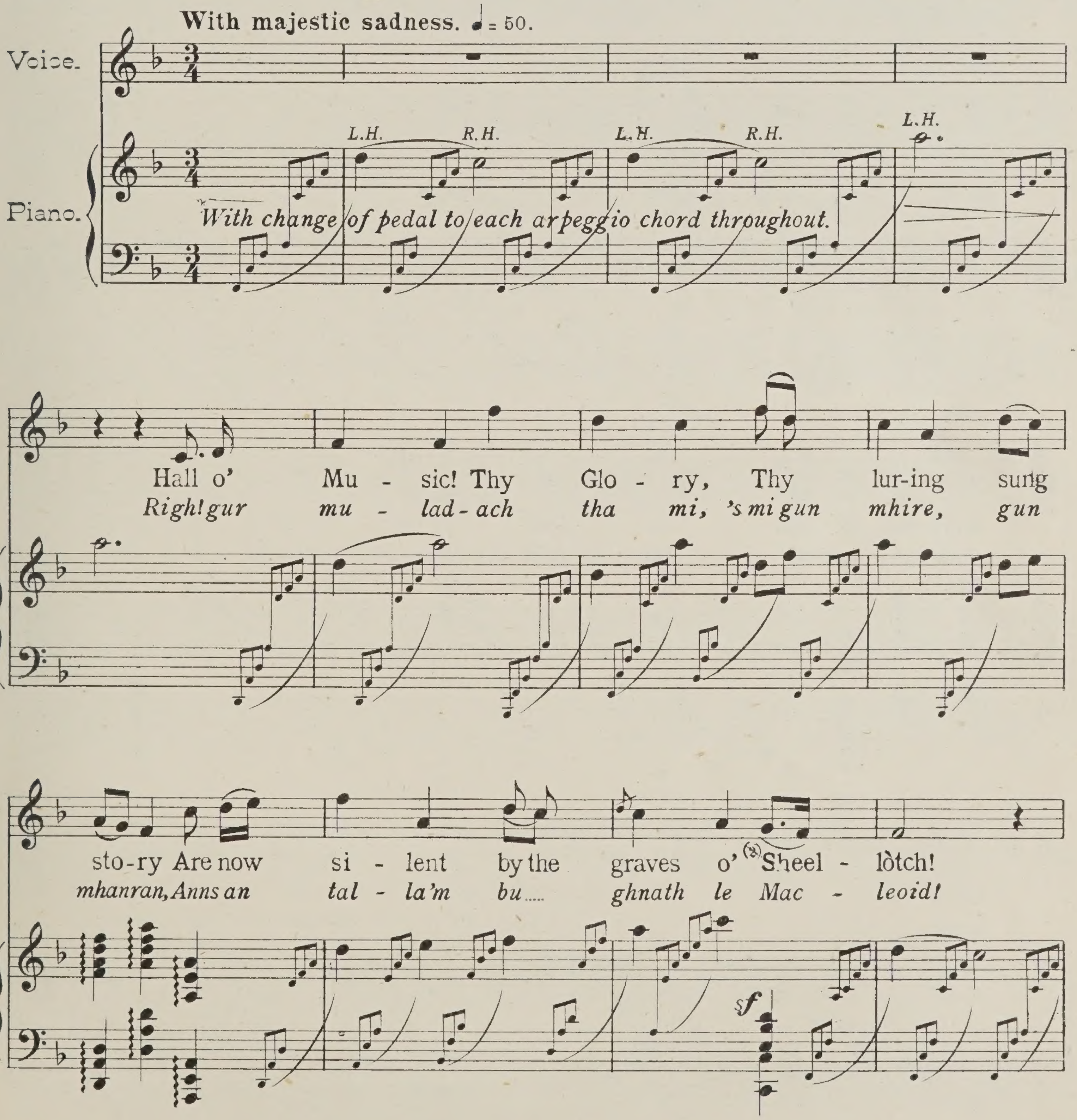
Clarsach Shil-Leoid.

AN TALLA 'M BU GHNATH LE MAC-LEOID.

Lament for the dead Chief.

Ode by(1) MARY MACLEOD.
Song maker of 16th-17th. cent.
English by KENNETH MACLEOD.

Arr. for Voice and Piano by
M. KENNEDY-FRASER.


With majestic sadness. ♩= 50.
Voice.
Piano.
L.H.
R.H.
L.H.
R.H.
L.H.
With change of pedal to each arpeggio chord throughout.
Hall o' Mu - sic! Thy Glo - ry, Thy lur-ing sung
Right gur mu - lad - ach tha mi, 's mi gun mhire, gun
sto-ry Are now si - lent by the graves o' (2) Sheel - lòtch!
mhanran, Anns an tal - la'm bu..... ghnath le Mac - leoid!
sf

---

(1) Mairi nighean Alasdair Ruadh, the greatest known poetess and singer of the Isles. (2) Sil Leoid = the Clan Macleod.

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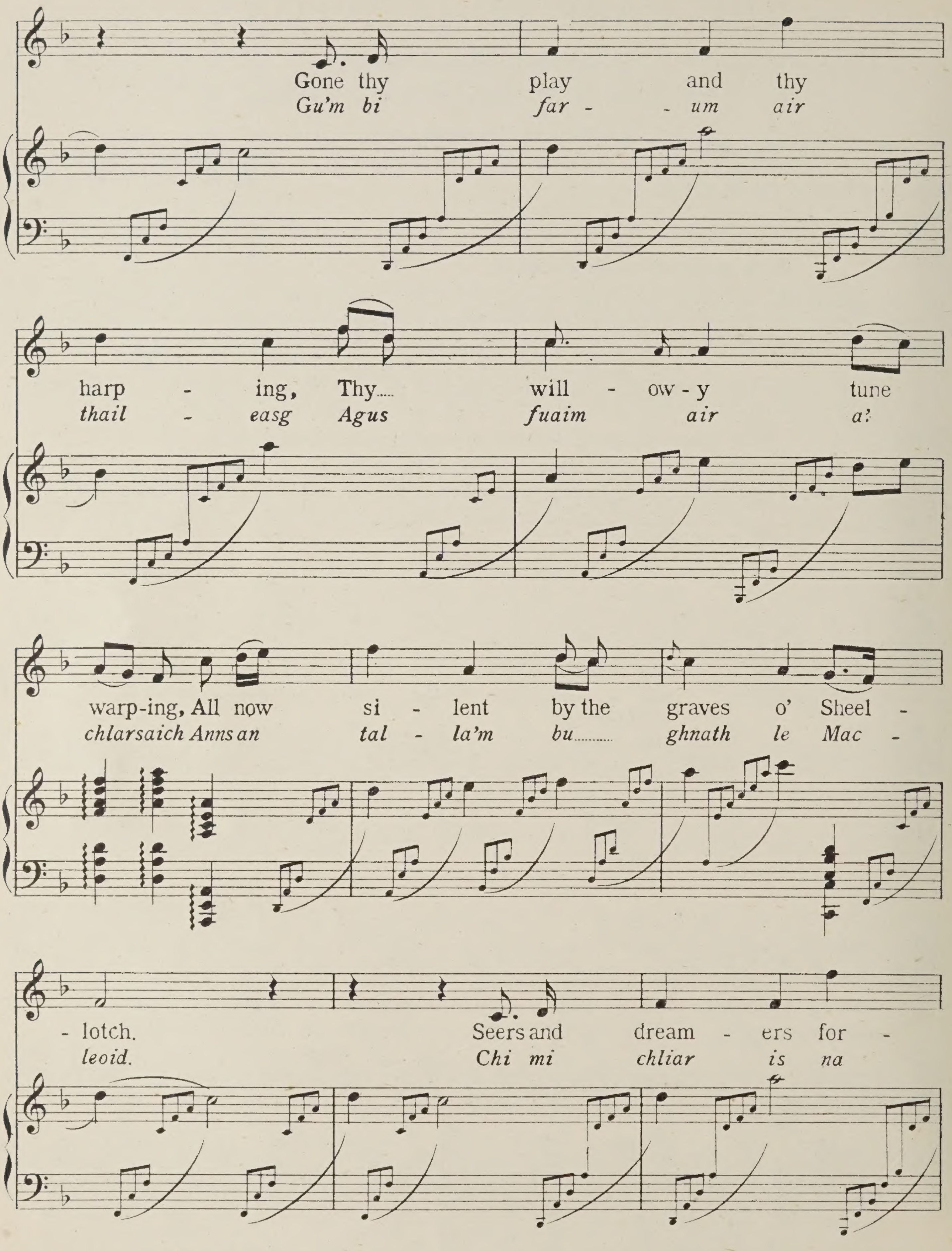
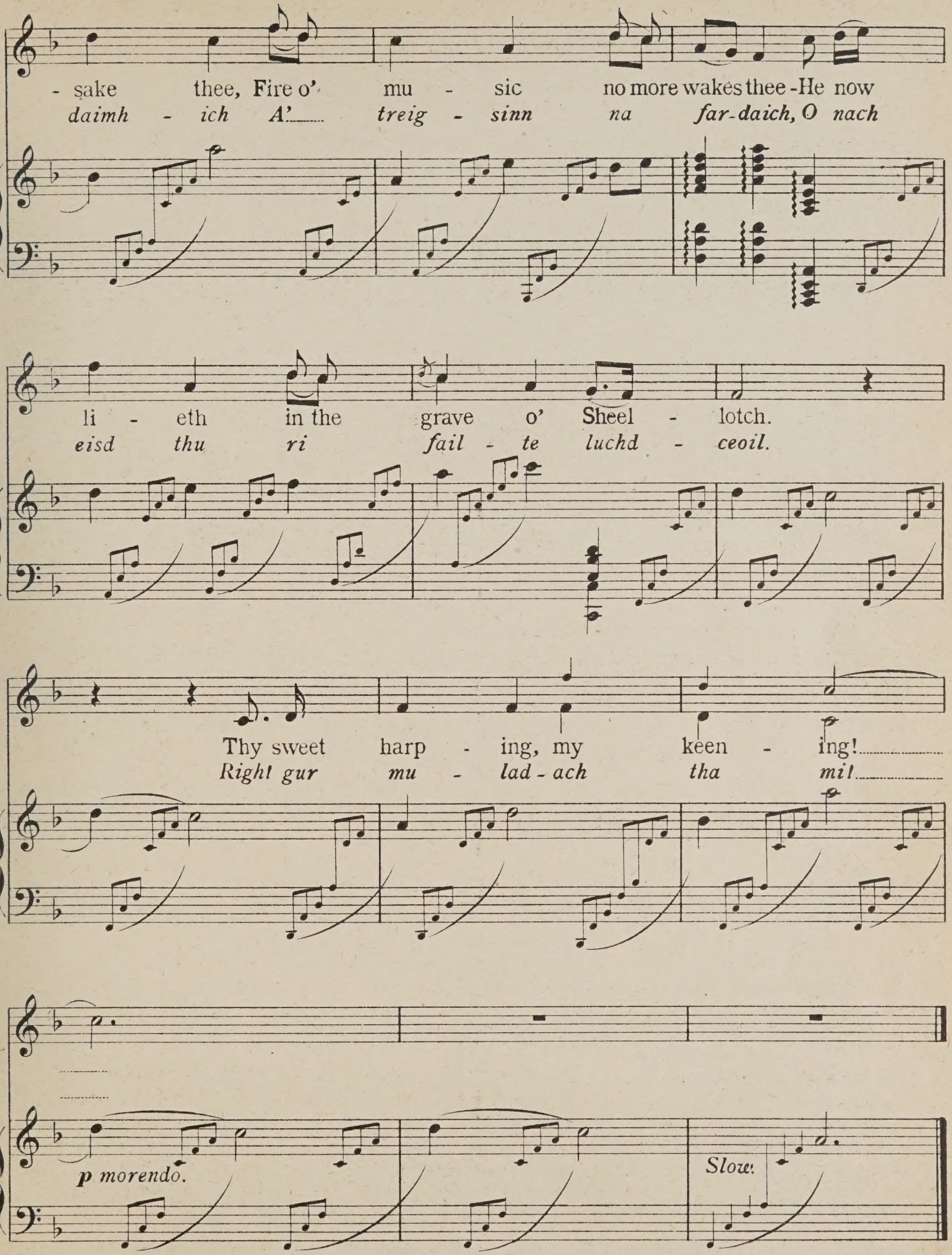

Gone thy play and thy
Gu'm bi far - - um air
harp - ing, Thy..... will - ow - y tune
thail - easg Agus fuaim air a?
warp-ing, All now si - lent by the graves o' Sheel -
chlarsaich Annsan tal - la'm bu.......... ghnath le Mac -
- lotch. Seers and dream - ers for -
leoid. Chi mi chliar is na

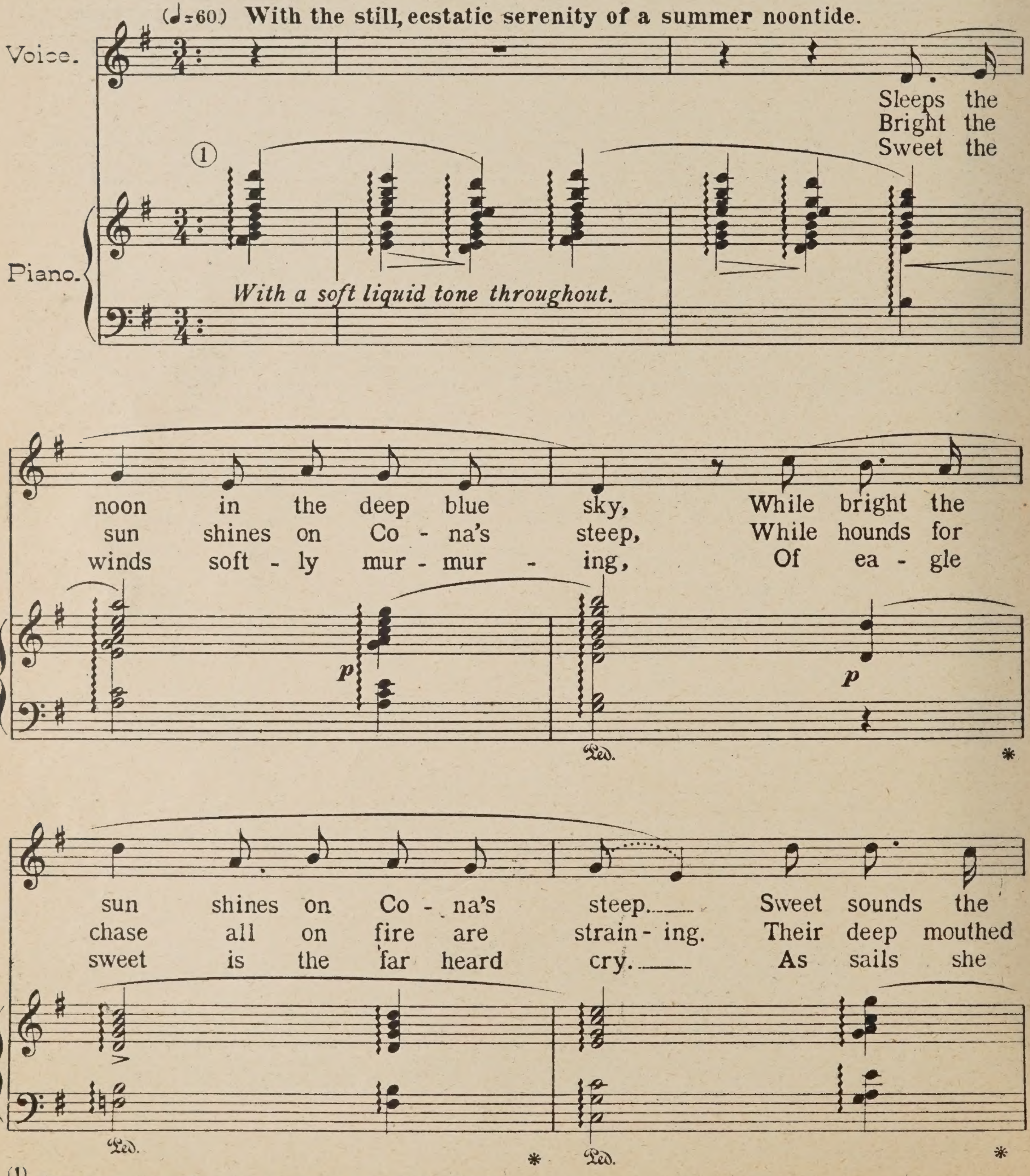

-sake thee, Fire o' mu - sic no more wakes thee -He now
daimh - ich A'...... treig - sinn na far-daich, O nach
li - eth in the grave o' Sheel - lotch.
eisd thu ri fail - te luchd - ceoil.
Thy sweet harp - ing, my keen - ing!
Right gur mu - lad-ach tha mi!
p morendo.
Slow.

SLEEPS THE NOON IN THE DEEP BLUE SKY.

"The thrush's song of Glen-na-Sail,
The hound's deep bay at twilight's fall,
The barque's sharp grating on the shore,
Than cleric's chants delight me more."

Words after THOS. PATTISON'S
translation from Ossian,="The sweet voice of Cona."

Air from PATRICK MACDONALD'S collection, 1781.
Arranged by
M. KENNEDY-FRASER


(♩=60) With the still, ecstatic serenity of a summer noontide.
Voice.
Piano.
①
With a soft liquid tone throughout.
Sleeps the
Bright the
Sweet the
noon in the deep blue sky, While bright the
sun shines on Co - na's steep, While hounds for
winds soft - ly mur - mur - ing, Of ea - gle
p
p
Ped.
*
sun shines on Co - na's steep.... Sweet sounds the
chase all on fire are strain - ing. Their deep mouthed
sweet is the far heard cry.... As sails she
Ped.
*
Ped.
*

---

① The chords throughout slightly spread, not a true arpeggio.

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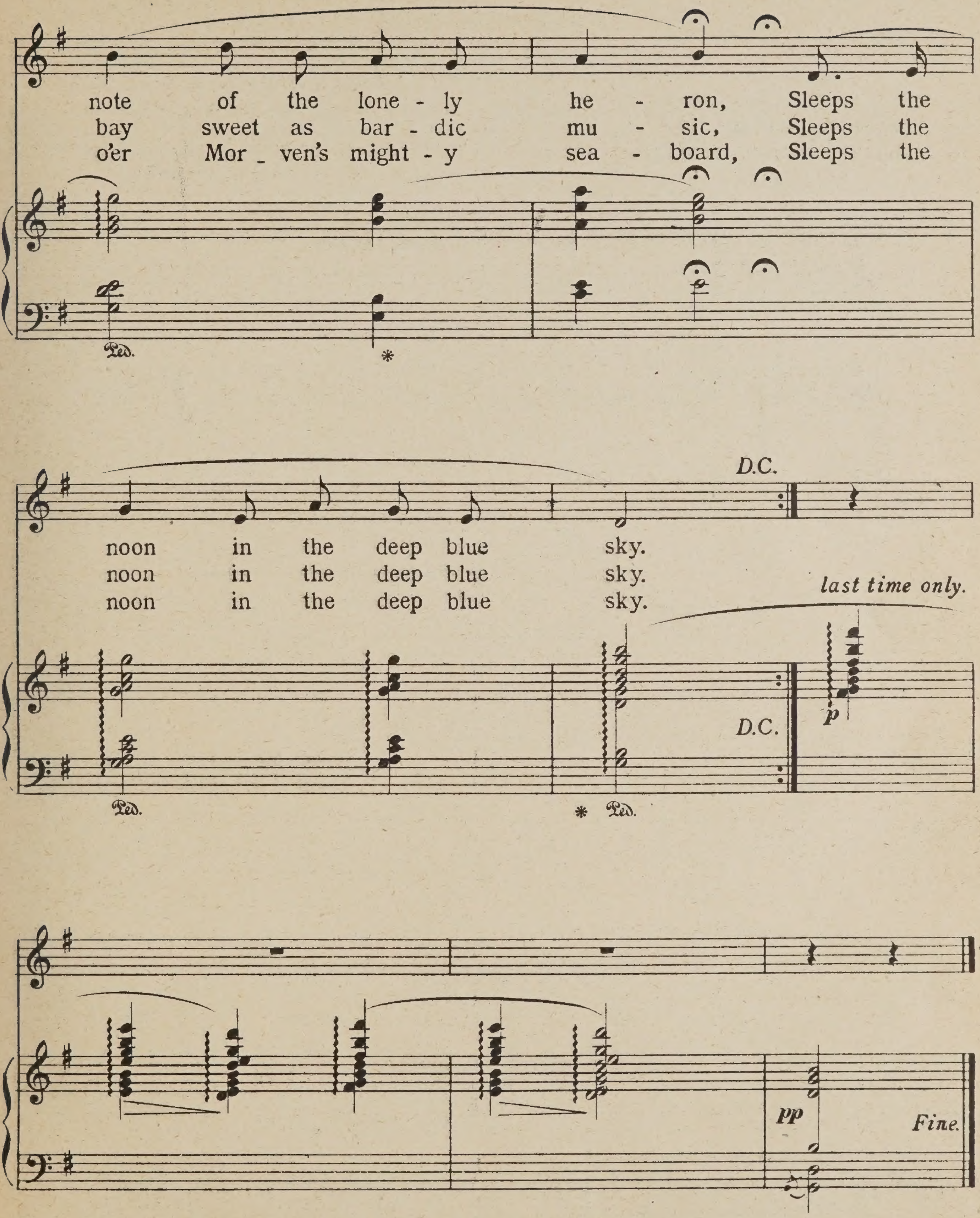

note of the lone - ly he - ron, Sleeps the
bay sweet as bar - dic mu - sic, Sleeps the
o'er Mor _ ven's might - y sea - board, Sleeps the
Ped.
*
D.C.
noon in the deep blue sky.
noon in the deep blue sky.
noon in the deep blue sky.
last time only.
p
D.C.
Ped.
* Ped.
pp
Fine.

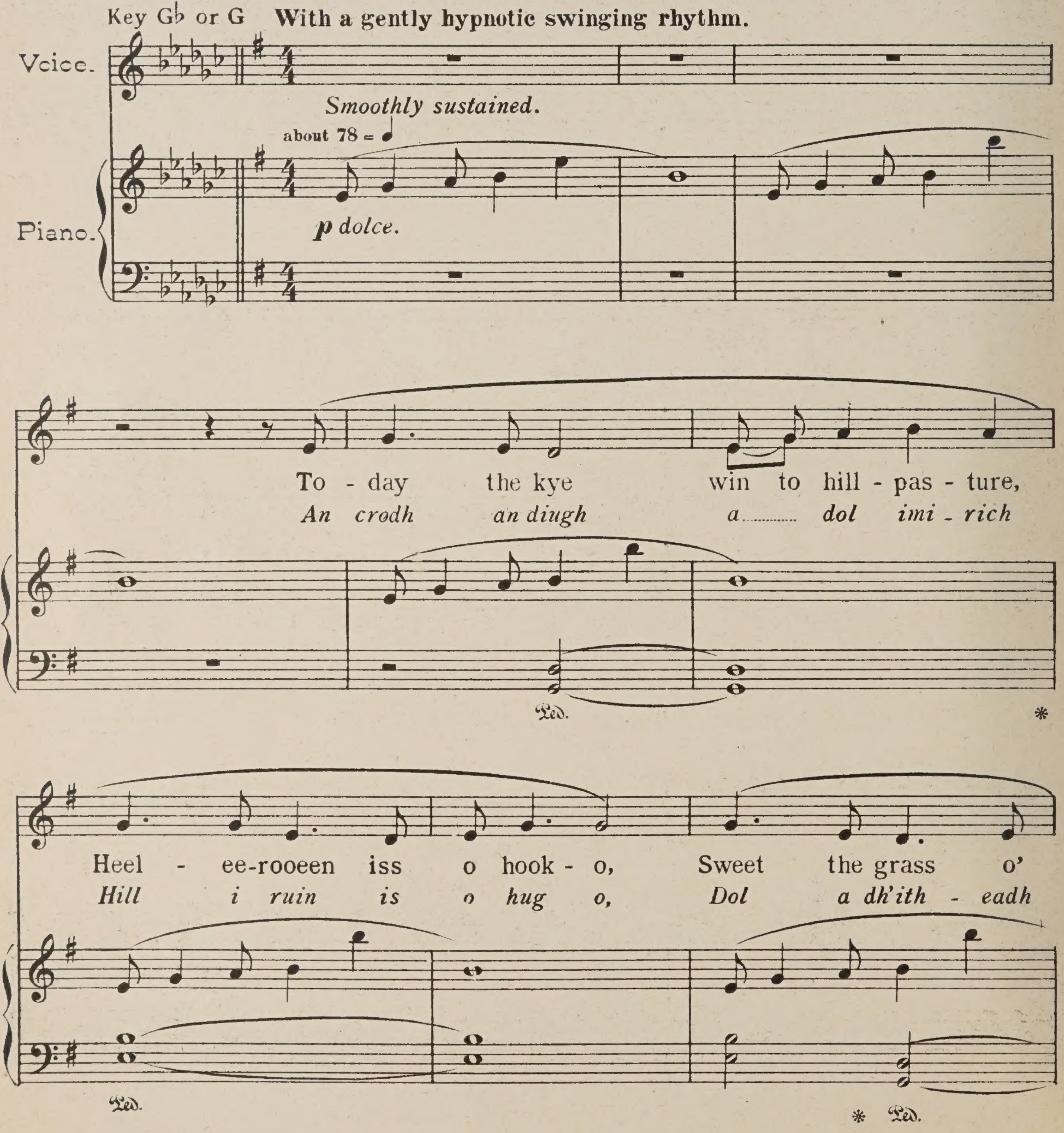
UIST CATTLE CROON.

Cronan Cuallaich.

Words sung by a cattle herd at
Grimnis, by permission from
DR. CARMICHAEL'S "CARMINA GADELICA".

Air noted by FRANCES TOLMIE from
MARY ROSS, Kilmaluag, Skye.

Arr. for voice and piano (or harp), with translation, by
M. KENNEDY-FRASER.


Key G♭ or G
With a gently hypnotic swinging rhythm.
Voice.
Smoothly sustained.
about 78 = ♩
Piano.
p dolce.
To - day the kye win to hill - pas - ture,
An crodh an diugh a........... dol imi - rich
Ped.
*
Heel - ee-rooeen iss o hook - o, Sweet the grass o'
Hill i ruin is o hug o, Dol a dh'ith - eadh
Ped.
* Ped.

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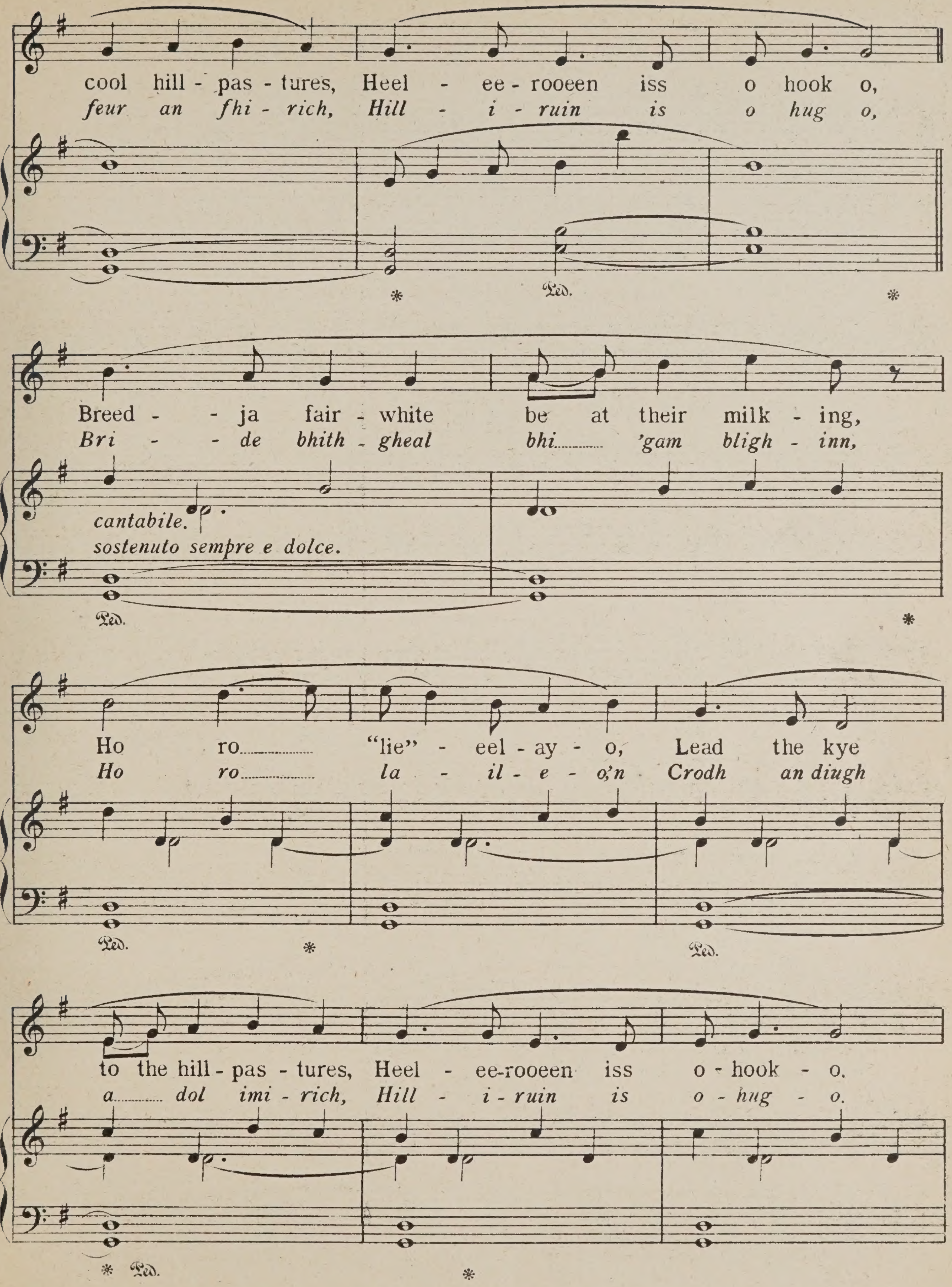
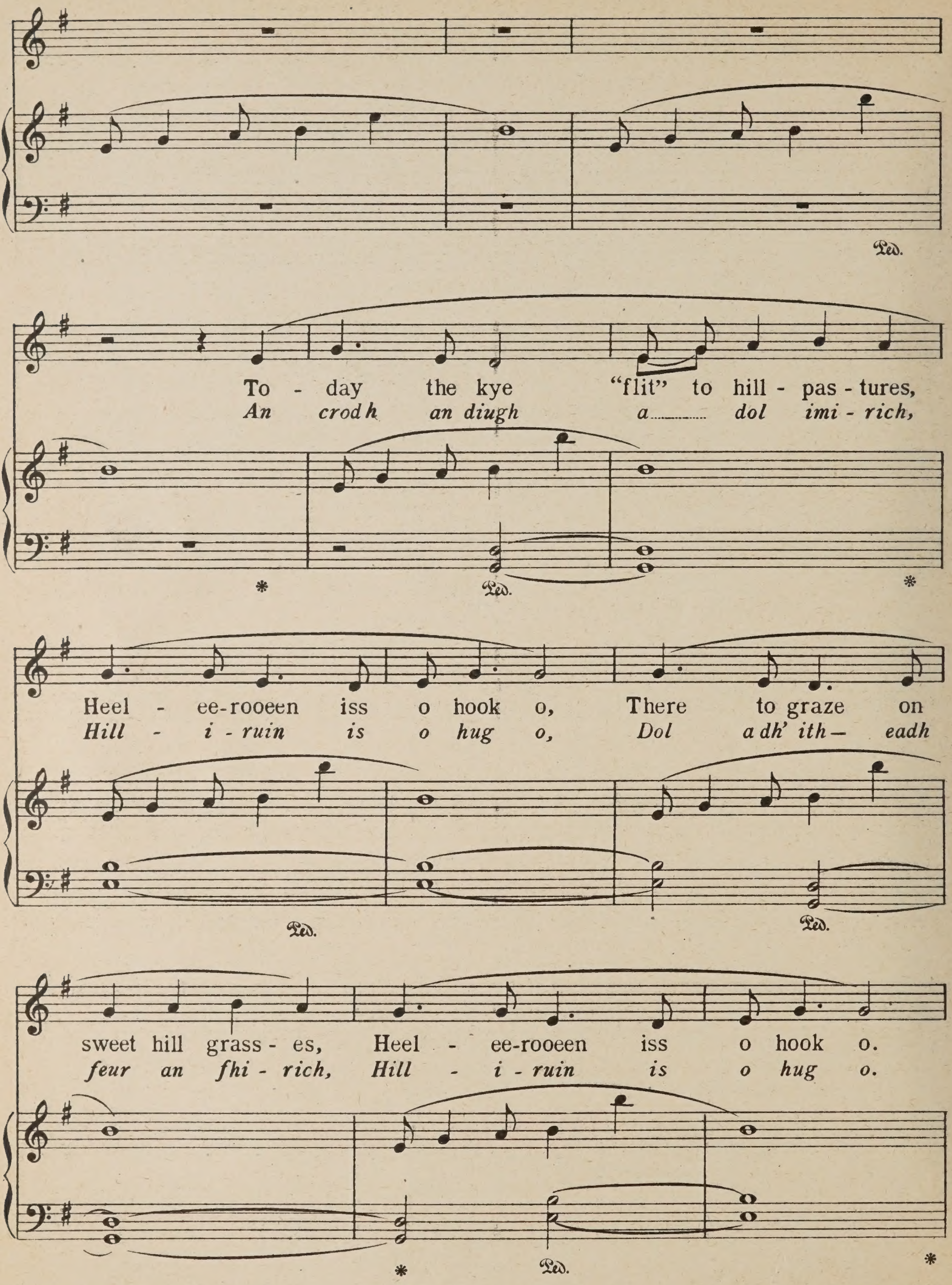
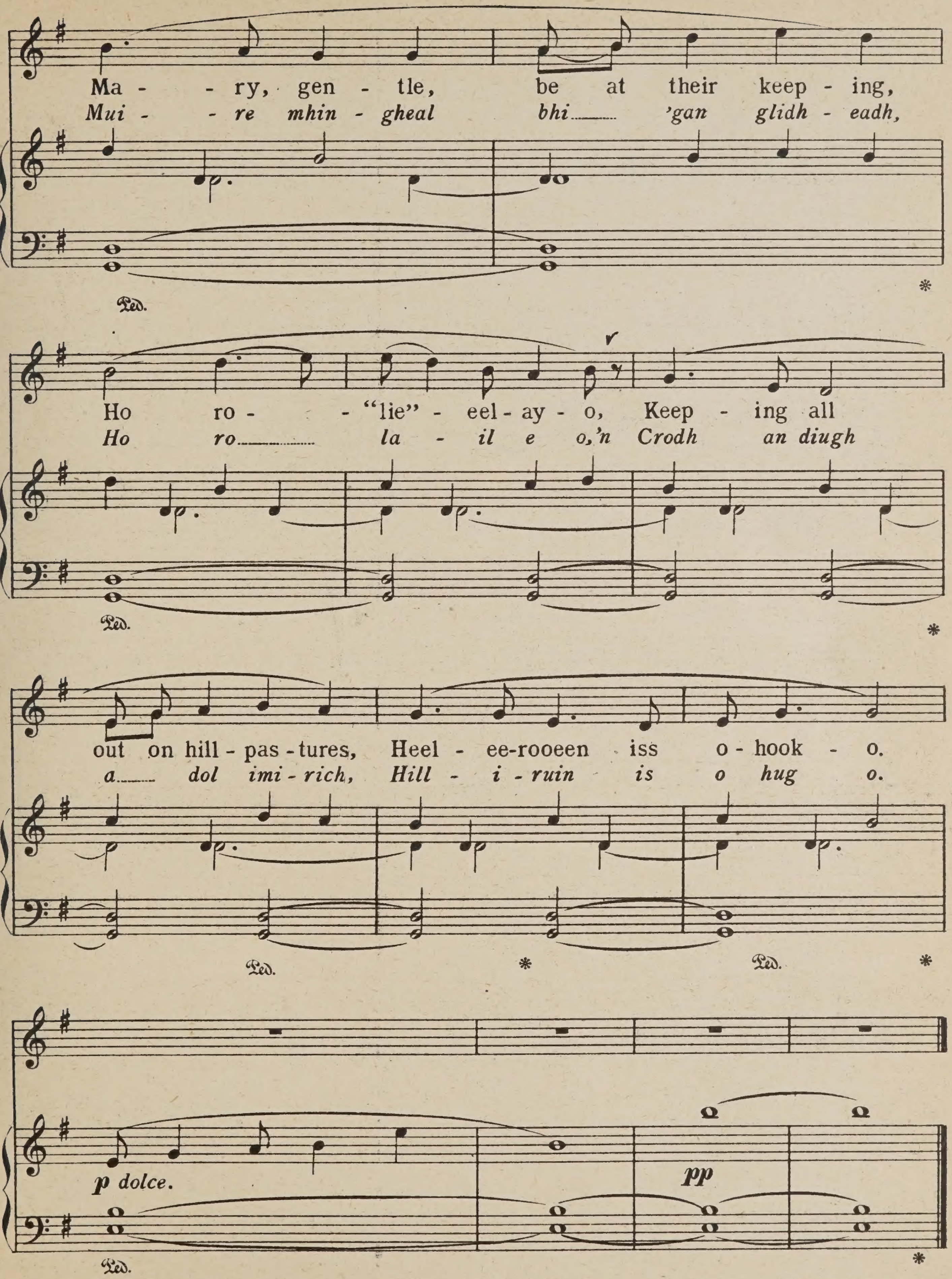

cool hill - pas - tures, Heel - ee - rooeen iss o hook o,
feur an fhi - rich, Hill - i - ruin is o hug o,
Breed - - ja fair - white be at their milk - ing,
Bri - - de bhith - gheal bhi......... 'gam bligh - inn,
cantabile.
sostenuto sempre e dolce.
Ho ro.............. "lie" - eel - ay - o, Lead the kye
Ho ro.............. la - il - e - o,'n Crodh an diugh
to the hill - pas - tures, Heel - ee-rooeen iss o - hook - o.
a......... dol imi - rich, Hill - i - ruin is o - hug - o.
Ped.
*


To - day the kye "flit" to hill - pas - tures,
An crodh an diugh a dol imi - rich,
Heel - ee-rooeen iss o hook o, There to graze on
Hill - i - ruin is o hug o, Dol adh' ith— eadh
sweet hill grass - es, Heel - ee-rooeen iss o hook o.
feur an fhi - rich, Hill - i - ruin is o hug o.
Ped.
*

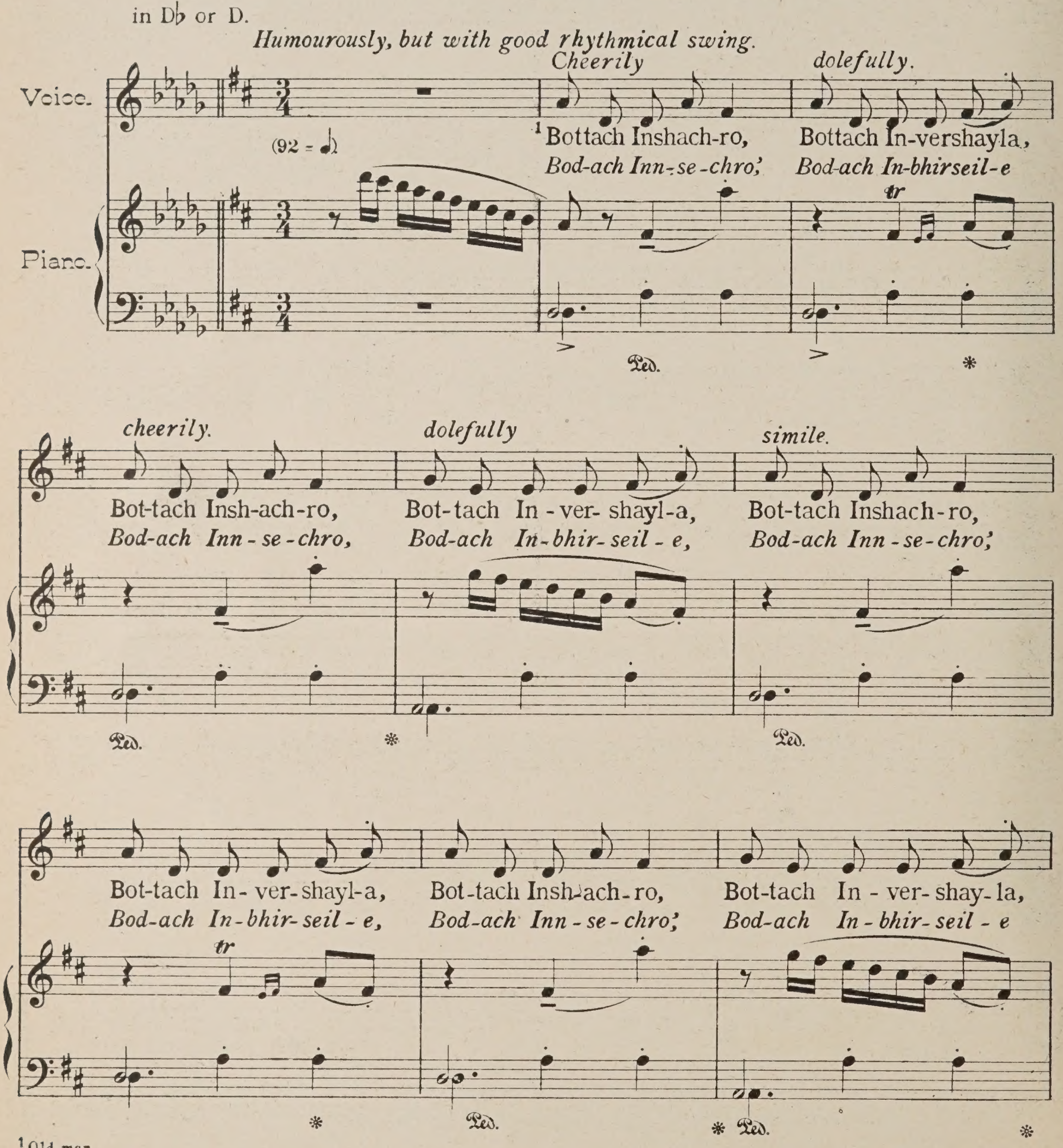

Ma - - ry, gen - tle, be at their keep - ing,
Mui - - re mhin - gheal bhi 'gan glidh - eadh,
Ho ro - - "lie" - eel - ay - o, Keep - ing all
Ho ro la - il e o,'n Crodh an diugh
out on hill - pas - tures, Heel - ee-rooeen iss o - hook - o.
a dol imi - rich, Hill - i - ruin is o hug o.
Ped.
p dolce.
pp

*THE TWO CRONIES.

Bodach Innsechro'.

Skye Dance Song,
from **KEITH MACDONALD'S** "Puirt-a-bial".

Arr, with Gaelic and English words
and accompaniment by
M. KENNEDY-FRASER.
& KENNETH MACLEOD.


in D♭ or D.
Humourously, but with good rhythmical swing.
Voice.
Piano.
(92 = ♩.)
Cheerily
dolefully.
[1]Bottach Inshach-ro, Bottach In-vershayla,
Bod-ach Inn-se-chro', Bod-ach In-bhirseil-e
tr
Ped.
*
cheerily.
dolefully
simile.
Bot-tach Insh-ach-ro, Bot-tach In-ver-shayl-a, Bot-tach Inshach-ro,
Bod-ach Inn-se-chro, Bod-ach In-bhir-seil-e, Bod-ach Inn-se-chro';
Bot-tach In-ver-shayl-a, Bot-tach Insh-ach-ro, Bot-tach In-ver-shay-la,
Bod-ach In-bhir-seil-e, Bod-ach Inn-se-chro', Bod-ach In-bhir-seil-e

---

[1] Old man.

*Life long companions, always quarrelling, the old man of Innsechro' is a jolly soul, the other of Inbhirseile is melancholy.

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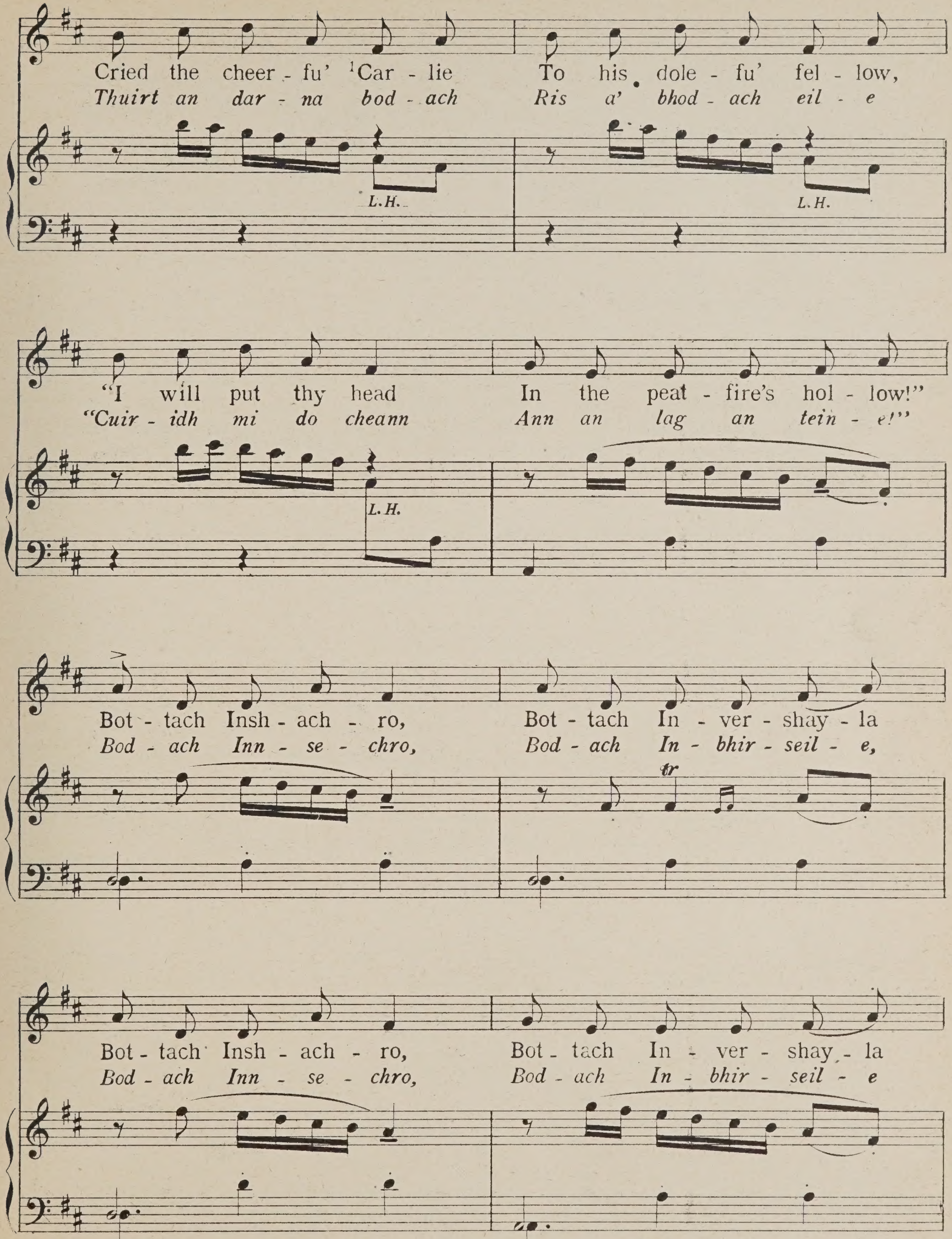
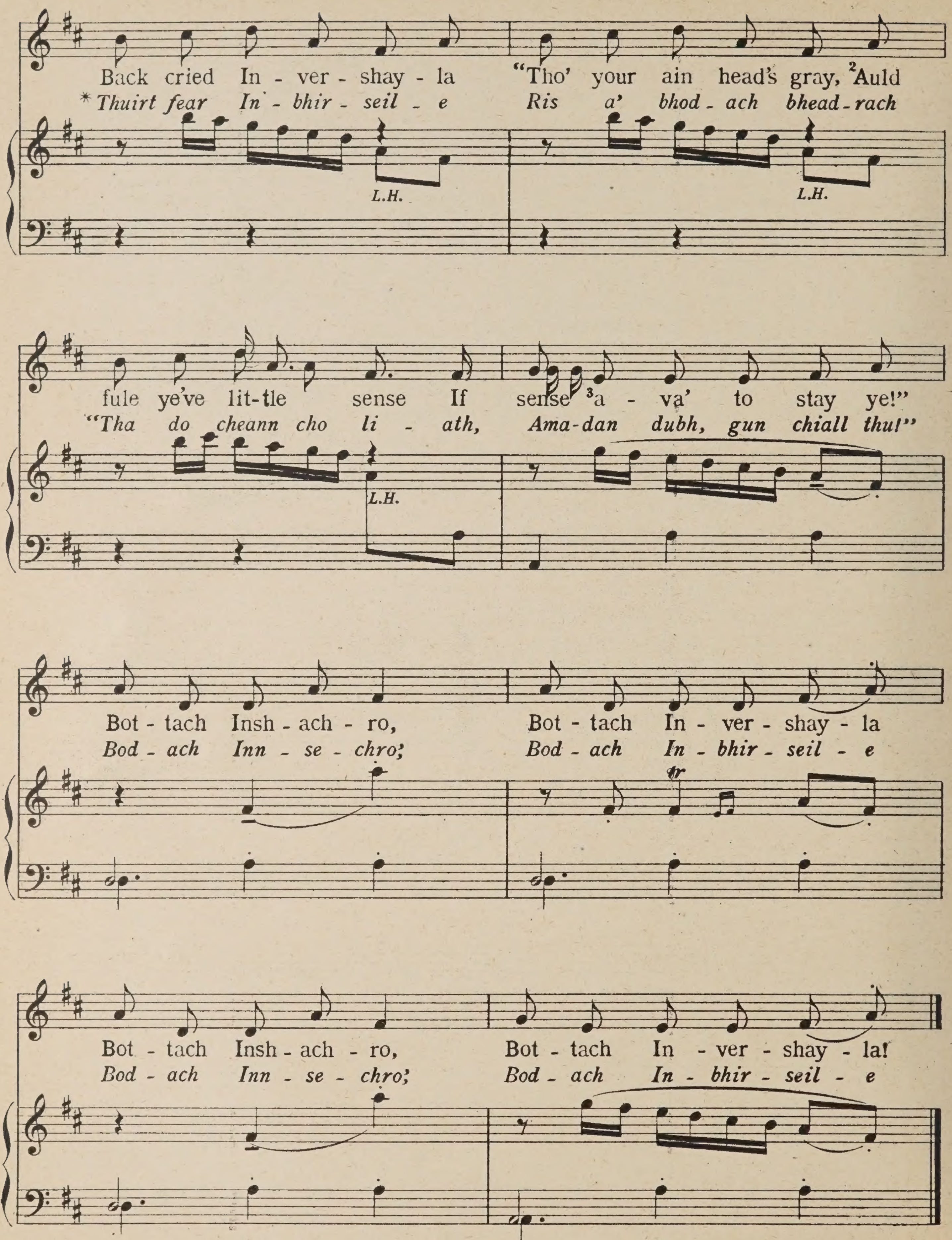

Cried the cheer - fu' [1]Car - lie To his dole - fu' fel - low,
Thuirt an dar - na bod - ach Ris a' bhod - ach eil - e
L.H.
L.H.
"I will put thy head In the peat - fire's hol - low!"
"Cuir - idh mi do cheann Ann an lag an tein - e!"
L.H.
Bot - tach Insh - ach - ro, Bot - tach In - ver - shay - la
Bod - ach Inn - se - chro, Bod - ach In - bhir - seil - e,
tr
Bot - tach Insh - ach - ro, Bot - tach In - ver - shay - la
Bod - ach Inn - se - chro, Bod - ach In - bhir - seil - e

[1] Carlie (pronounced cayrlie) lowland Scots meaning little old man.


Back cried In - ver - shay - la "Tho' your ain head's gray, ²Auld
*Thuirt fear In - bhir - seil - e Ris a' bhod - ach bhead - rach
L.H.
L.H.
fule ye've lit-tle sense If sense ³a - va' to stay ye!"
"Tha do cheann cho li - ath, Ama-dan dubh, gun chiall thu!"
L.H.
Bot - tach Insh - ach - ro, Bot - tach In - ver - shay - la
Bod - ach Inn - se - chro; Bod - ach In - bhir - seil - e
tr
Bot - tach Insh - ach - ro, Bot - tach In - ver - shay - la!
Bod - ach Inn - se - chro; Bod - ach In - bhir - seil - e

---

*This last verse added by Kenneth Macleod.

[2] Old fool. [3] At all.

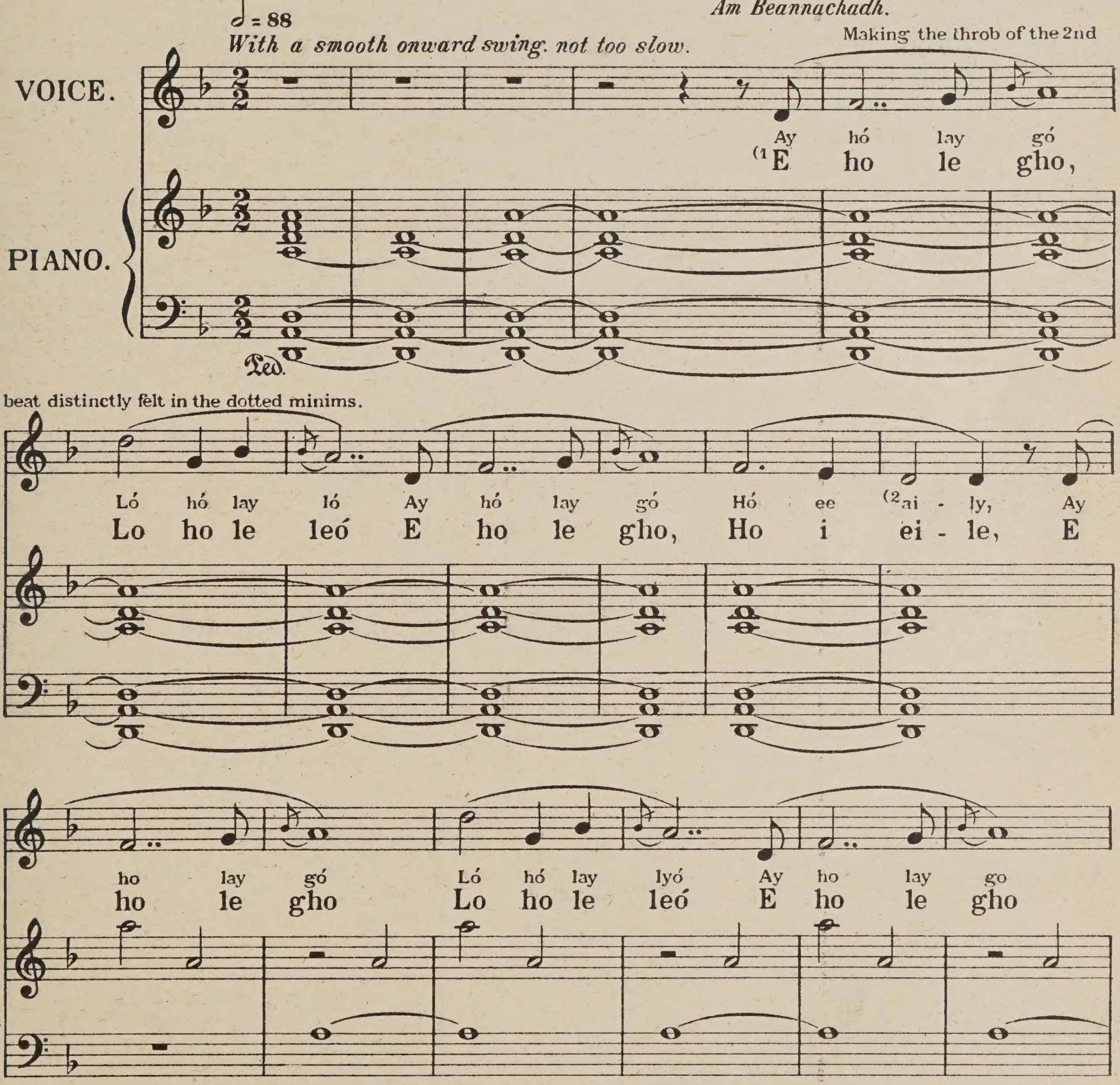
The Birlinn of Clanranald
OR
Clanranald's Galley.

Birlinn Chlann Raonuill.

The English after Sheriff Nicholson's
translation of
ALEXANDER MACDONALD'S
famous *Gaelic sea-poem.

Two airs, both noted in Barra, the first
from Malcolm Johnson (the elder);
the second from the original singer of
"Kishmul's Galley"
arr. by
M. KENNEDY- FRASER.

Prayer for the Blessing of the Birlinn.
Am Beannachadh.



𝅗𝅥 = 88
With a smooth onward swing. not too slow.
Making the throb of the 2nd
beat distinctly felt in the dotted minims.
VOICE.
PIANO.
Ped.
Ay hó lay gó
(1E ho le gho,
Ló hó lay ló Ay hó lay gó Hó ee (2ai - ly, Ay
Lo ho le leó E ho le gho, Ho i ei - le, E
ho lay gó Ló hó lay lyó Ay ho lay go
ho le gho Lo ho le leó E ho le gho

(1 For those acquainted with Italian, the vowels in the original take the Italian sounds.

(2 To rhyme with daily.

* Macdonald's long sea-poem, from which these words have been selected, is the most famous in Gaelic literature.

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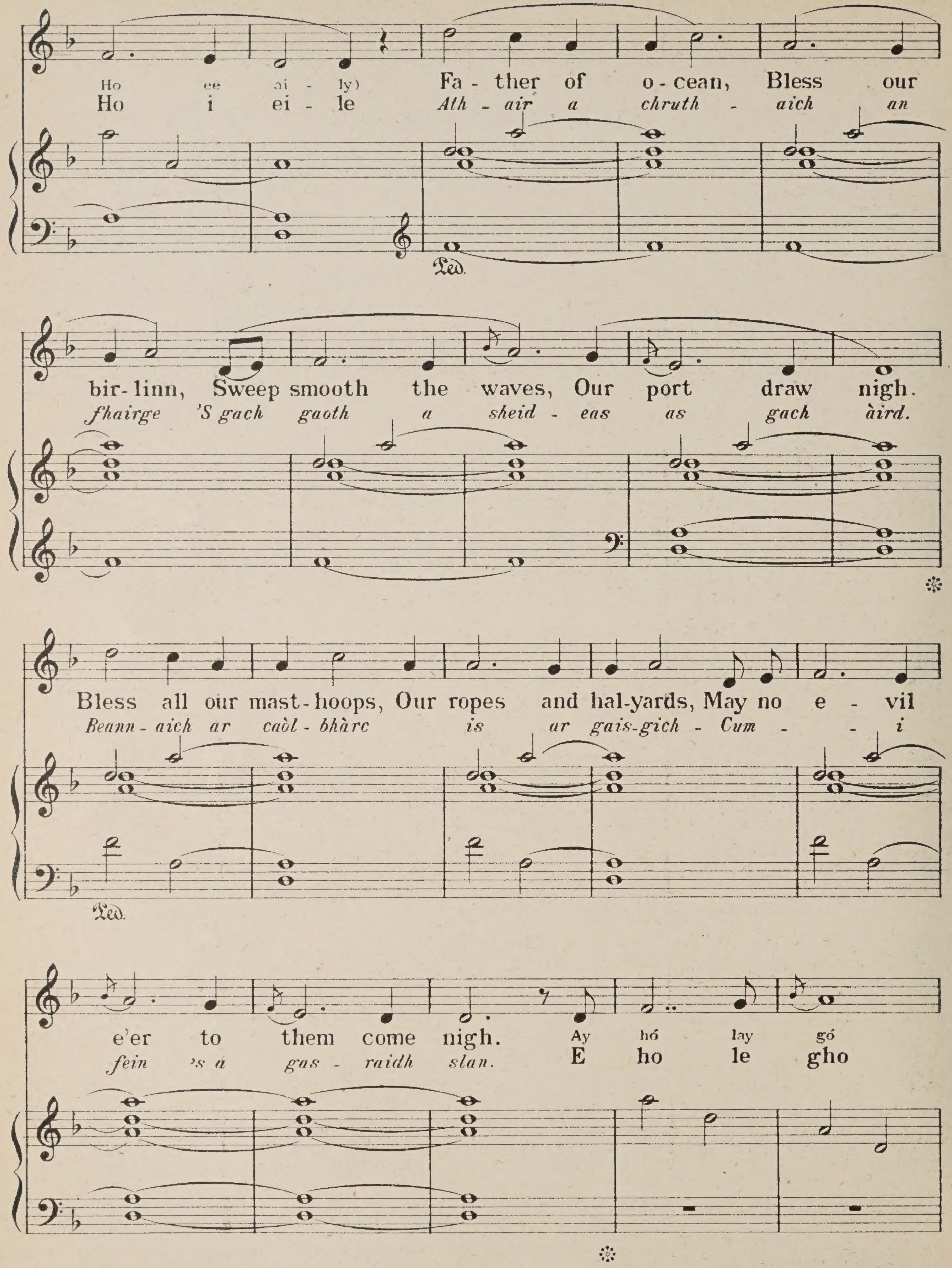
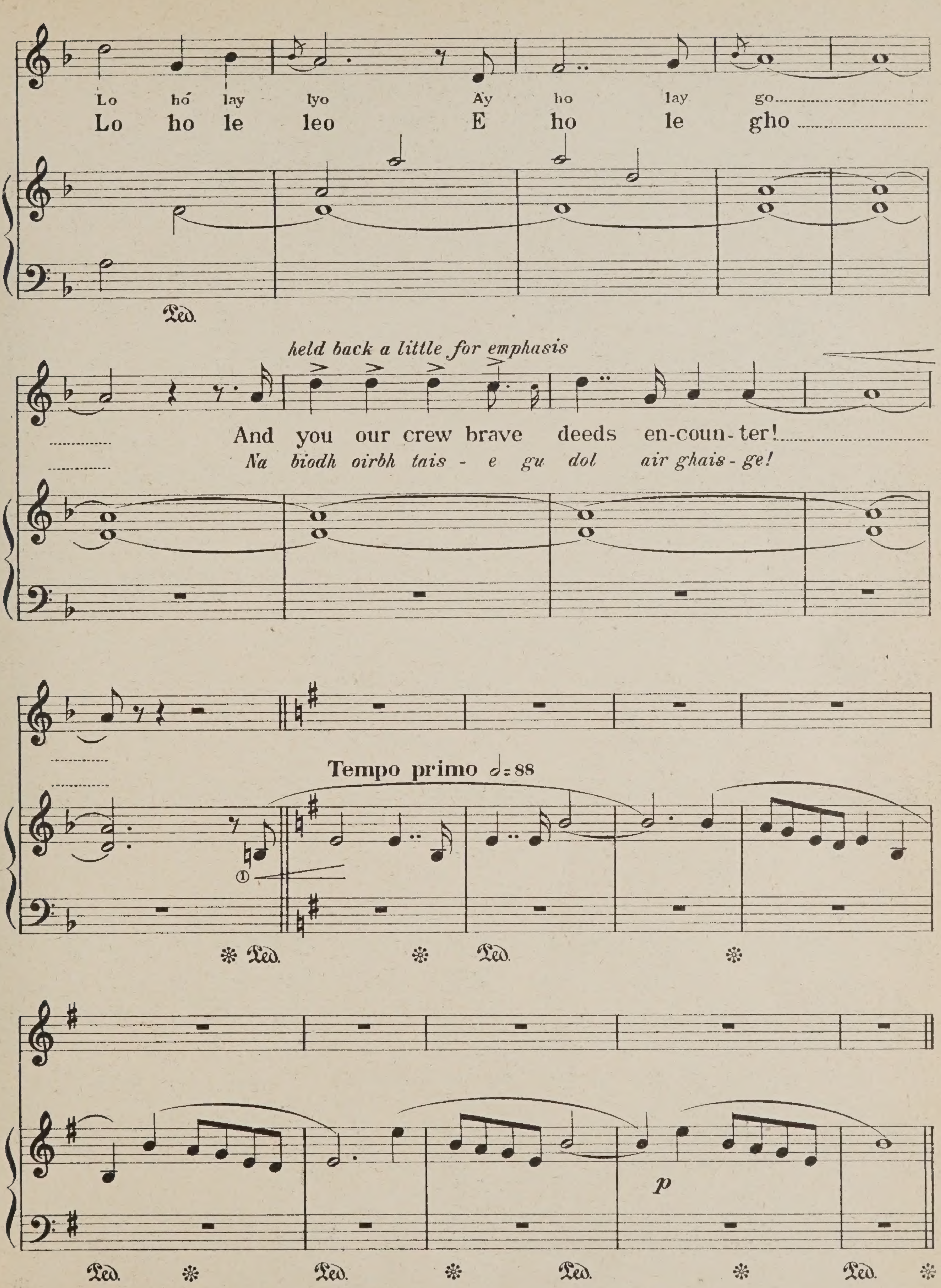
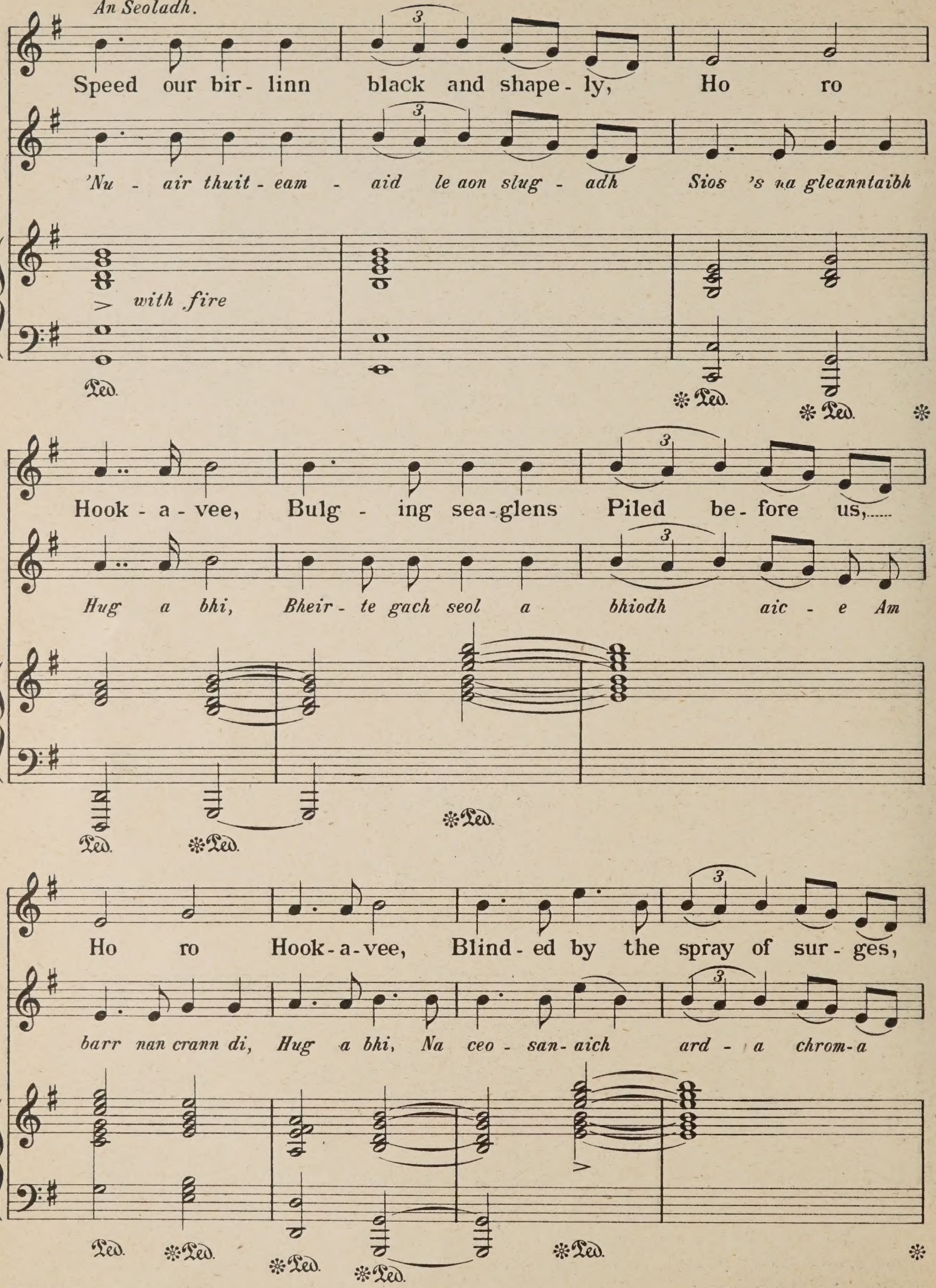

Ho ee ai - ly) Fa - ther of o - cean, Bless our
Ho i ei - le Ath - air a chruth - aich an
bir - linn, Sweep smooth the waves, Our port draw nigh.
fhairge 'S gach gaoth a sheid - eas as gach àird.
Bless all our mast - hoops, Our ropes and hal-yards, May no e - vil
Beann - aich ar caòl - bhàrc is ar gais-gich - Cum - - i
e'er to them come nigh. Ay hó lay gó
fein 's a gas - raidh slan. E ho le gho
Ped.

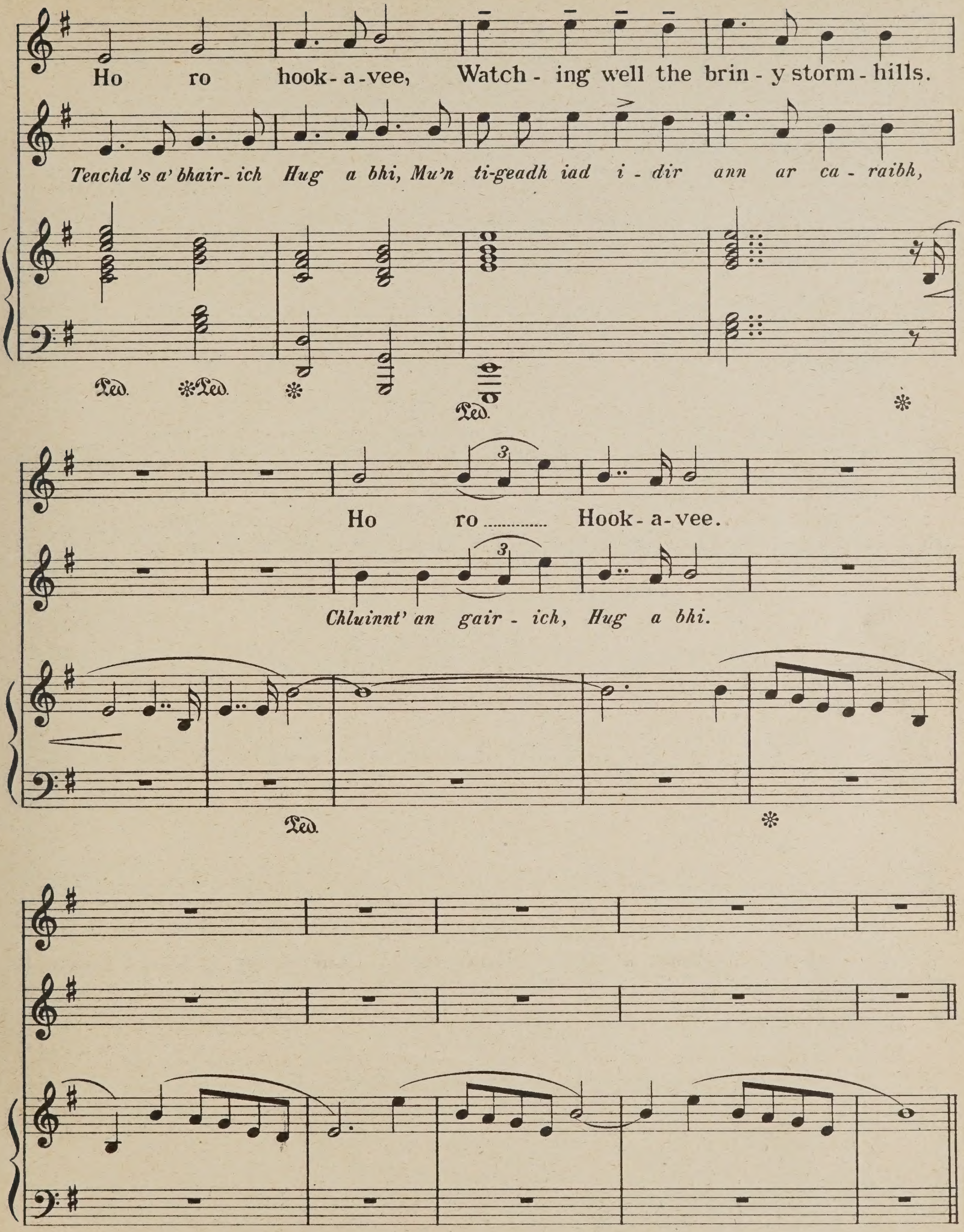

Lo hó lay lyo Ay ho lay go
Lo ho le leo E ho le gho
Ped.
held back a little for emphasis
And you our crew brave deeds en-coun-ter!
Na biodh oirbh tais - e gu dol air ghais - ge!
Tempo primo 𝅗𝅥=88
①
* Ped. * Ped. *
p
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

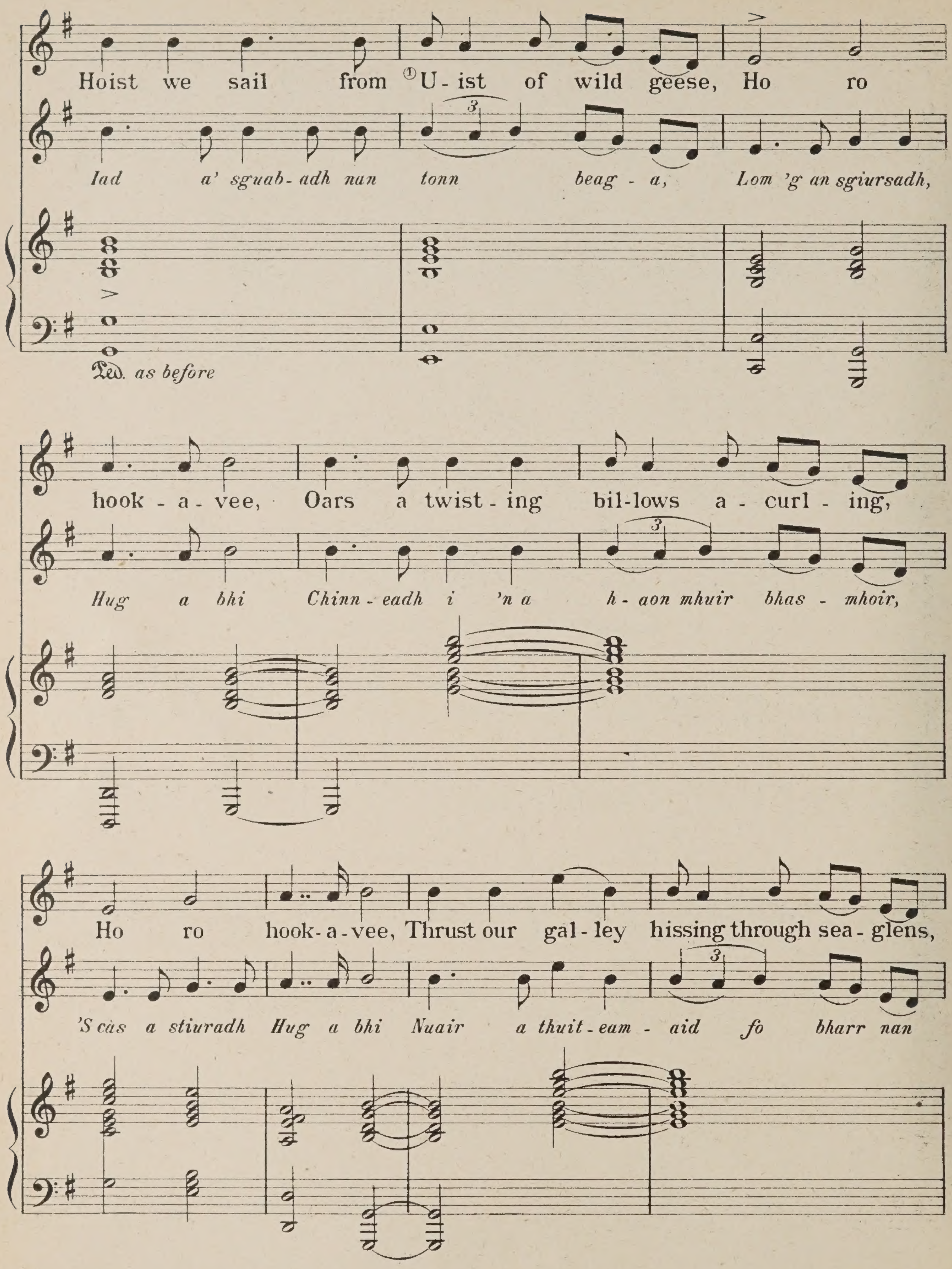
---

① This phrase, evidently borrowed by Wagner from the Northern sea-faring folk, was recorded by the phonograph from our singer of the isles.

The Sailing.
An Seoladh.

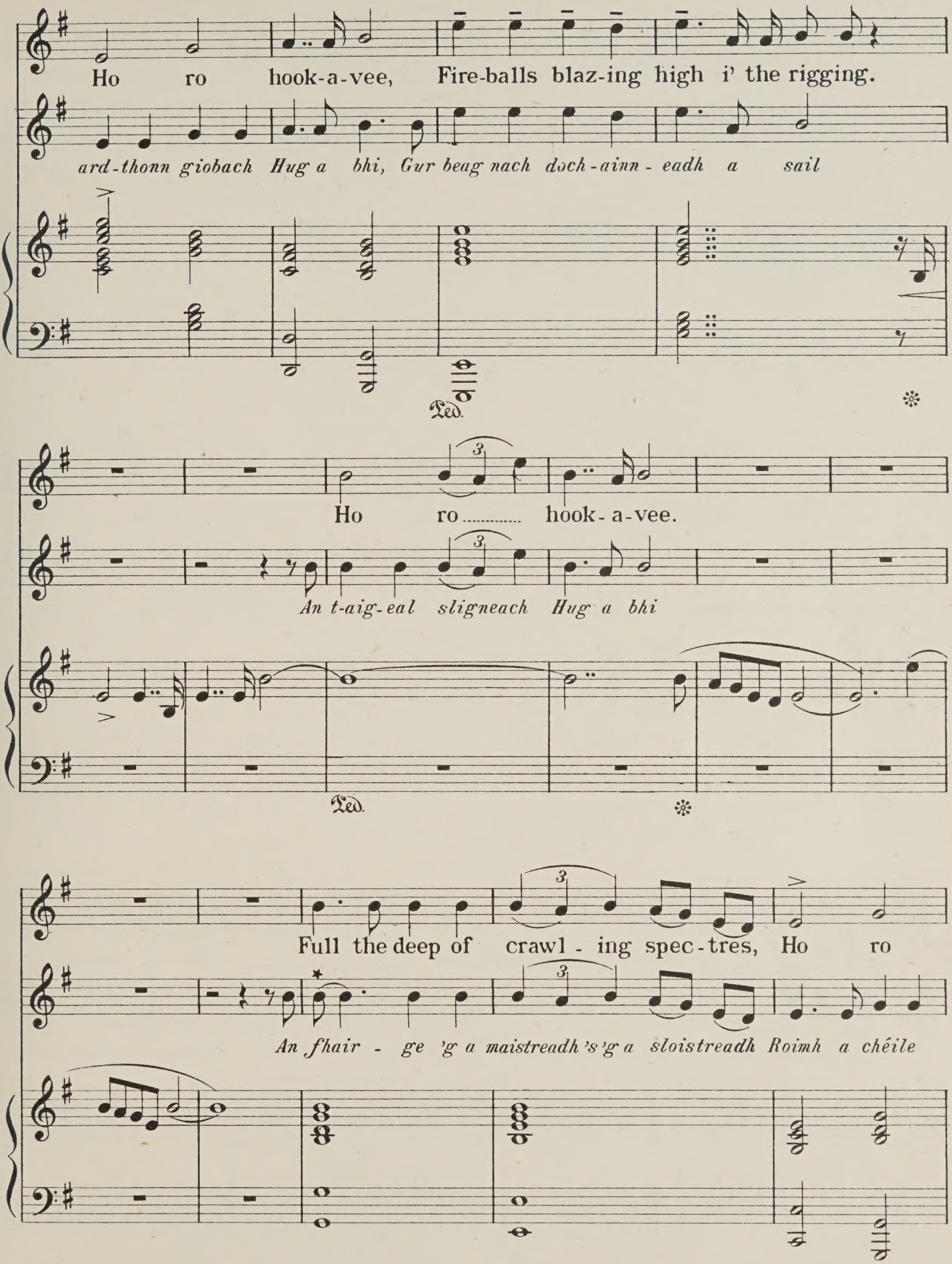

Speed our bir - linn black and shape - ly, Ho ro
'Nu - air thuit - eam - aid le aon slug - adh Sios 's na gleanntaibh
with fire
Hook - a - vee, Bulg - ing sea-glens Piled be - fore us,......
Hug a bhi, Bheir - te gach seol a bhiodh aic - e Am
Ho ro Hook - a - vee, Blind - ed by the spray of sur - ges,
barr nan crann di, Hug a bhi, Na ceo - san - aich ard - a chrom - a
3
Ped.
*


Ho ro hook-a-vee, Watch-ing well the brin-y storm-hills.
Teachd 's a' bhair-ich Hug a bhi, Mu'n ti-geadh iad i-dir ann ar ca-raibh,
Ho ro.............. Hook-a-vee.
Chluinnt' an gair-ich, Hug a bhi.
3
3


Hoist we sail from ①U-ist of wild geese, Ho ro
lad a' sguab-adh nan tonn beag-a, Lom 'g an sgiursadh,
Ped. as before
hook-a-vee, Oars a twist-ing bil-lows a-curl-ing,
Hug a bhi Chinn-eadh i 'n a h-aon mhuir bhas-mhoir,
Ho ro hook-a-vee, Thrust our gal-ley hissing through sea-glens,
'S càs a stiuradh Hug a bhi Nuair a thuit-eam-aid fo bharr nan

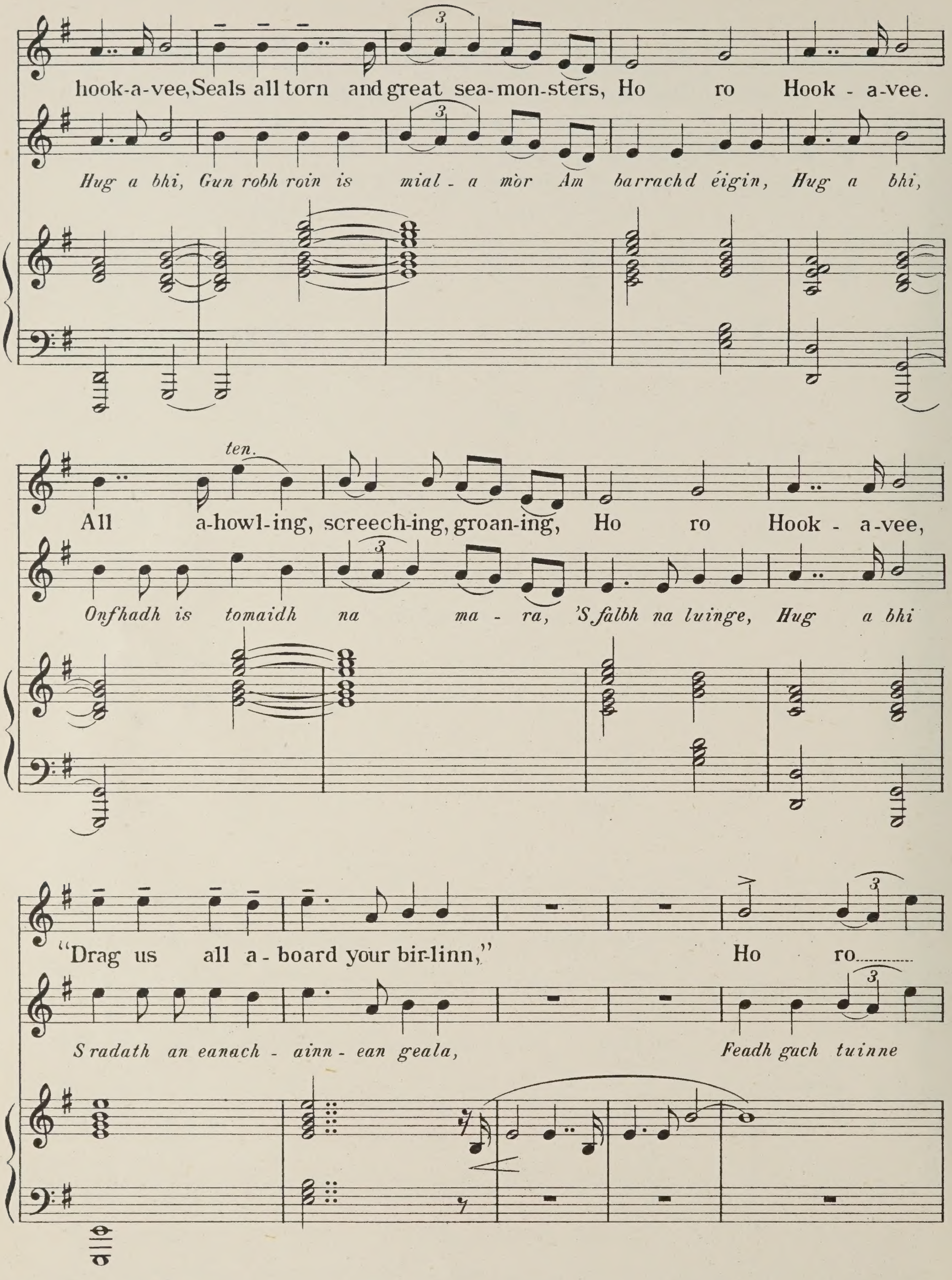
---

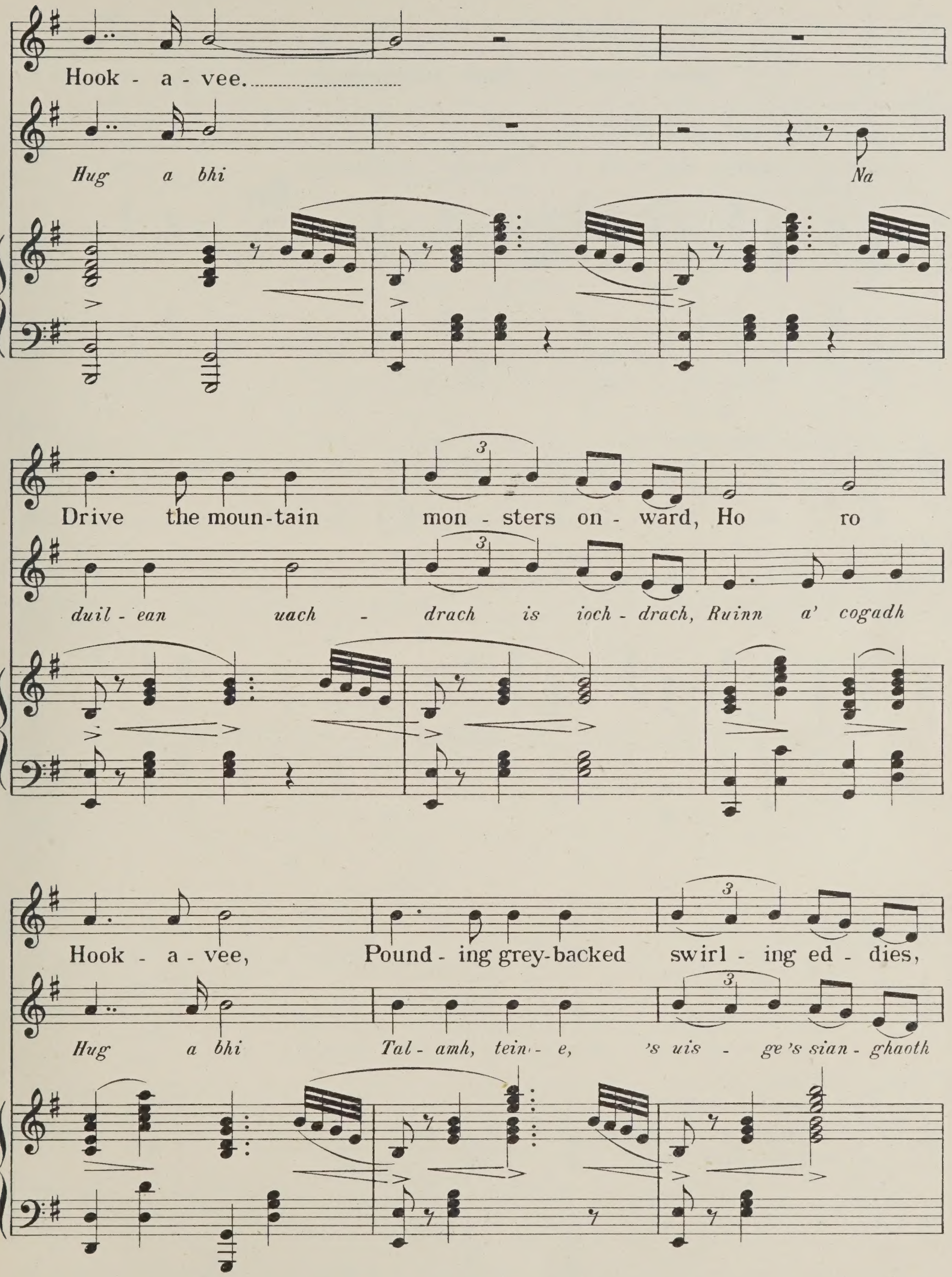
① pronounced as English "you" "ist."

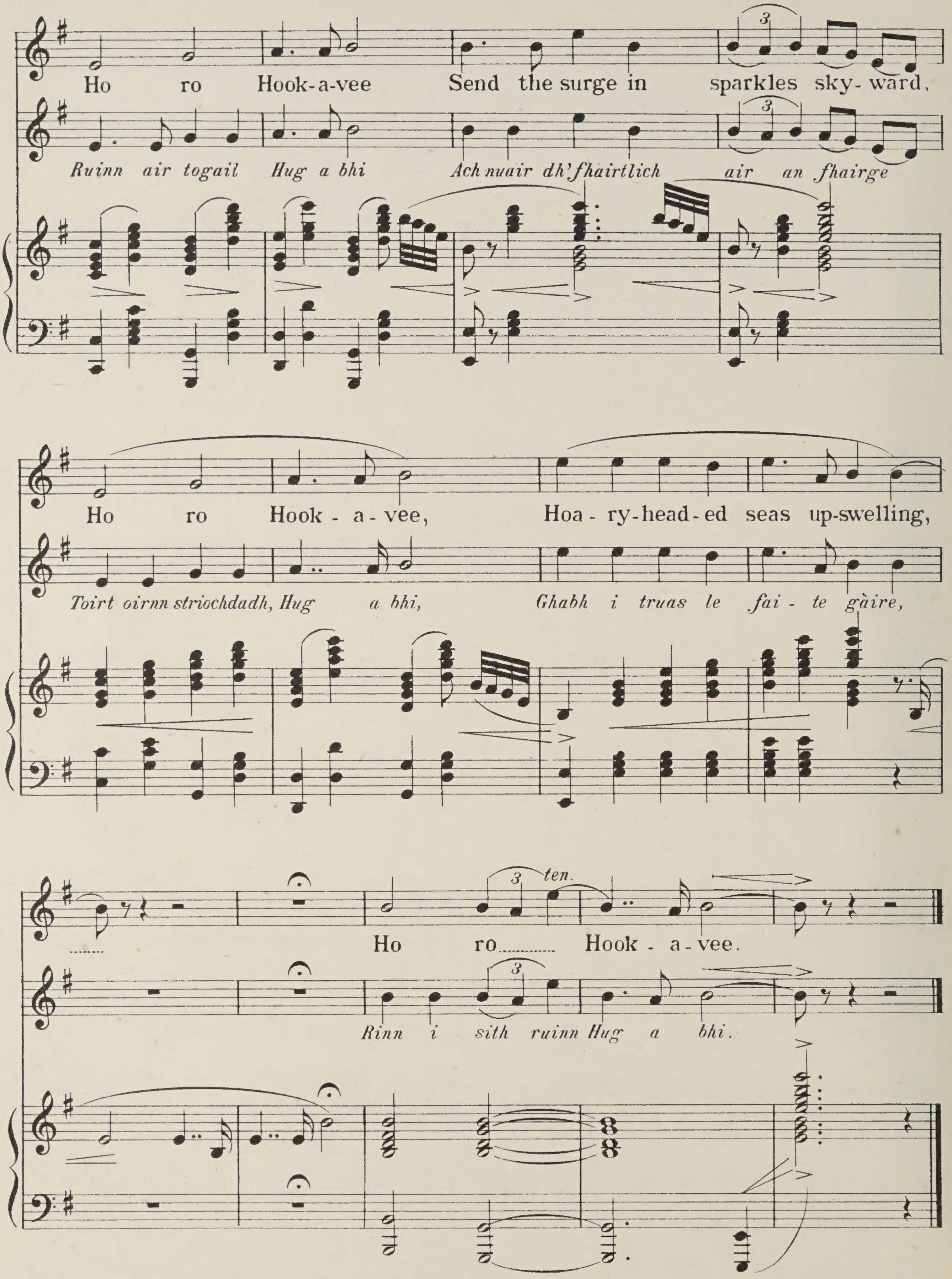

Ho ro hook-a-vee, Fire-balls blaz-ing high i' the rigging.
ard-thonn giobach Hug a bhi, Gur beag nach doch-ainn-eadh a sail
Ped.
*
3
Ho ro........... hook-a-vee.
An t-aig-eal sligneach Hug a bhi
Ped.
*
3
Full the deep of crawl - ing spec-tres, Ho ro
An fhair - ge 'g a maistreadh 's 'g a sloistreadh Roimh a chéile

---

*Since in the Gaelic pronunciation here there is a vocalized sound between the r and the g which does not appear in the spelling, two notes are given for what *appears* one syllable.


hook-a-vee, Seals all torn and great sea-mon-sters, Ho ro Hook - a-vee.
Hug a bhi, Gun robh roin is mial - a mòr Am barrachd éigin, Hug a bhi,
ten.
All a-howl-ing, screech-ing, groan-ing, Ho ro Hook - a-vee,
Onfhadh is tomaidh na ma - ra, 'S falbh na luinge, Hug a bhi
"Drag us all a - board your bir-linn," Ho ro.........
Sradath an eanach - ainn - ean geala, Feadh gach tuinne
3


Hook - a - vee.
Hug a bhi Na
Drive the moun-tain mon - sters on - ward, Ho ro
duil - ean uach - drach is ioch - drach, Ruinn a' cogadh
Hook - a - vee, Pound - ing grey-backed swirl - ing ed - dies,
Hug a bhi Tal - amh, tein - e, 's uis - ge's sian - ghaoth
3

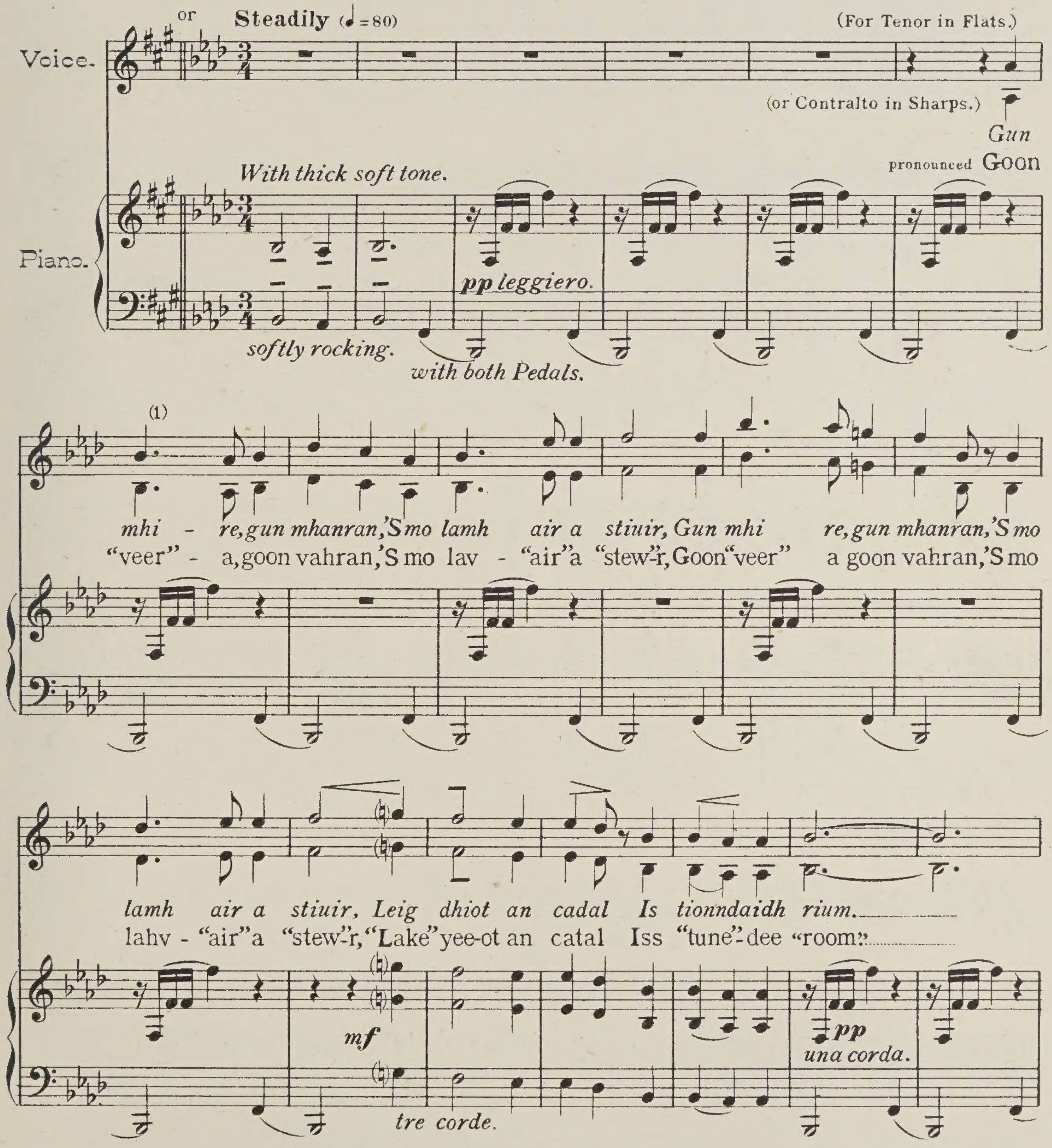

Ho ro Hook-a-vee Send the surge in sparkles sky-ward,
Ruinn air togail Hug a bhi Ach nuair dh'fhairtlich air an fhairge
Ho ro Hook-a-vee, Hoa-ry-head-ed seas up-swelling,
Toirt oirnn striochdadh, Hug a bhi, Ghabh i truas le fai-te gàire,
ten.
Ho ro........... Hook-a-vee.
Rinn i sith ruinn Hug a bhi.

THE SKYE STEERSMAN'S SONG.

'S mo lamh air a stiuir.

Noted from the singing of Malcolm Stewart, Portree, Skye
The Gaelic a fragment.

The English and accompaniment by
M. KENNEDY-FRASER.


or
Steadily (♩=80)
(For Tenor in Flats.)
Voice.
(or Contralto in Sharps.)
Gun
pronounced Goon
With thick soft tone.
Piano.
pp leggiero.
softly rocking.
with both Pedals.
(1)
mhi - re, gun mhanran, 'S mo lamh air a stiuir, Gun mhi re, gun mhanran, 'S mo
"veer" - a, goon vahran, 'S mo lav - "air" a "stew"-r, Goon "veer" a goon vahran, 'S mo
lamh air a stiuir, Leig dhiot an cadal Is tionndaidh rium.
lahv - "air" a "stew"-r, "Lake" yee-ot an catal Iss "tune"-dee "room"
mf
pp
una corda.
tre corde.

(1.) Keep throughout the sense of a second throb on the dot of the dotted crotchets in the melody.

(2.) In the attempted phonetic rendering of the refrain, I have used, among the syllables, the English *words:* veer, air, stew, lake, tune, room.

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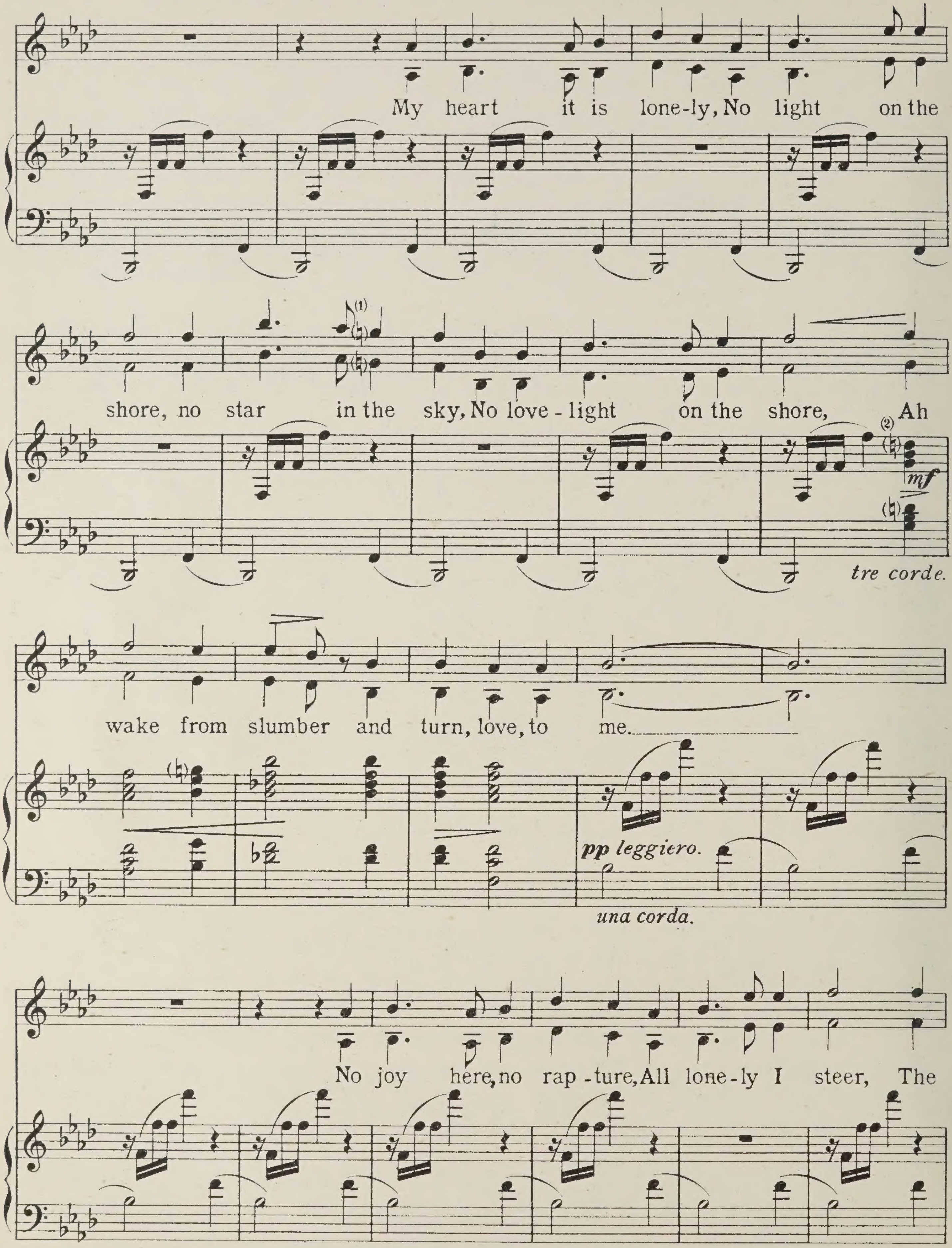
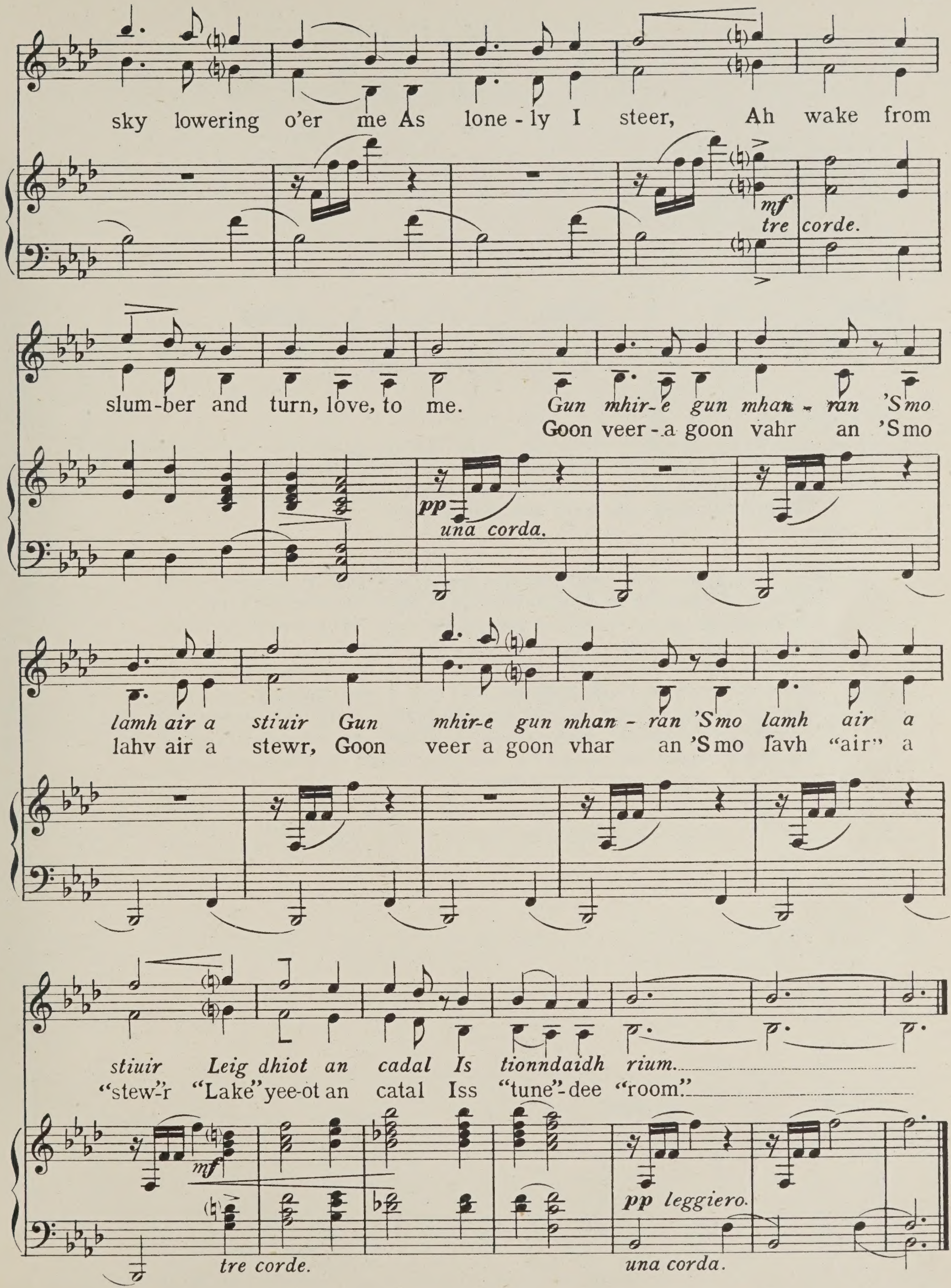
As this Song was not noted till 1923 it was not among those included in the first edition of this Volume.


My heart it is lone-ly, No light on the
shore, no star in the sky, No love-light on the shore, Ah
(1)
(2)
mf
tre corde.
wake from slumber and turn, love, to me.
pp leggiero.
una corda.
No joy here, no rap-ture, All lone-ly I steer, The

---

(1) The G♮ is noted to call the singer's attention to the tonality.
(2) This D♮ will be D♯ in the Contralto key.


sky lowering o'er me As lone-ly I steer, Ah wake from
mf
tre corde.
slum-ber and turn, love, to me.
Gun mhir-e gun mhan-ran 'Smo
Goon veer-a goon vahr an 'Smo
pp
una corda.
lamh air a stiuir Gun mhir-e gun mhan-ran 'Smo lamh air a
lahv air a stewr, Goon veer a goon vhar an 'Smo ľavh "air" a
stiuir Leig dhiot an cadal Is tionndaidh rium.
"stew-r "Lake" yee-ot an catal Iss "tune"-dee "room."
mf
tre corde.
pp leggiero.
una corda.

The Harper.

The Islesfolk did well to have reverence for the wind and the sea! The wonderful things always drifted from the other shore. And beyond the furthest away isle there was still another.

A player on the harp who had spent the thrice seven years in the schools of Erin and of Alba, found in his creek, one morning, a little lost child who had come out of the sea and the night. He played tunes to her; some for the healing, some for the sleeping, and one for the going. But a whisper went through the Isles that it was the player himself who wandered away in the little child, and that it was the little child who lived on in the harper. At any rate, his tunes would now be putting wonder on the people. They would be closing the doors lest any of his music should escape. And at last they would find themselves in a sleep-boat, putting out to sea afresh.

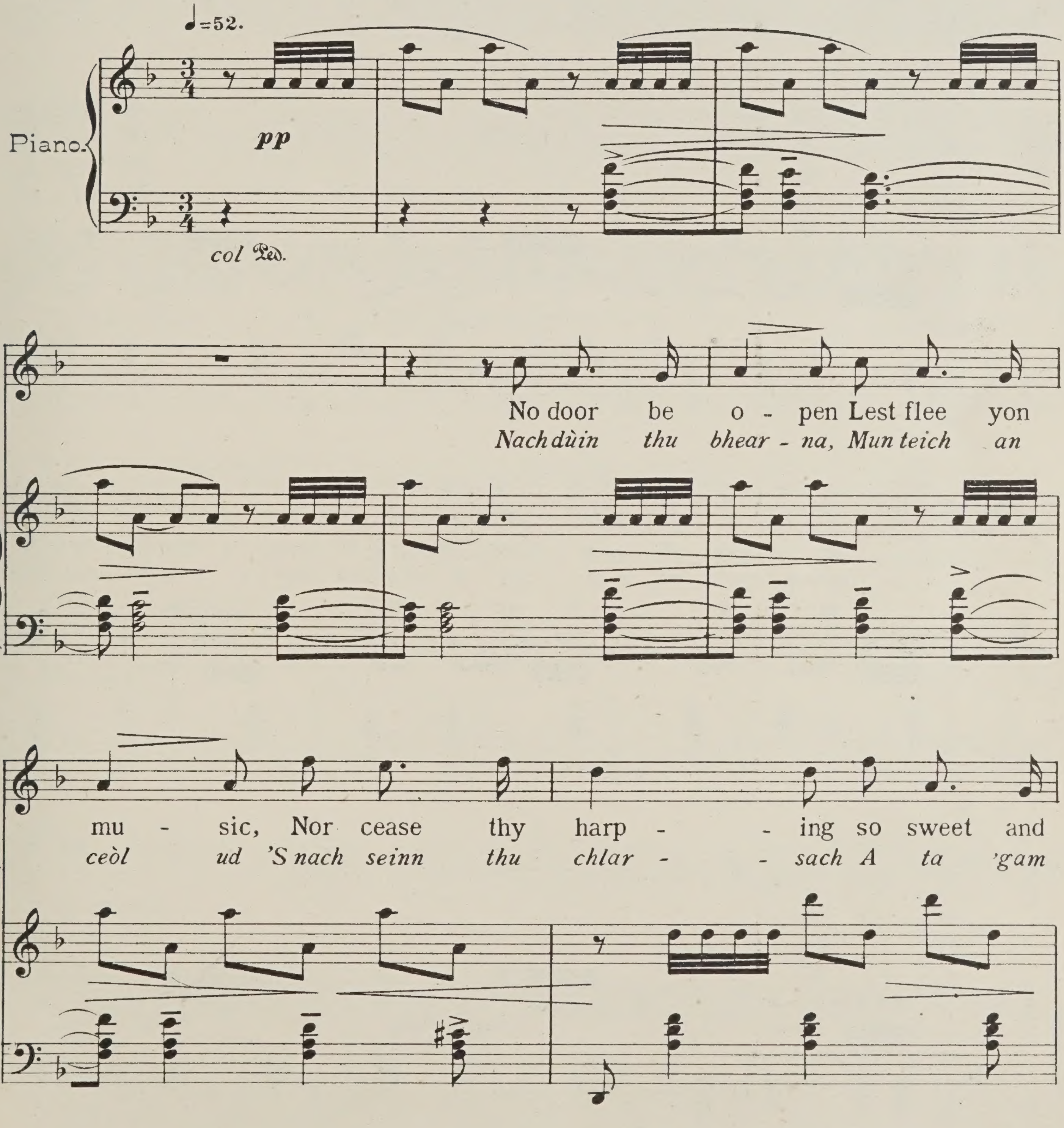
Kenneth Macleod

THE HARPER.

An Clarsair.

A famous old air,
An Dubh ghleus,
in old Stornoway Castle in the Lewes.

Noted from the singing of
KENNETH MACLEOD
and arranged for Voice and Piano by
M. KENNEDY-FRASER.


♩=52.
Piano.
pp
col Ped.
No door be o - pen Lest flee yon mu - sic, Nor cease thy harp - - ing so sweet and
Nach dùin thu bhear - na, Mun teich an ceòl ud 'S nach seinn thu chlar - - sach A ta 'gam

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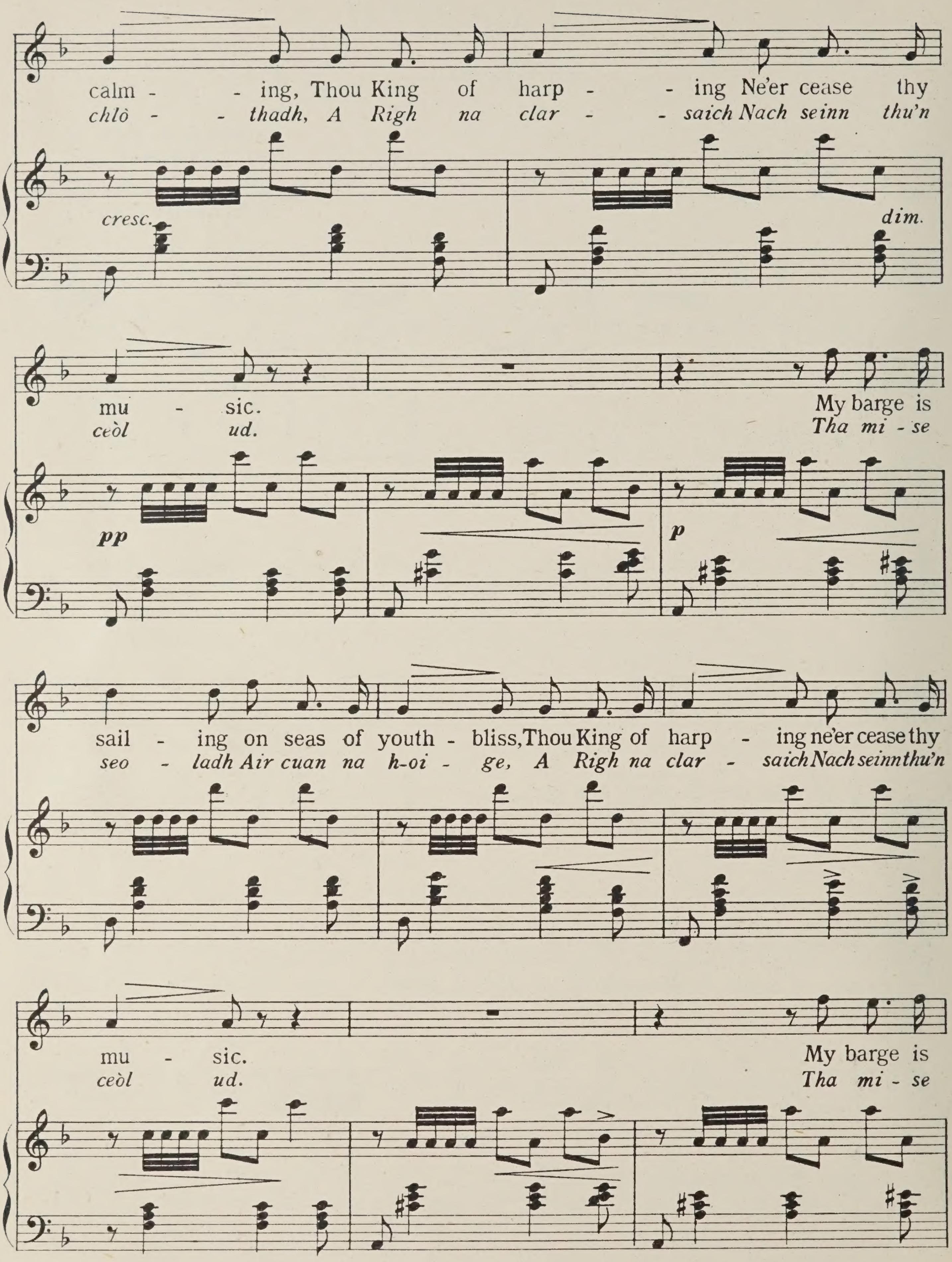
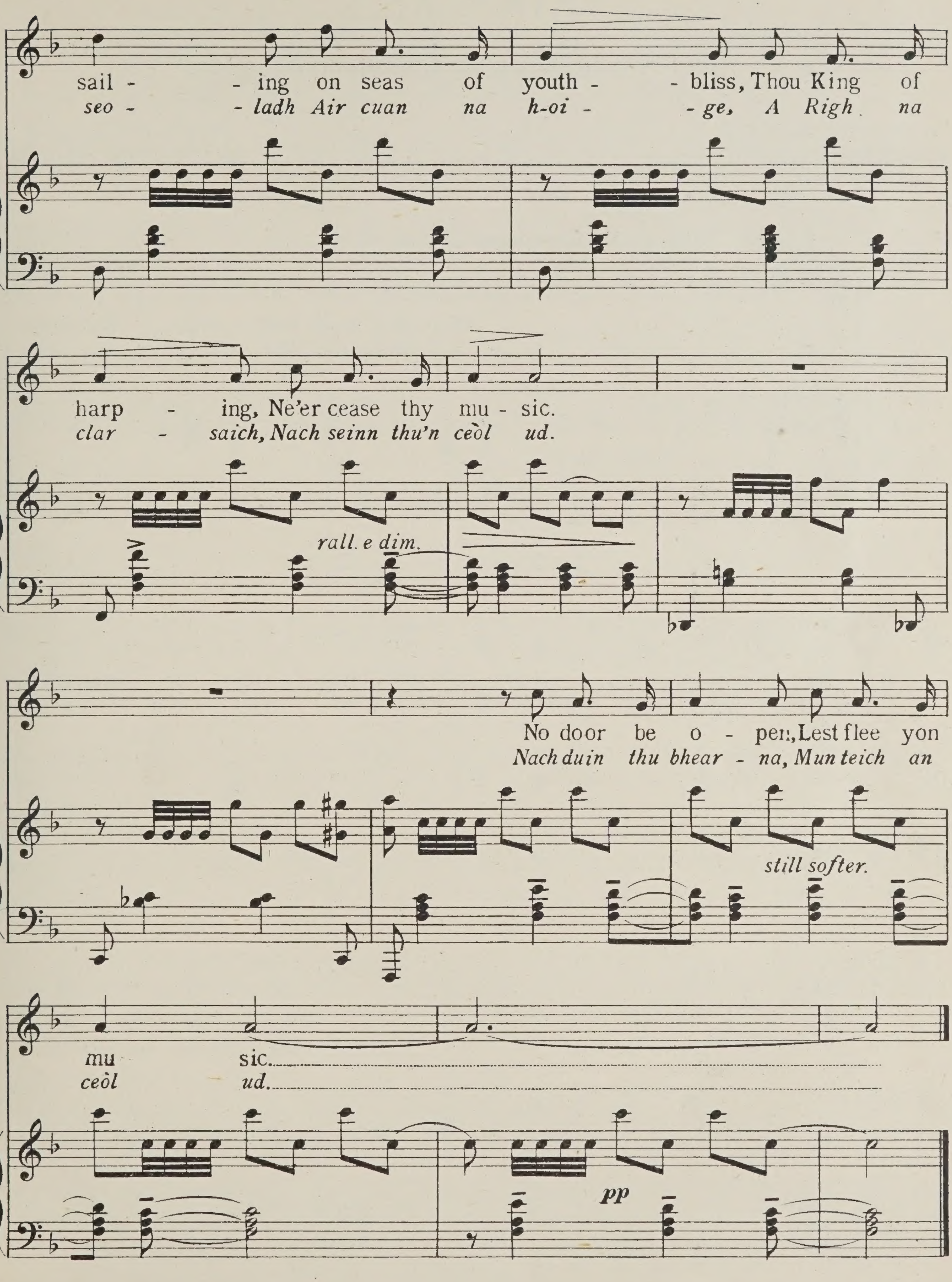

calm - - ing, Thou King of harp - - ing Ne'er cease thy
chlò - - thadh, A Righ na clar - - saich Nach seinn thu'n
cresc.
dim.
mu - sic.
ceòl ud.
My barge is
Tha mi - se
pp
p
sail - ing on seas of youth - bliss, Thou King of harp - ing ne'er cease thy
seo - ladh Air cuan na h-oi - ge, A Righ na clar - saich Nach seinn thu'n
mu - sic.
ceòl ud.
My barge is
Tha mi - se

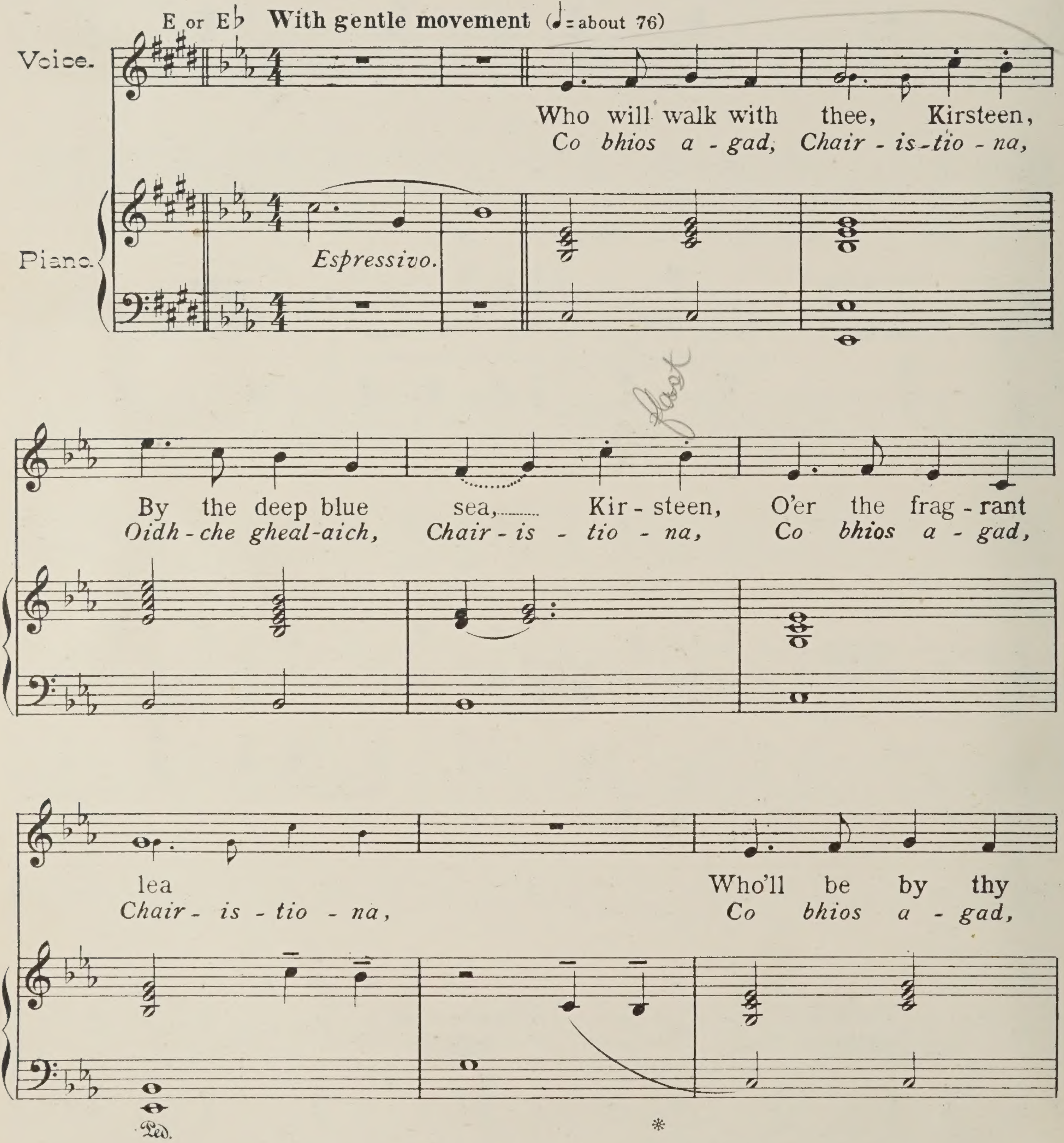

sail - - ing on seas of youth - - bliss, Thou King of
seo - - ladh Air cuan na h-oi - - ge, A Righ na
harp - ing, Ne'er cease thy mu - sic.
clar - saich, Nach seinn thu'n ceòl ud.
rall. e dim.
No door be o - pen, Lest flee yon
Nach duin thu bhear - na, Mun teich an
still softer.
mu sic.
ceòl ud.
pp

KIRSTEEN.

Co bhios agad, Chairistiona.

Air from Skye, Gaelic from
KENNETH MACLEOD.

English and Piano acc. by
M. KENNEDY-FRASER.


E or E♭ With gentle movement (♩= about 76)
Voice.
Piano.
Espressivo.
Who will walk with thee, Kirsteen,
Co bhios a - gad, Chair - is - tio - na,
float
By the deep blue sea,...... Kir - steen,
Oidh - che gheal-aich, Chair - is - tio - na,
O'er the frag - rant lea
Co bhios a - gad, Chair - is - tio - na,
Who'll be by thy
Co bhios a - gad,
Ped.
*

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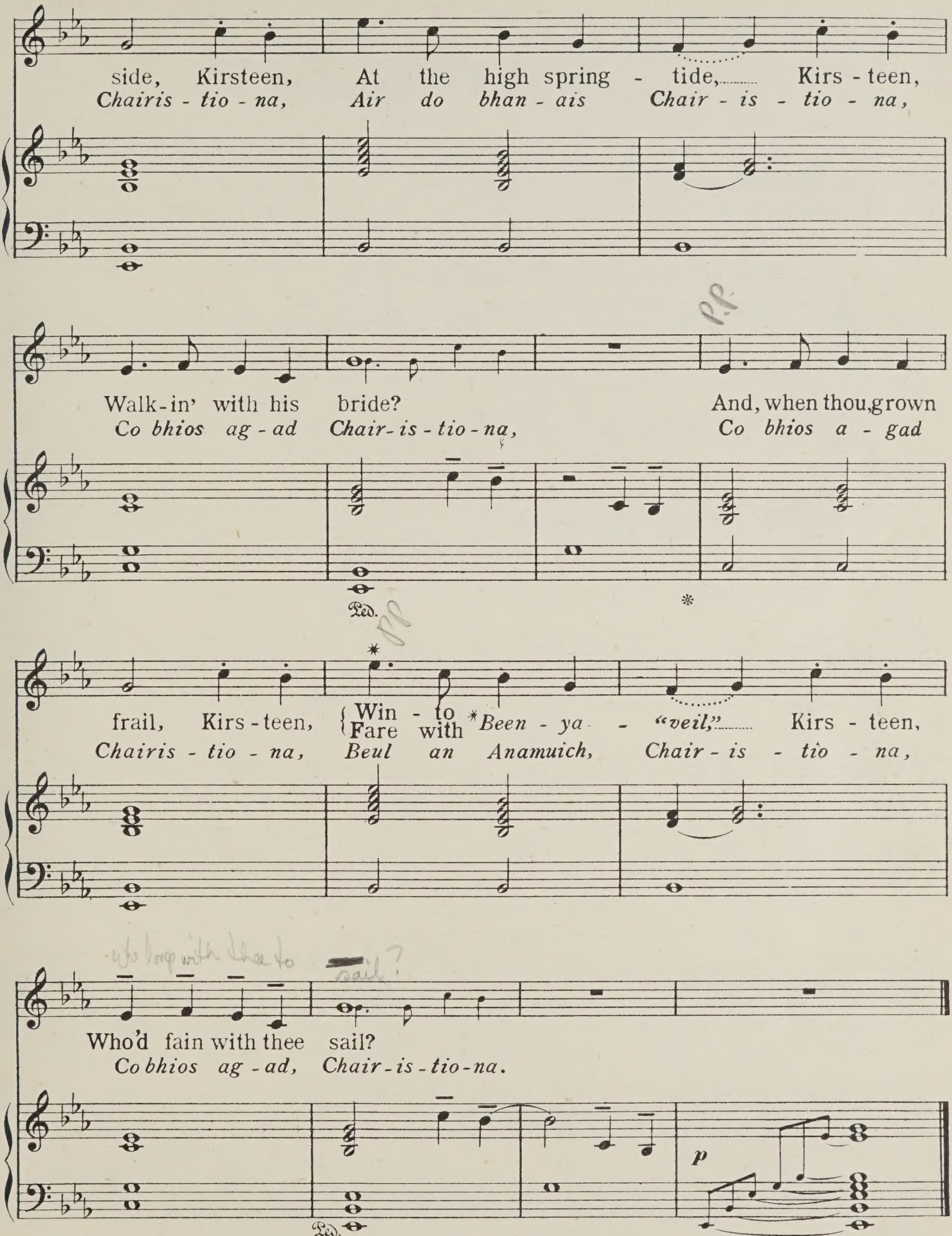

side, Kirsteen, At the high spring - tide,...... Kirs - teen,
Chairis - tio - na, Air do bhan - ais Chair - is - tio - na,
Walk-in' with his bride? And, when thou,grown
Co bhios ag - ad Chair - is - tio - na, Co bhios a - gad
pp
Ped. *
pp
frail, Kirs - teen, {Win - to / Fare with} *Been - ya - "veil,"...... Kirs - teen,
Chairis - tio - na, Beul an Anamuich, Chair - is - tio - na,
Who long with thee to ~~sail~~ sail?
Who'd fain with thee sail?
Co bhios ag - ad, Chair - is - tio - na.
p
Ped.

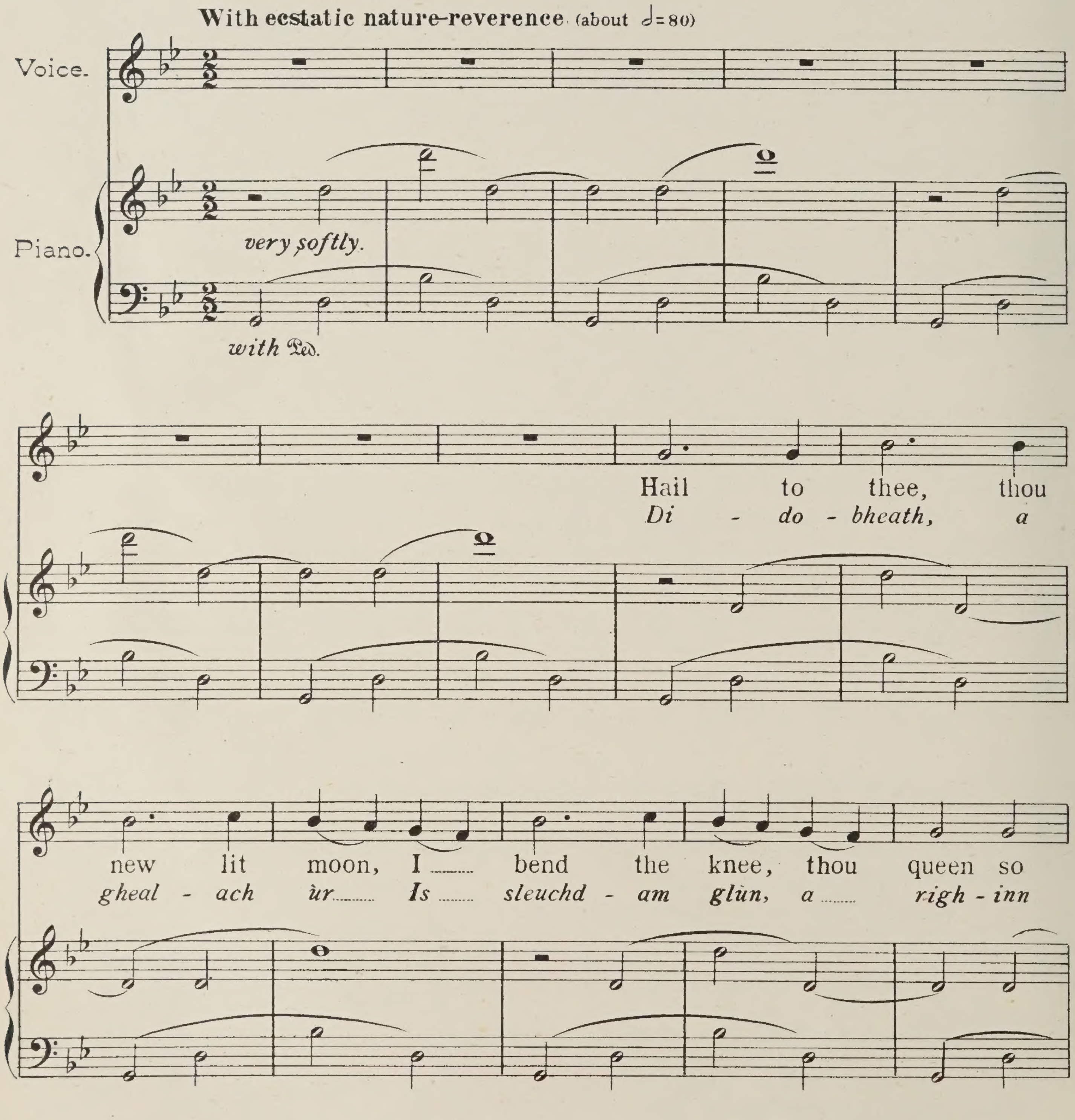
---

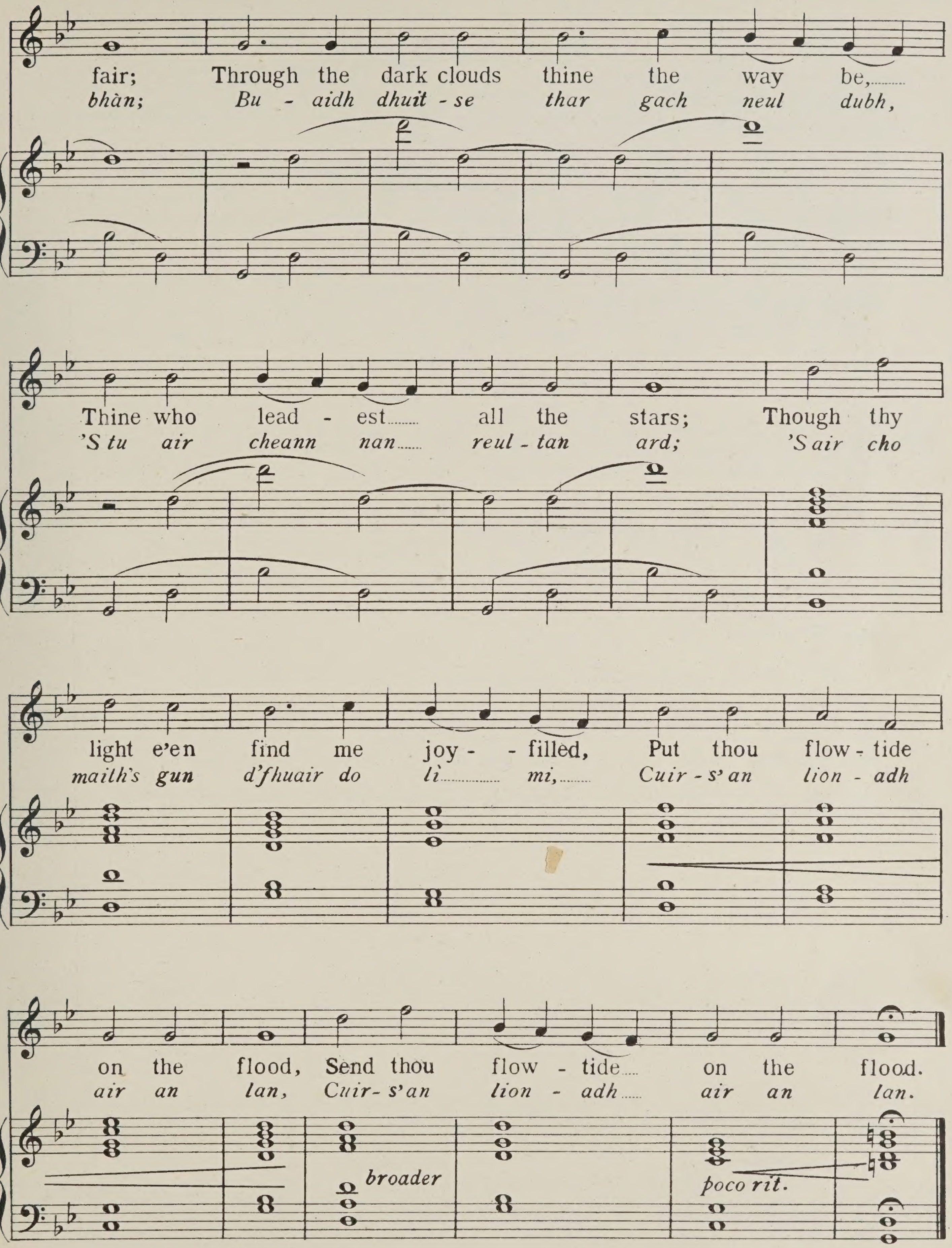
* Binne Bheul – pronounced "Been"-ya- veil"
"Mouth of music" who needed neither rudder nor sail, but only the wish of her own heart to carry her in her own barge to where the sun never sets, the wind never rises and the music never ceases.

RUNE OF THE MOON.
RANN DO'N GHEALAICH.

Words from **KENNETH MACLEOD**
to an ancient Hebridean air.

Arranged for voice and piano by
M. KENNEDY-FRASER.


With ecstatic nature-reverence (about 𝅗𝅥 = 80)
Voice.
Piano.
very softly.
with 𝆮.
Hail to thee, thou
Di - do - bheath, a
new lit moon, I ...... bend the knee, thou queen so
gheal - ach ùr...... Is ...... sleuchd - am glùn, a ...... righ - inn

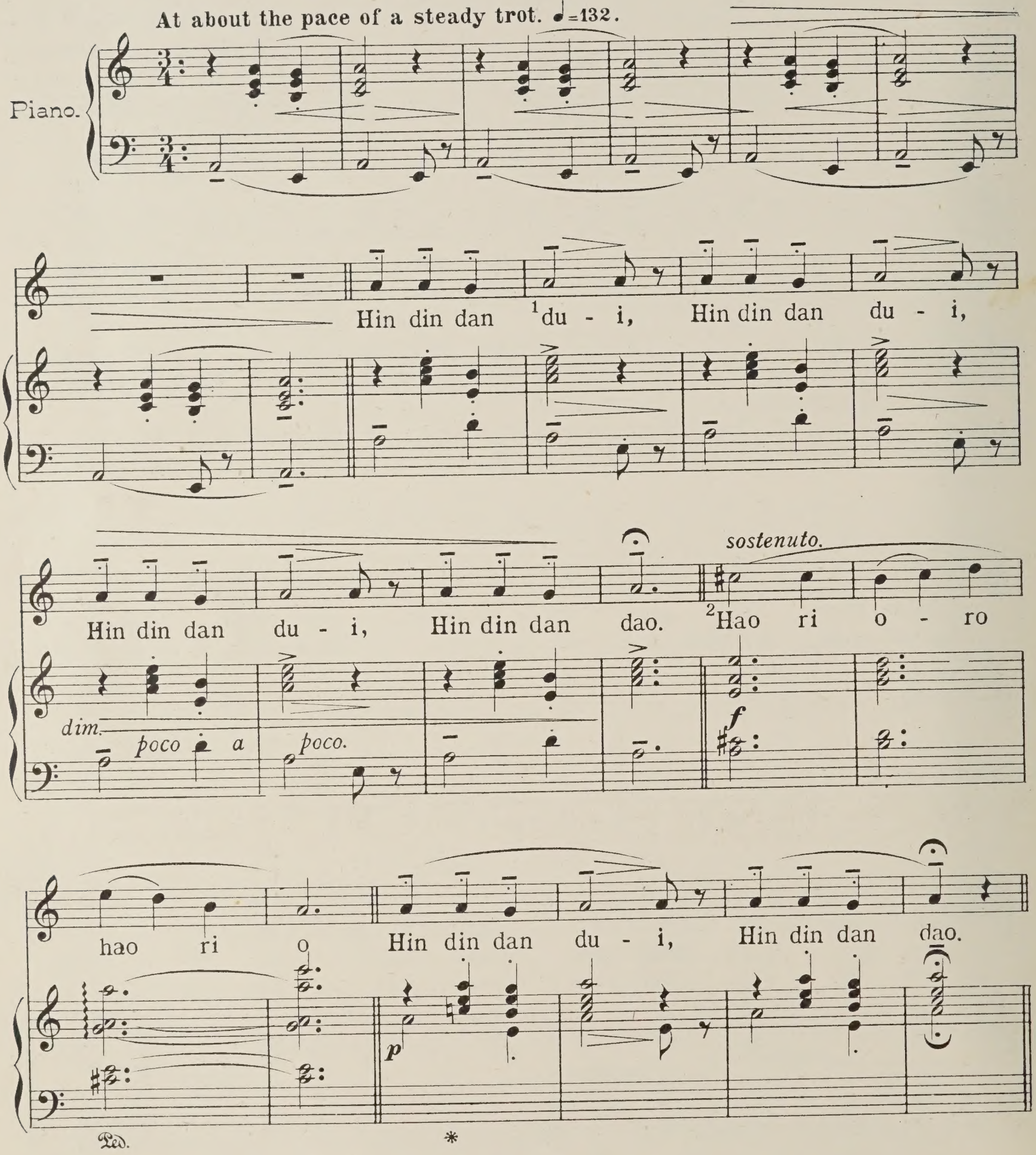

fair; Through the dark clouds thine the way be,........
bhàn; Bu - aidh dhuit - se thar gach neul dubh,
Thine who lead - est........ all the stars; Though thy
'S tu air cheann nan....... reul - tan ard; 'S air cho
light e'en find me joy - - filled, Put thou flow - tide
maith's gun d'fhuair do lì............... mi,........ Cuir - s' an lion - adh
on the flood, Send thou flow - tide.... on the flood.
air an lan, Cuir- s'an lion - adh..... air an lan.
broader
poco rit.

BLESSING OF THE ROAD.

Duan an Rathaid.

Air and words noted from the singing of
KENNETH MACLEOD.
learnt by him in boyhood in Eigg.

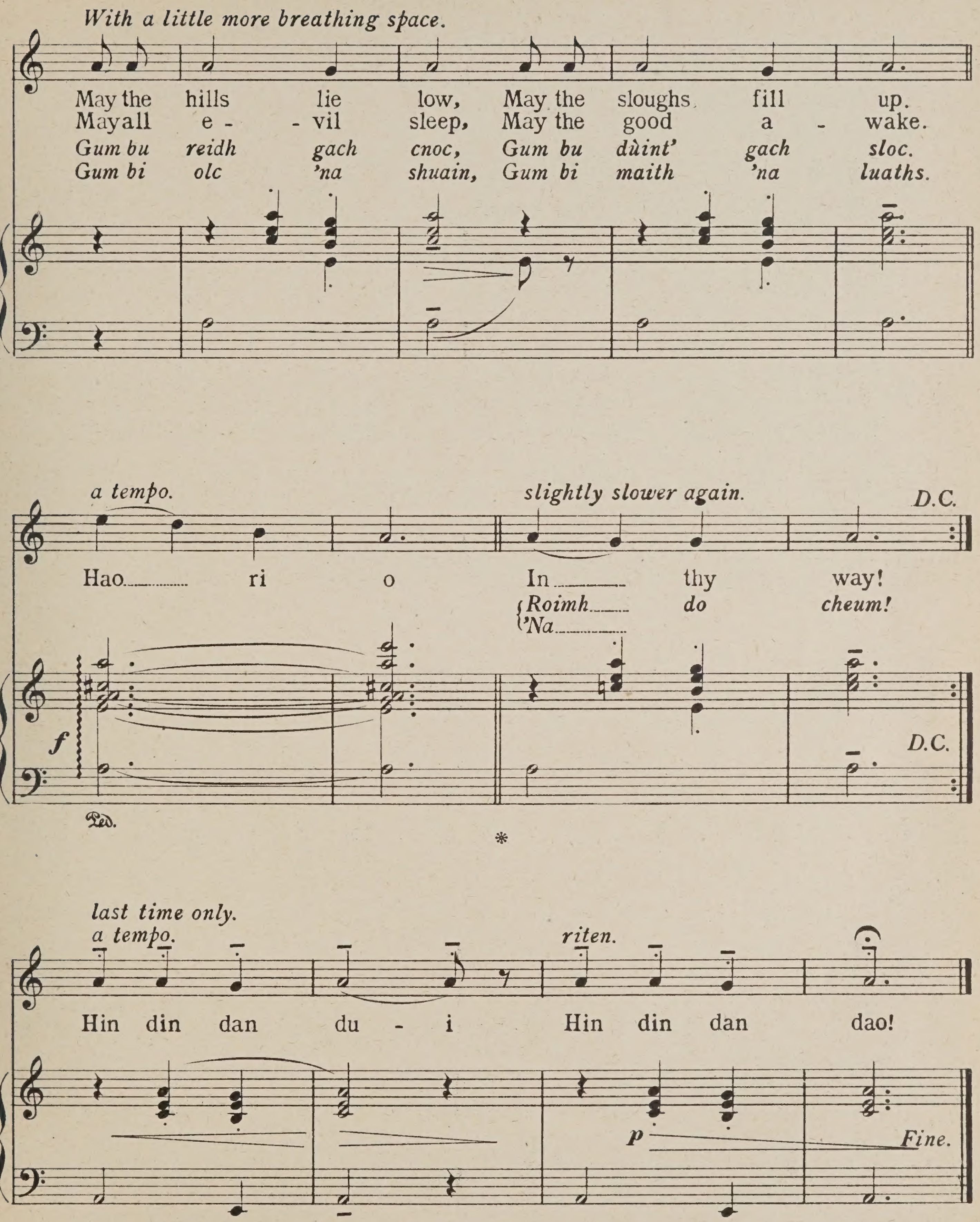
Arr. for Voice and Piano by
M. KENNEDY-FRASER.


At about the pace of a steady trot. ♩=132.
Piano.
Hin din dan [1]du - i, Hin din dan du - i,
Hin din dan du - i, Hin din dan dao. [2]Hao ri o - ro
sostenuto.
dim. poco a poco.
f
hao ri o Hin din dan du - i, Hin din dan dao.
p
Ped.
*

---

[1] Pronounce like English "do," *not* like "dew."

[2] Vowel sounds as in English "her"


With a little more breathing space.
May the hills lie low, May the sloughs fill up.
May all e - - vil sleep, May the good a - wake.
Gum bu reidh gach cnoc, Gum bu dùint' gach sloc.
Gum bi olc 'na shuain, Gum bi maith 'na luaths.
a tempo.
slightly slower again.
D.C.
Hao ri o In thy way!
Roimh do cheum!
'Na
f
Ped.
*
D.C.
last time only.
a tempo.
riten.
Hin din dan du - i Hin din dan dao!
p
Fine.

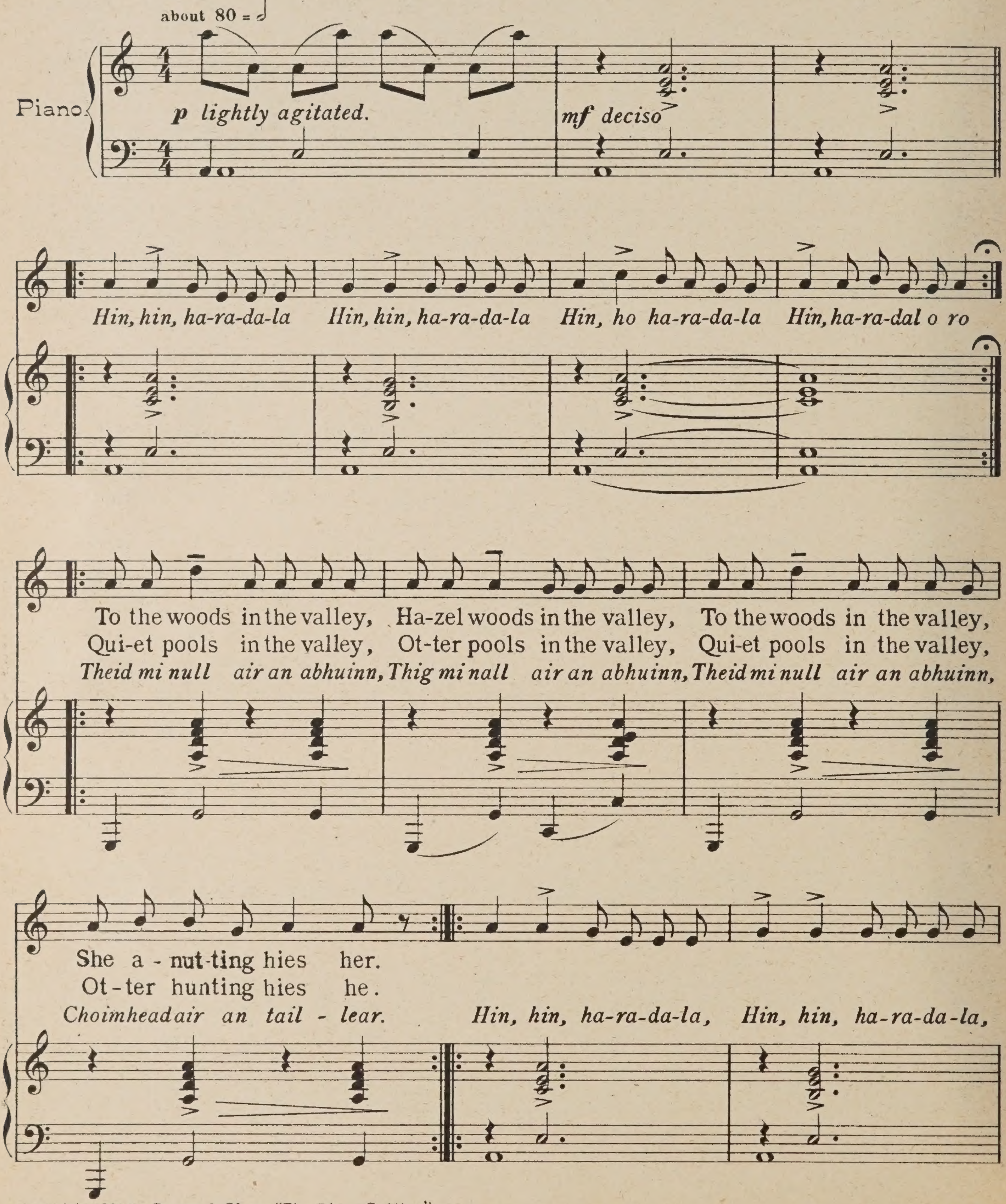
THE HAZEL BY THE RIVER.

Hin, Hin, Haradala.

MOUTH MUSIC.

An ancient Skye mouth-tune from
KEITH MACDONALD'S Puirt-a-Beul.

Arr. for Voice and Piano by
M. KENNEDY-FRASER.


about 80 = 𝅗𝅥
Piano.
p lightly agitated.
mf deciso
Hin, hin, ha-ra-da-la Hin, hin, ha-ra-da-la Hin, ho ha-ra-da-la Hin, ha-ra-dal o ro
To the woods in the valley, Ha-zel woods in the valley, To the woods in the valley,
Qui-et pools in the valley, Ot-ter pools in the valley, Qui-et pools in the valley,
Theid mi null air an abhuinn, Thig mi nall air an abhuinn, Theid mi null air an abhuinn,
She a-nut-ting hies her.
Ot-ter hunting hies he.
Choimheadair an tail-lear.
Hin, hin, ha-ra-da-la, Hin, hin, ha-ra-da-la,

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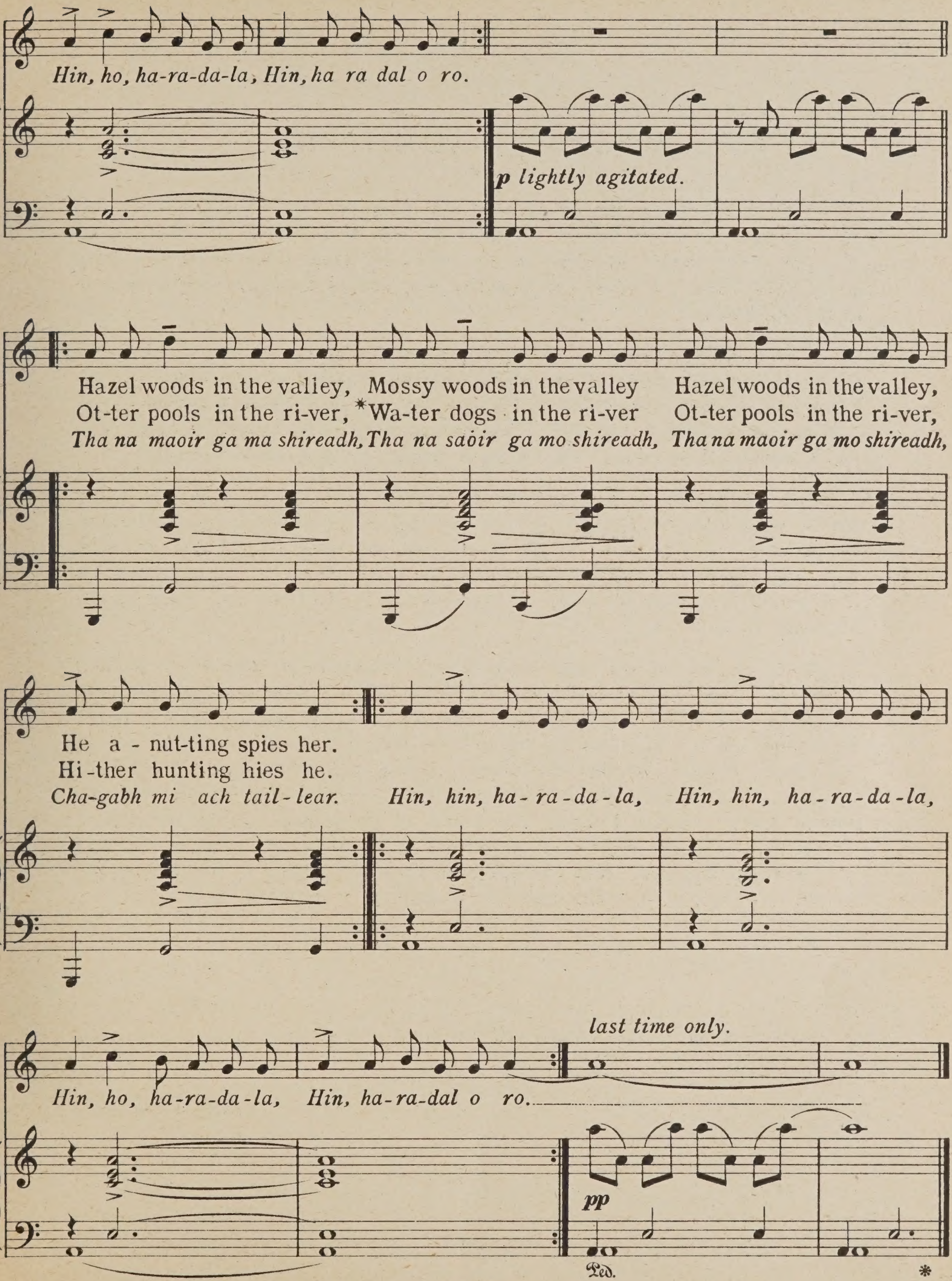

Hin, ho, ha-ra-da-la, Hin, ha ra dal o ro.
p lightly agitated.
Hazel woods in the valley, Mossy woods in the valley Hazel woods in the valley,
Ot-ter pools in the ri-ver, *Wa-ter dogs in the ri-ver Ot-ter pools in the ri-ver,
Tha na maoir ga ma shireadh, Tha na saòir ga mo shireadh, Tha na maoir ga mo shireadh,
He a - nut-ting spies her.
Hi-ther hunting hies he.
Cha-gabh mi ach tail-lear. Hin, hin, ha-ra-da-la, Hin, hin, ha-ra-da-la,
last time only.
Hin, ho, ha-ra-da-la, Hin, ha-ra-dal o ro.
pp
Ped.
*

---

*Translation from the Gaelic for otter.

MAKING LAUGHTER.[1]

I WENT a-courting the daughter of the King of Erin. She asked for the things that might not be: a castle on each of the sunny knolls; a mill on every stream in Erin; a cat with sixty tails. She made her vow, and I made mine. I would not return to her, nor let love gray me, from now to the thrawn-day.

I went hill-wandering. Came a brown maiden of the sheiling: "I am a milkmaid from the fields of the cattle, from the rockland of the folds. I have given love to thee that mother never gave to the child she was crooning, nor cow of the sheiling to her calf. Though the King's son should come to woo me, I would not be taking him. I am a milkmaid; thou art a herdman."

For a year and a quarter I lay in a fever. Yon forward milkmaid would not be coming to ask for me. On the last day of the fifth quarter, she reached the window. "Man who art in there, how art thou?" "I am but sad and sore; the hair of my head is in ringlets on the floor." "Sorrow upon me if it would not please me better to see thee well." And she sped away to the sheiling.

Early on the morrow I went down to the white strand to play at the shinty.[2] I beat the young King of Lochlann by a hail[3]; I beat the young King of Spain by another. And the brown maiden came to my side; she asked if I might be feeling well. "Is it asking me if I am well thou art? Altogether well to my friends. Not quite so well to the others." Bowed her head she, made she laughter. 'Listen, thou woman without sense, without shame. Were it not that my mother was a woman, I would tell a tale of the women. They are like a fox at hide-and-seek, or like the elusive eel in the wet sand." Raised her head she, made she laughter. And who was it but herself, the King of Erin's daughter, mouth of frolic and of music-laughter. *Chailin og, a stiuir thu mi?*

KENNETH MACLEOD.

---

[1] The old Gaelic ballad, of which the above is a prose translation, was contributed to the *Celtic Review*, April, 1908.

[2] An ancient Celtic game, of which hockey is a form.

[3] A goal in shinty.

The Courting of the King of Erin's Daughter.

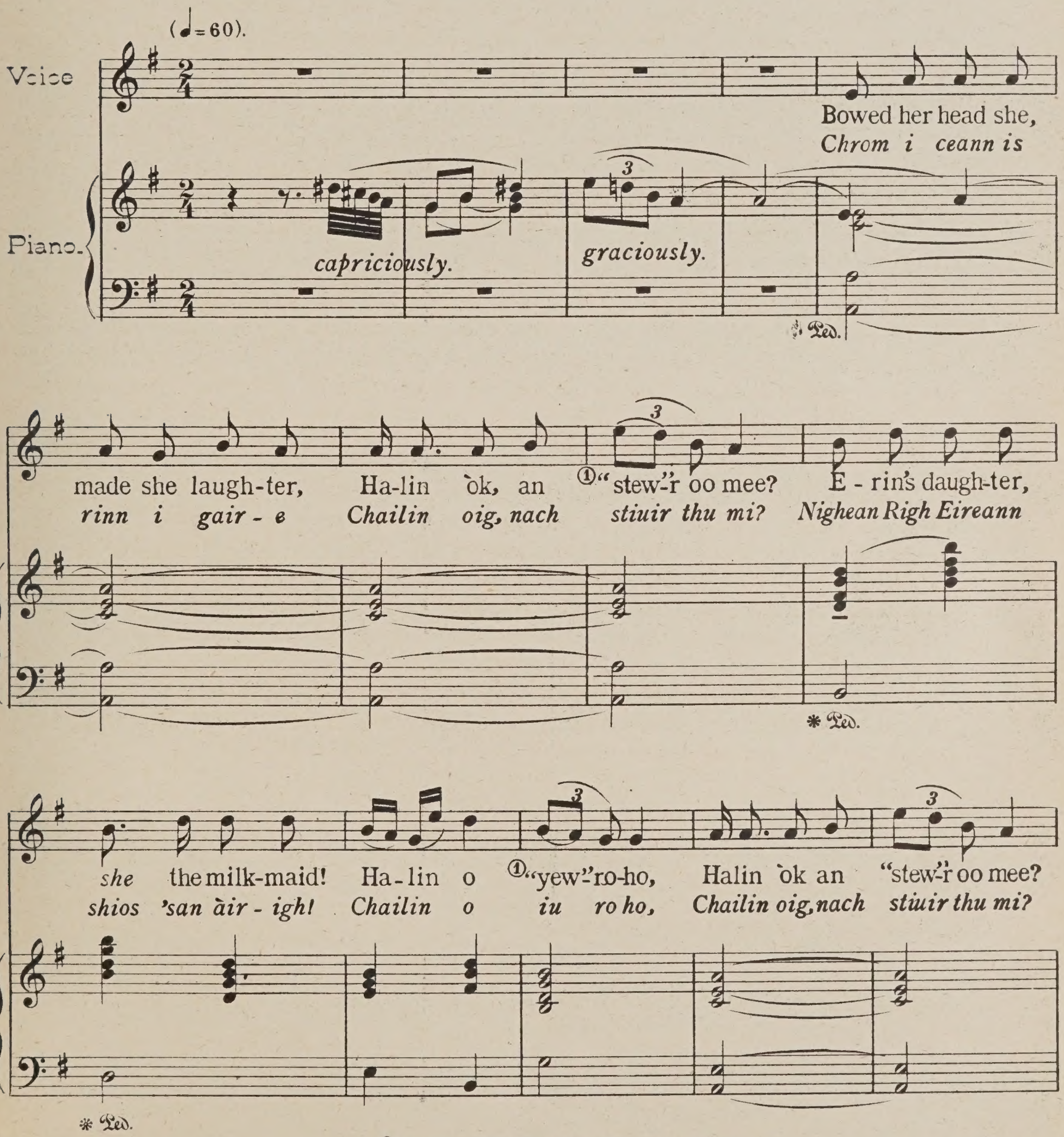
Nighean Righ Eireann.

OR

*CHAILIN OIG AN STIUIR THU MI?

As learnt by **KENNETH MACLEOD,**
from **ANN HENDERSON**, Morven.

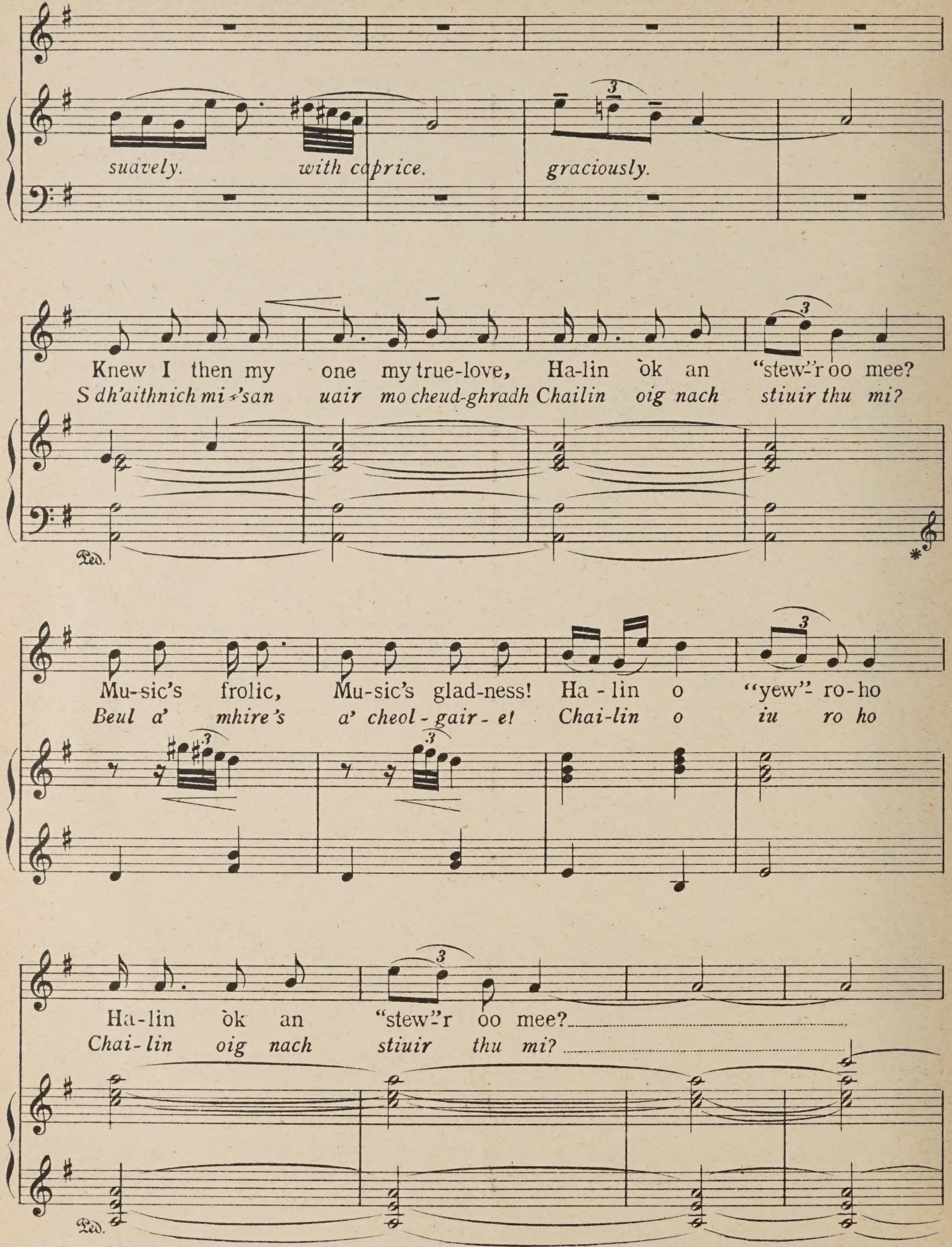
Noted and arr. by
M. KENNEDY-FRASER.

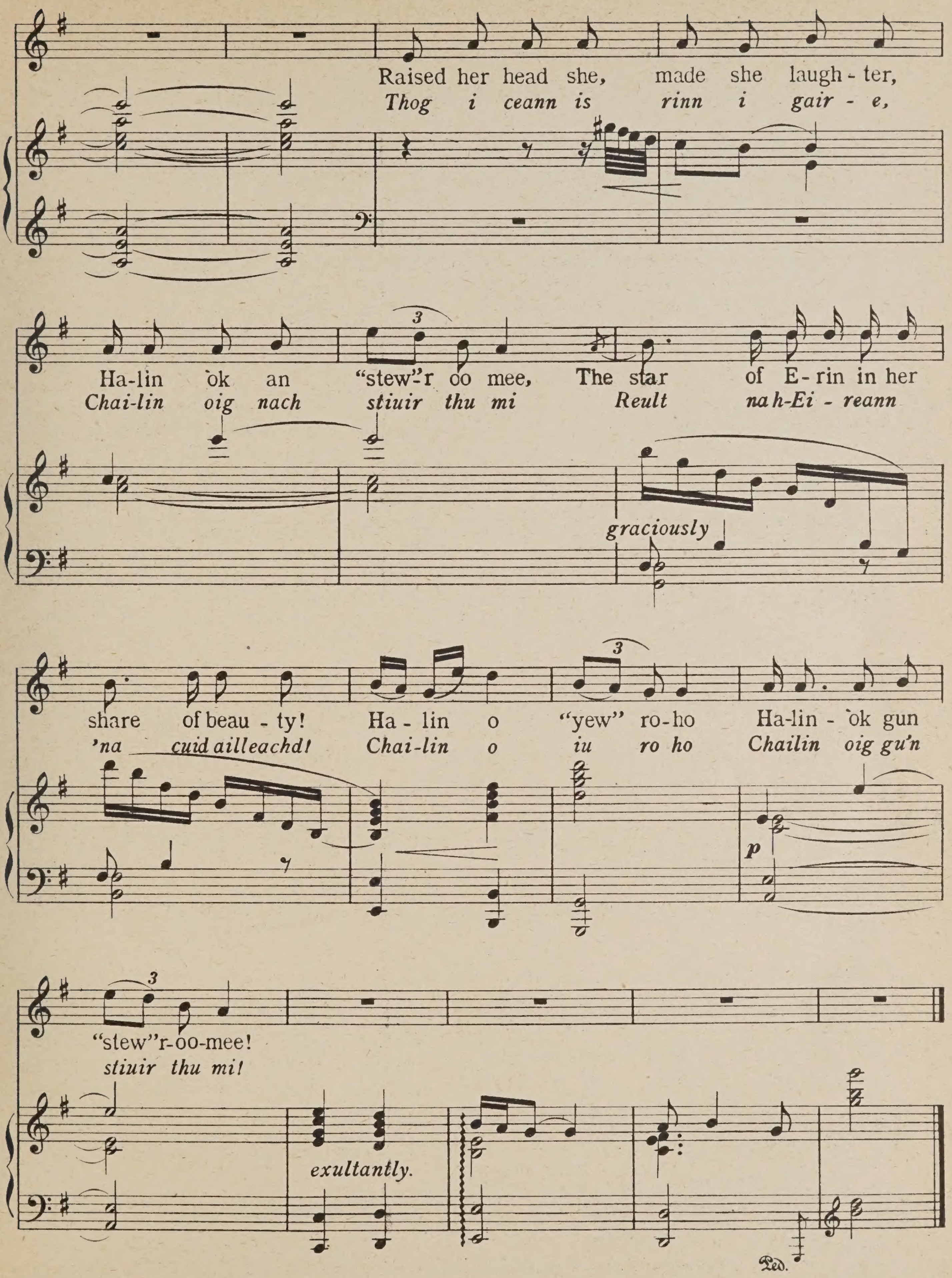

(♩=60).
Voice
Piano.
capriciously.
graciously.
Bowed her head she, made she laugh-ter, Ha-lin ŏk, an ①"stew-'r oo mee? E - rin's daugh-ter,
Chrom i ceann is rinn i gair - e Chailin oig, nach stiuir thu mi? Nighean Righ Eireann
she the milk-maid! Ha-lin o ①"yew-'ro-ho, Halin ŏk an "stew-'r oo mee?
shios 'san àir - igh! Chailin o iu ro ho, Chailin oig, nach stiuir thu mi?
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

---

①Pronounce like English words stew and yew.

* The title of this ancient song is put phonetically by Shakespeare into the mouth of Pistol in Henry V. Act IV. Scene IV.


suavely.
with caprice.
graciously.
Knew I then my one my true-love, Ha-lin ȯk an "stew"-r oo mee?
S dh'aithnich mi -'san uair mo cheud-ghradh Chailin oig nach stiuir thu mi?
Ped.
Mu-sic's frolic, Mu-sic's glad-ness! Ha - lin o "yew"- ro-ho
Beul a' mhire's a' cheol - gair - e! Chai-lin o iu ro ho
3
Ha-lin ȯk an "stew"-r oo mee?
Chai-lin oig nach stiuir thu mi?
Ped.


Raised her head she, made she laugh - ter,
Thog i ceann is rinn i gair - e,
Ha-lin ̀ok an "stew"-r oo mee, The star of E - rin in her
Chai-lin oig nach stiuir thu mi Reult na h-Ei - reann
graciously
share of beau - ty! Ha - lin o "yew" ro-ho Ha-lin - ̀ok gun
'na cuid ailleachd! Chai-lin o iu ro ho Chailin oig gu'n
p
"stew"r-oo-mee!
stiuir thu mi!
exultantly.
Ped.
3

PUTTING OUT TO SEA.

AN NOCHD THA BATA DOL GU CUAN.

(Sung to the slow swing of the stacking of the hay.)

Until a generation ago, the folk of Cleeadale in the Isle of Eigg were wont to sing this air to the slow rhythmic swing of the stacking of the hay. Not of fields and frolic its theme, but of the birth of a soul.

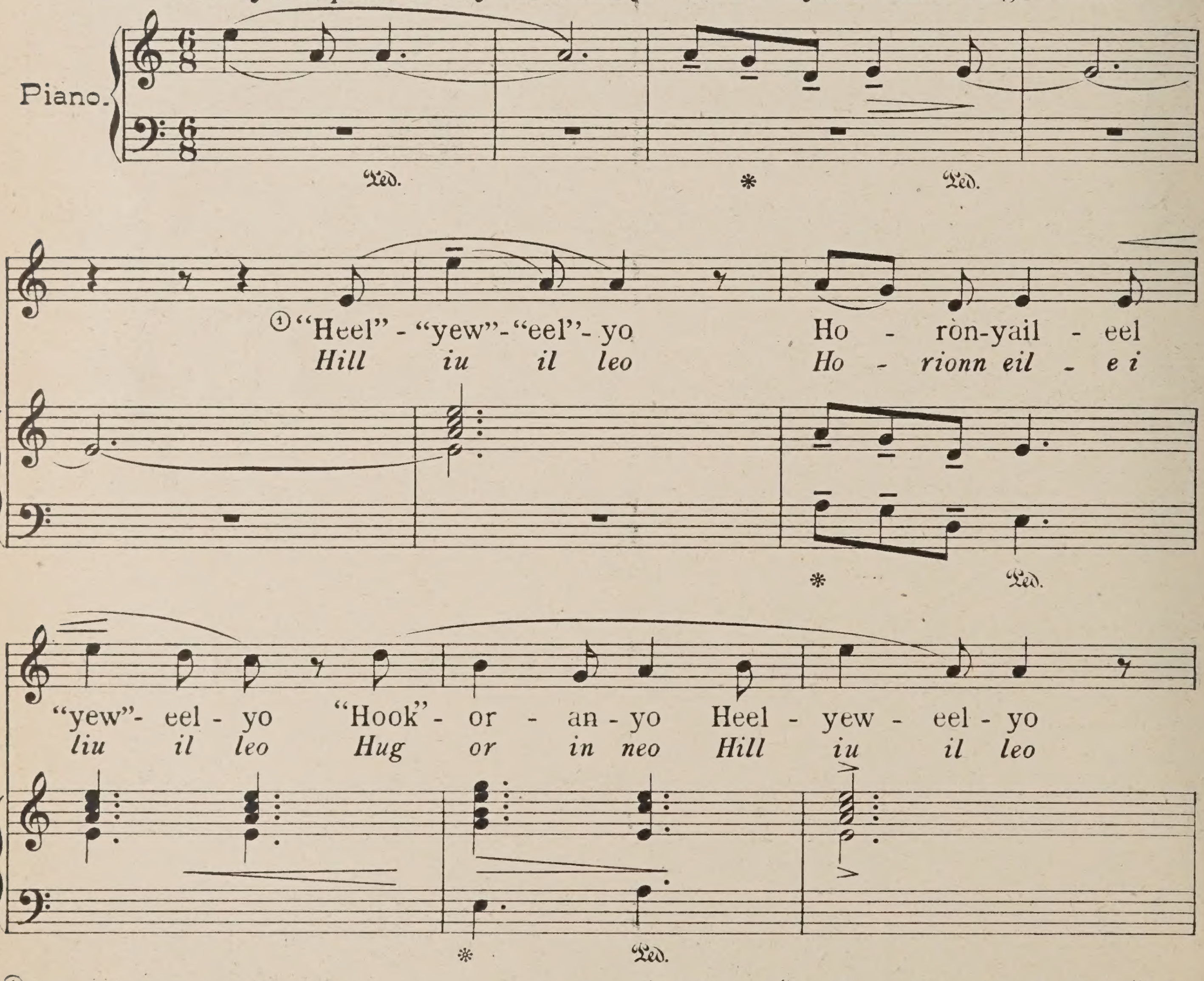
To one who was there the knee-woman cried: "The sea, the sea, oh man who hast come, what is the omen of the sea to-night?" "The tide is flowing, oh knee-woman, and the spring-tide of the birds is nearing its height." "The blessings of good-tidings be on thee, oh man who hast come. Born was Columcille (St. Columba) of my love in the flow of the tide, in the wax of the moon and the beauteous one was he." "True for thee, oh knee-woman, but so frail the boat, so great yon sea!"

KENNETH MACLEOD.

The air and refrain from the singing of
MARION MACLEOD. Eigg.

The words by KENNETH MACLEOD.
Arr. by M. KENNEDY-FRASER.

Slowly and passionately sustained yet with a rhythm that swings onward.


Piano.
①"Heel" - "yew"-"eel"- yo
Hill iu il leo
Ho - ròn-yail - eel
Ho - rionn eil - e i
"yew"- eel - yo "Hook"- or - an - yo Heel - yew - eel - yo
liu il leo Hug or in neo Hill iu il leo

---

① The syllables of refrain to be pronounced *like* the English words "Heel", "yew" "Hook" and "eel", yaily to rhyme with "daily"

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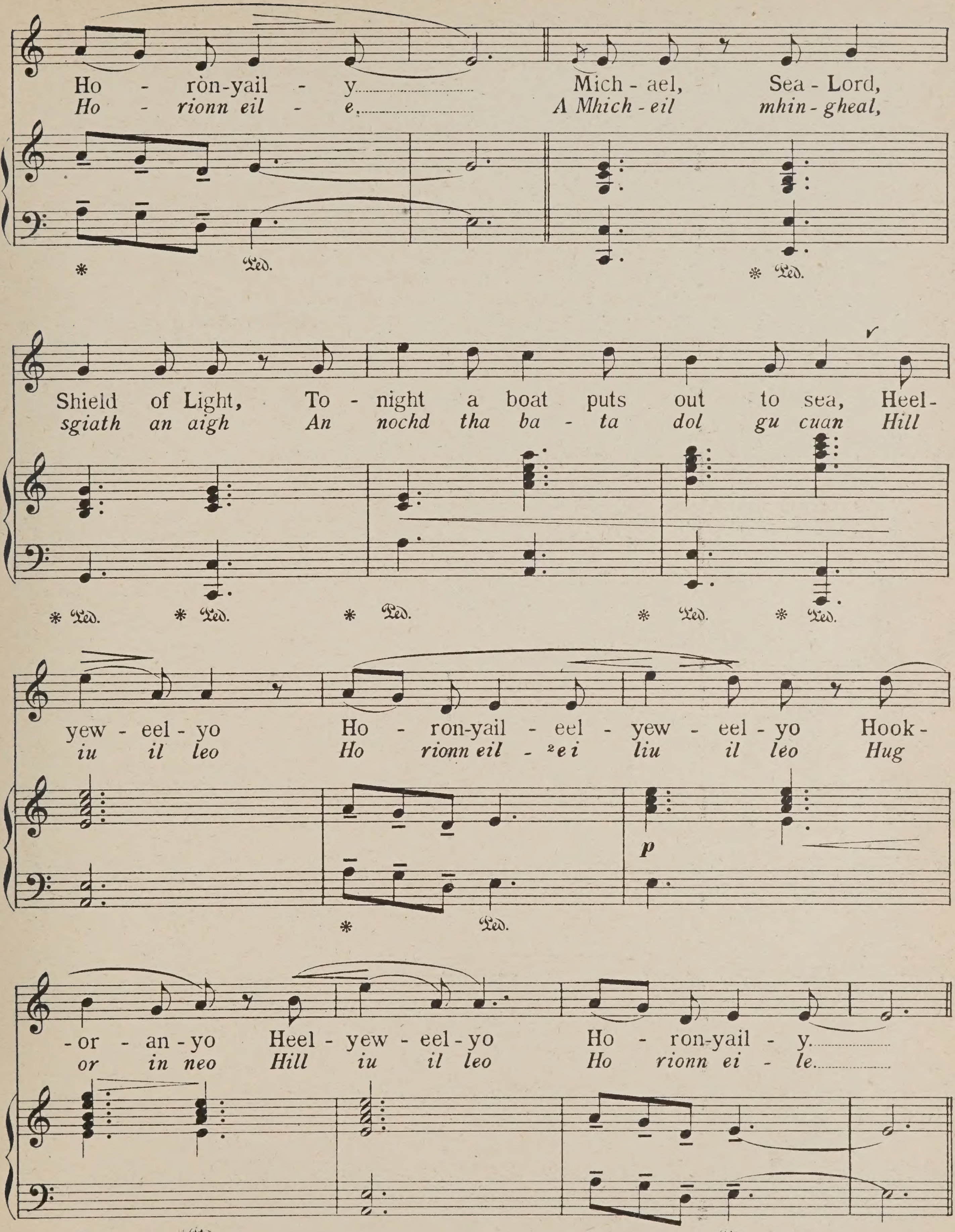
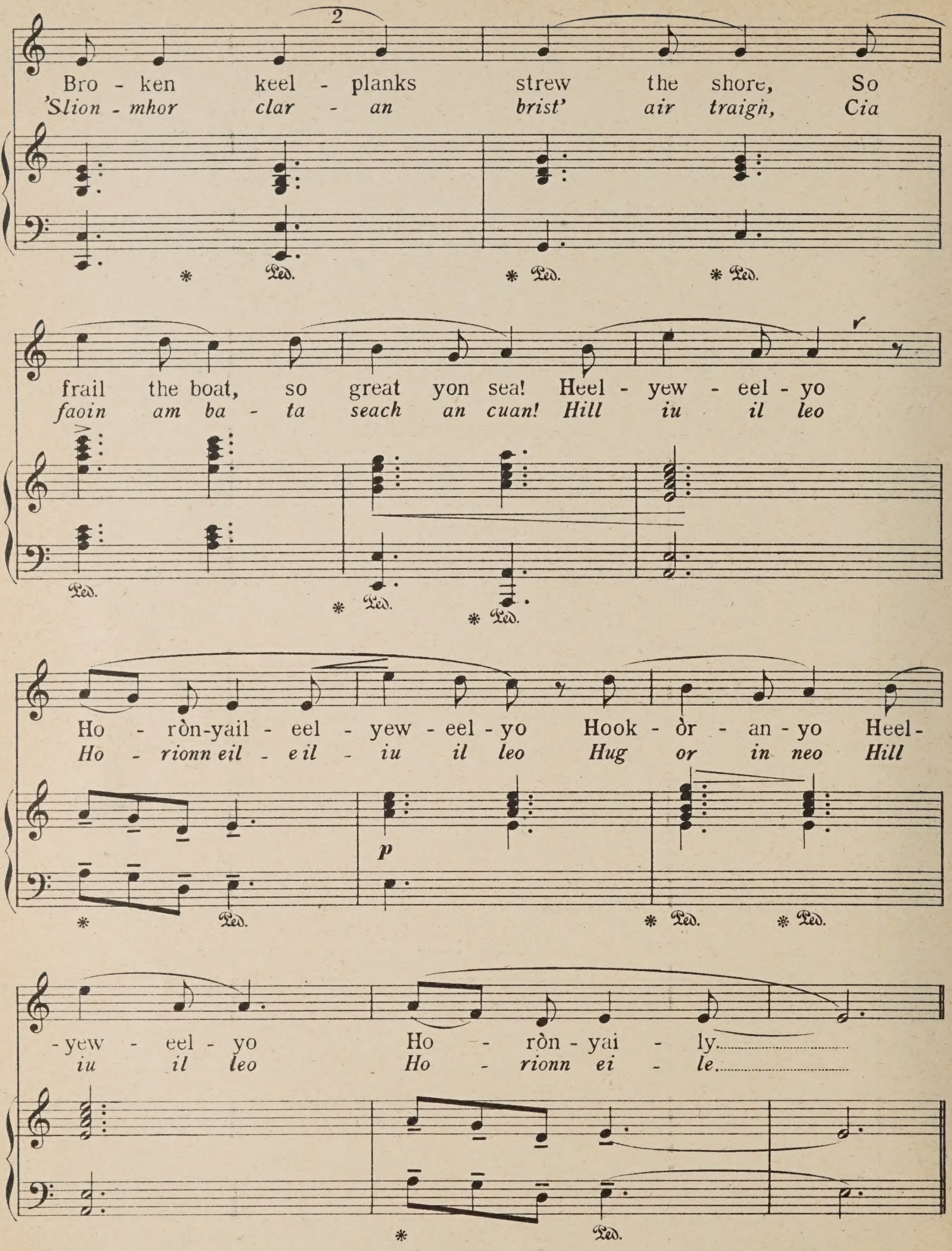
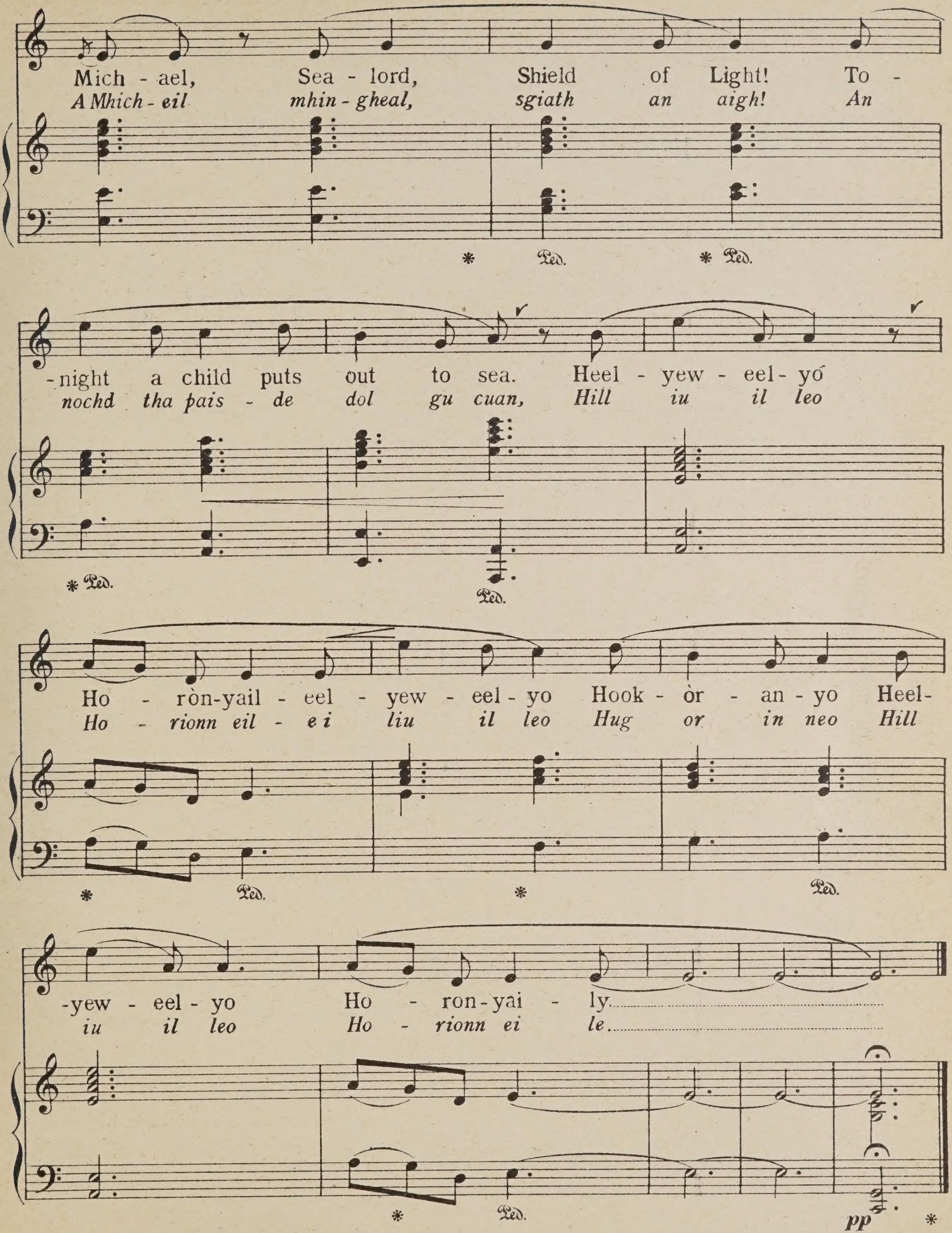

Ho - ròn-yail - y. Mich - ael, Sea - Lord,
Ho - rionn eil - e, A Mhich - eil mhin - gheal,
Shield of Light, To - night a boat puts out to sea, Heel-
sgiath an aigh An nochd tha ba - ta dol gu cuan Hill
yew - eel - yo Ho - ron-yail - eel - yew - eel - yo Hook-
iu il leo Ho rionn eil - ²e i liu il leo Hug
- or - an - yo Heel - yew - eel - yo Ho - ron-yail - y.
or in neo Hill iu il leo Ho rionn ei - le.
p

---

② The two vowels here are to run smoothly into the one note, as is always understood in Italian.


2
Bro - ken keel - planks strew the shore, So
'Slion - mhor clar - an brist' air traigh, Cia
frail the boat, so great yon sea! Heel - yew - eel - yo
faoin am ba - ta seach an cuan! Hill iu il leo
Ho - ròn-yail - eel - yew - eel - yo Hook - òr - an - yo Heel-
Ho - rionn eil - e il - iu il leo Hug or in neo Hill
- yew - eel - yo Ho - ròn - yai - ly.
iu il leo Ho - rionn ei - le.
p
Ped.
*


Mich - ael, Sea - lord, Shield of Light! To -
A Mhich - eil mhin - gheal, sgiath an aigh! An
-night a child puts out to sea. Heel - yew - eel - yó
nochd tha pais - de dol gu cuan, Hill iu il leo
Ho - ròn-yail - eel - yew - eel - yo Hook - òr - an - yo Heel-
Ho - rionn eil - e i liu il leo Hug or in neo Hill
-yew - eel - yo Ho - ron-yai - ly
iu il leo Ho - rionn ei le
pp

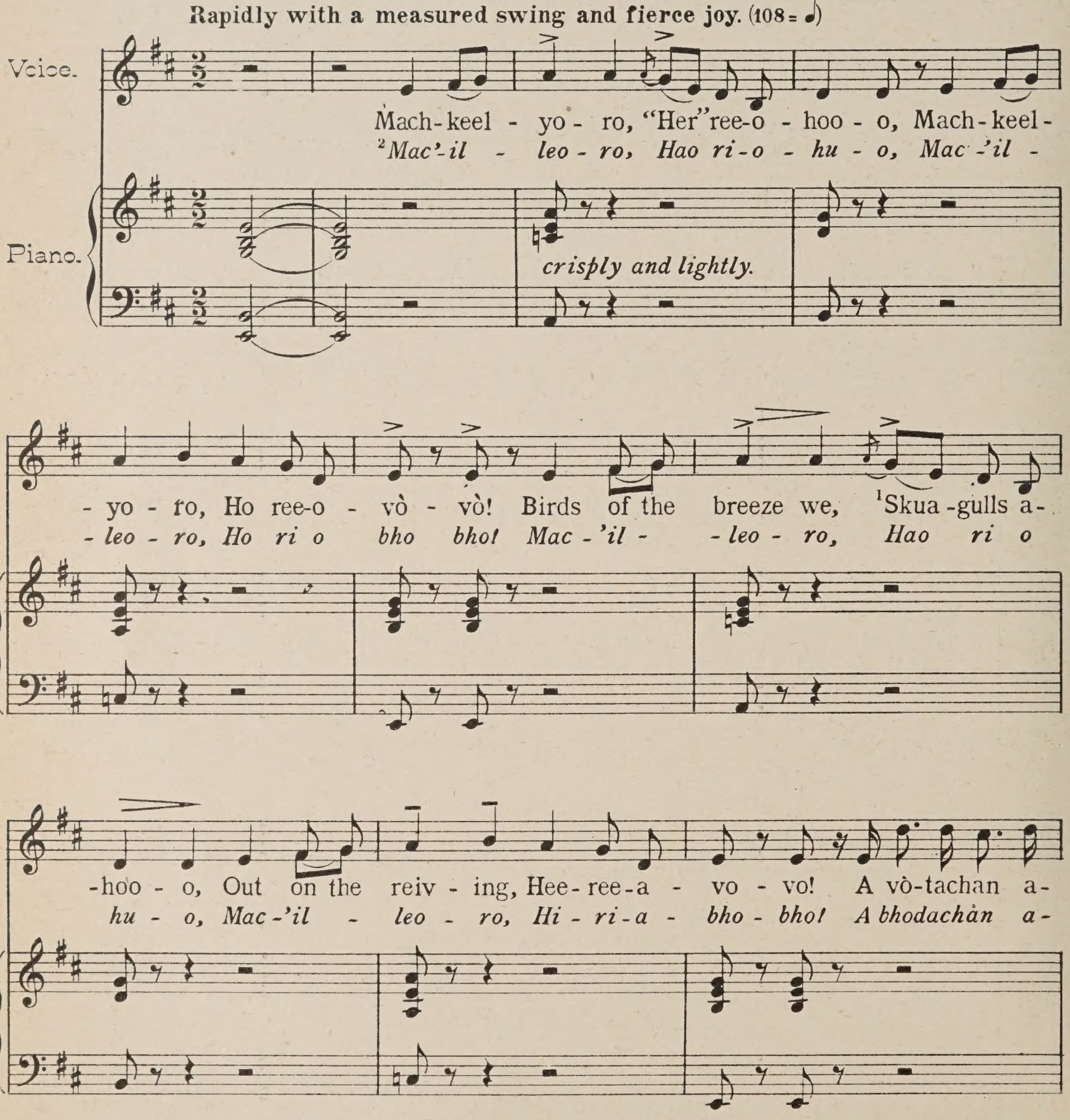
THE [1]SKUA-GULLS

Na Lochlinnich.

SEA REIVERS' MOUTH MUSIC.= PORT-A-BIAL.

English by
KENNETH MACLEOD

Noted by M. KENNEDY-FRASER
from MARION MACLEOD, Eigg


Rapidly with a measured swing and fierce joy. (108 = ♩)
Voice.
Piano.
Mach-keel - yo - ro, "Her" ree-o - hoo - o, Mach-keel-
[2]Mac'-il - leo - ro, Hao ri-o - hu - o, Mac-'il -
crisply and lightly.
- yo - ro, Ho ree-o - vò - vò! Birds of the breeze we, [1]Skua-gulls a-
- leo - ro, Ho ri o bho bho! Mac-'il - - leo - ro, Hao ri o
-hoo - o, Out on the reiv - ing, Hee-ree-a - vo - vo! A vò-tachan a-
hu - o, Mac-'il - leo - ro, Hi - ri - a - bho - bho! A bhodachàn a-

---

[1] A rapacious sea-bird (from the Icelandic), *pronounced Skoo-a*.

[2] In this reiving refrain the sound is the sense.

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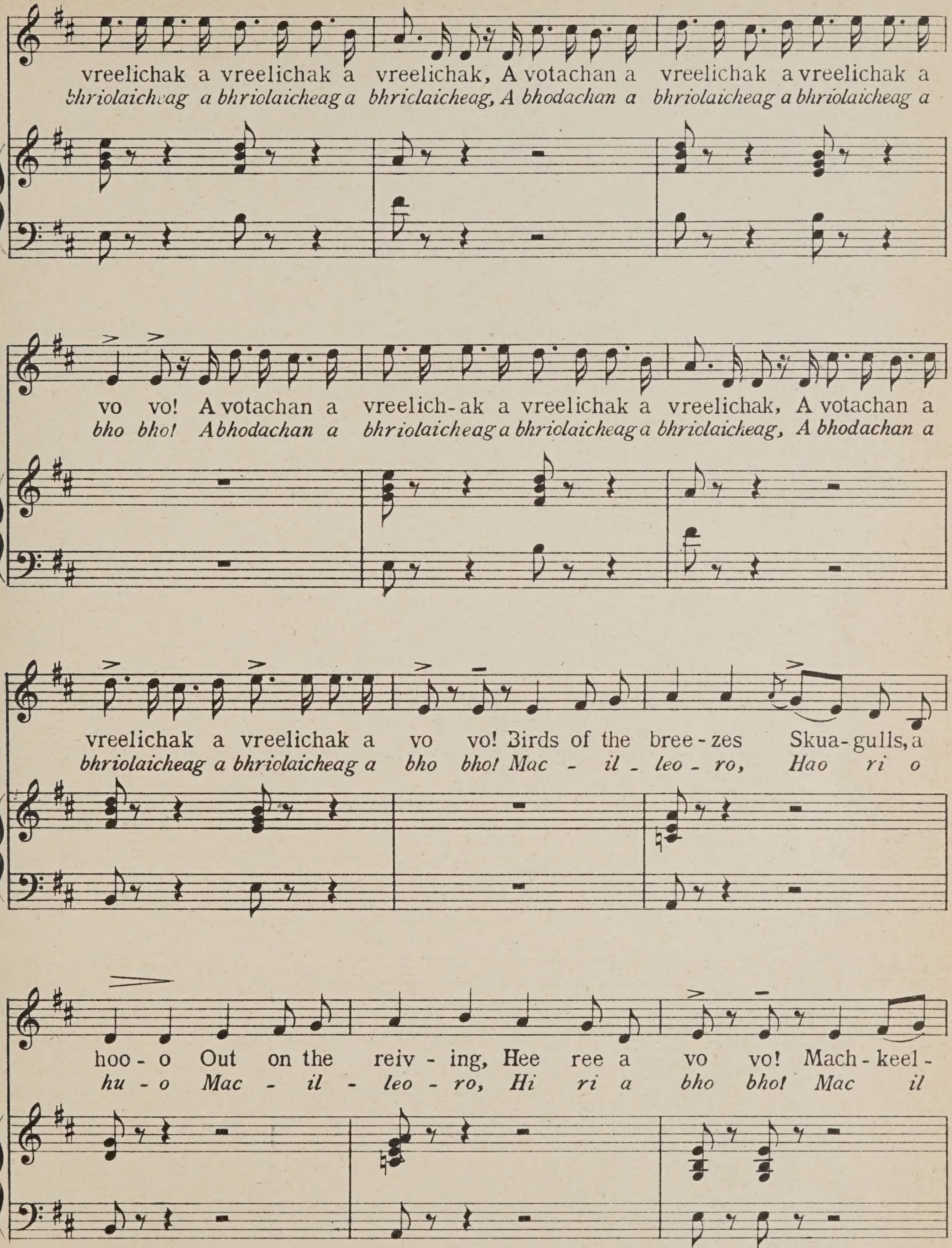
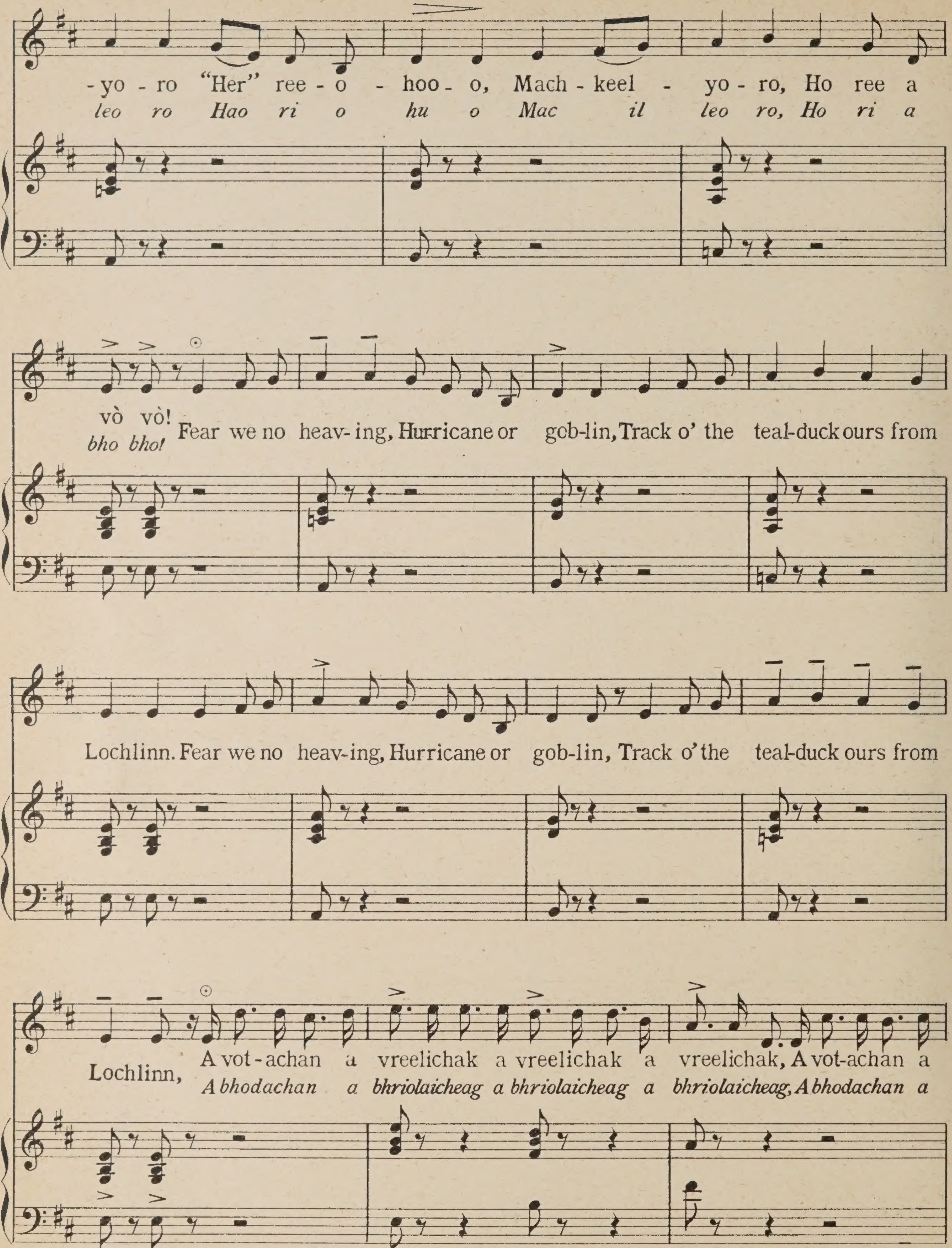
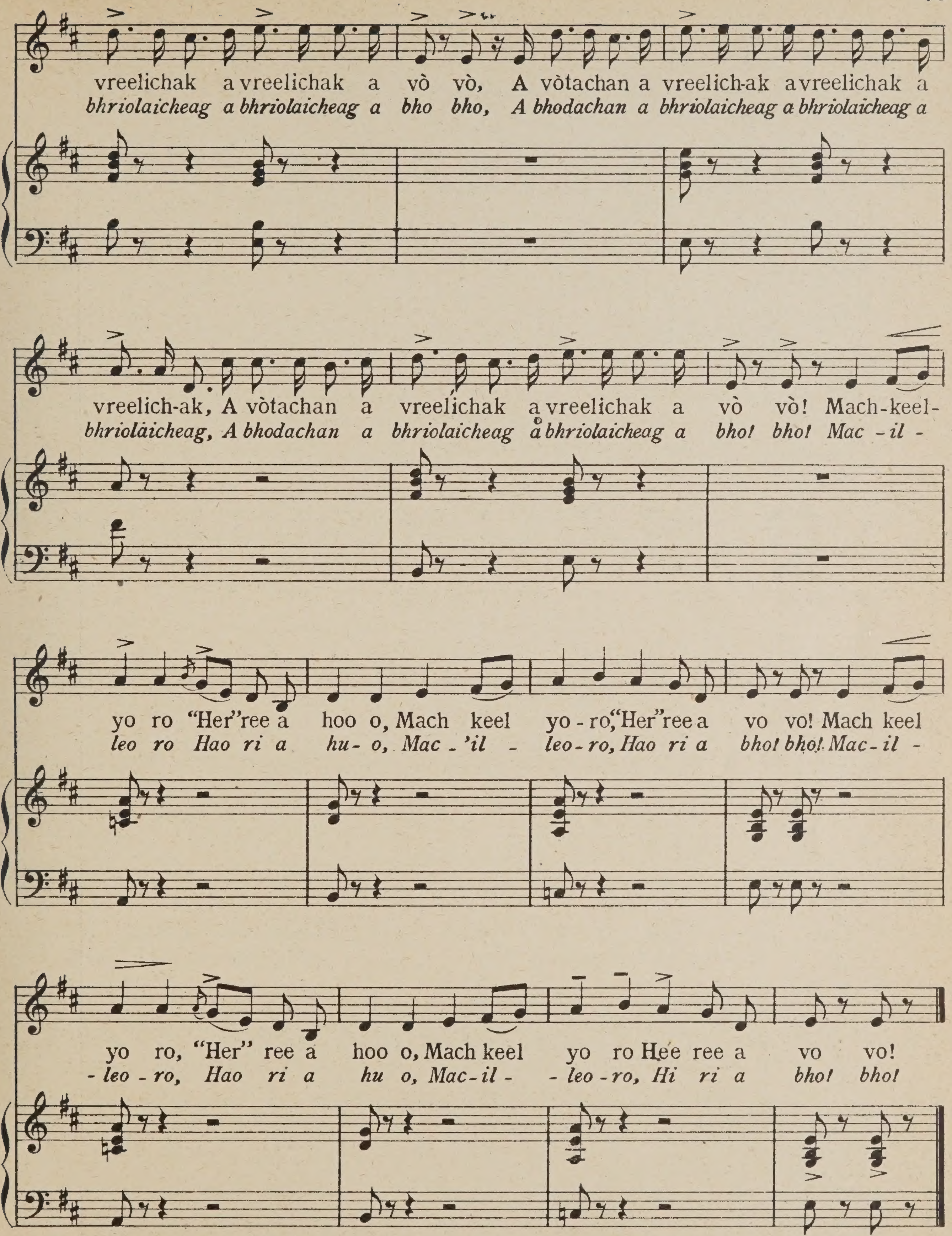

vreelichak a vreelichak a vreelichak, A votachan a vreelichak a vreelichak a
bhriolaicheag a bhriolaicheag a bhriclaicheag, A bhodachan a bhriolaicheag a bhriolaicheag a
vo vo! A votachan a vreelich-ak a vreelichak a vreelichak, A votachan a
bho bho! A bhodachan a bhriolaicheag a bhriolaicheag a bhriclaicheag, A bhodachan a
vreelichak a vreelichak a vo vo! Birds of the bree-zes Skua-gulls, a
bhriolaicheag a bhriolaicheag a bho bho! Mac - il - leo - ro, Hao ri o
hoo-o Out on the reiv-ing, Hee ree a vo vo! Mach-keel-
hu - o Mac - il - leo - ro, Hi ri a bho bho! Mac il


-yo - ro "Her" ree - o - hoo - o, Mach - keel - yo - ro, Ho ree a
leo ro Hao ri o hu o Mac il leo ro, Ho ri a
vò vò! Fear we no heav-ing, Hurricane or gob-lin, Track o' the teal-duck ours from
bho bho!
Lochlinn. Fear we no heav-ing, Hurricane or gob-lin, Track o' the teal-duck ours from
Lochlinn, A vot-achan a vreelichak a vreelichak a vreelichak, A vot-achan a
A bhodachan a bhriolaicheag a bhriolaicheag a bhriolaicheag, A bhodachan a

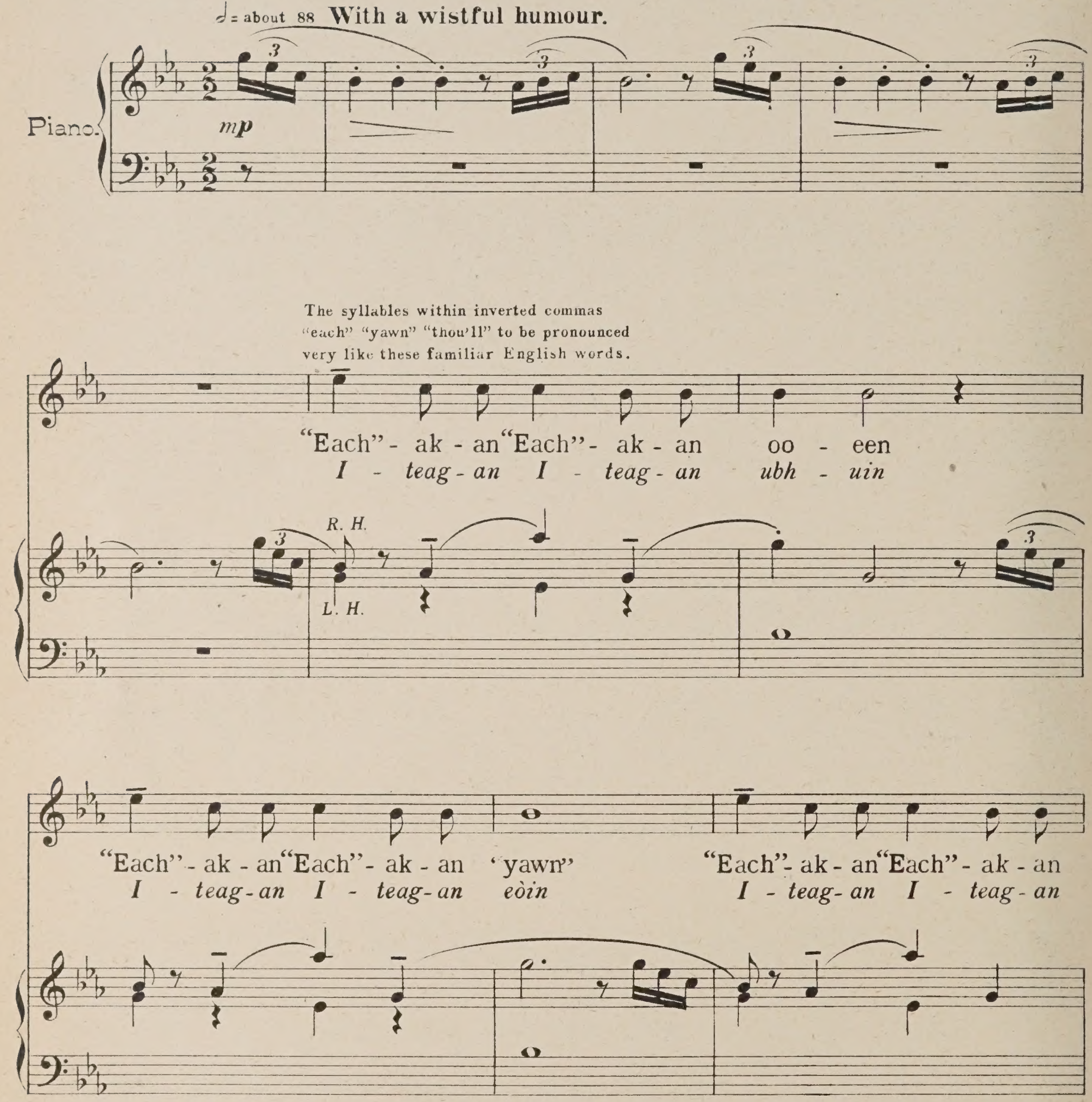
When sung to the original fierce nonsense syllables this may be omitted from ⊙ to ⊙


vreelichak a vreelichak a vò vò, A vòtachan a vreelich-ak a vreelichak a
bhriolaicheag a bhriolaicheag a bho bho, A bhodachan a bhriolaicheag a bhriolaicheag a
vreelich-ak, A vòtachan a vreelichak a vreelichak a vò vò! Mach-keel-
bhriolàicheag, A bhodachan a bhriolaicheag a bhriolaicheag a bho! bho! Mac-il-
yo ro "Her"ree a hoo o, Mach keel yo-ro, "Her"ree a vo vo! Mach keel
leo ro Hao ri a hu-o, Mac-'il-leo-ro, Hao ri a bho! bho! Mac-il-
yo ro, "Her" ree a hoo o, Mach keel yo ro Hee ree a vo vo!
-leo-ro, Hao ri a hu o, Mac-il- -leo-ro, Hi ri a bho! bho!

SEA-BIRD TO HER CHICKS.

'S è mo nighean a ni ceol.

Mouth music for dancing
Arr. by M. KENNEDY-FRASER.


𝅗𝅥 = about 88 With a wistful humour.
Piano.
mp
3
R. H.
L. H.
"Each"- ak - an "Each"- ak - an oo - een
I - teag - an I - teag - an ubh - uin
"Each"- ak - an "Each"- ak - an 'yawn'
I - teag - an I - teag - an eòin
"Each"- ak - an "Each"- ak - an
I - teag - an I - teag - an

The syllables within inverted commas "each" "yawn" "thou'll" to be pronounced very like these familiar English words.

Iteagan = feathers, Ubhuin = eggs, eoin = birds.

Sè mo nighean a ni ceòl = It is my daughter that makes music.

As the sounds of the original are imitations of "talk" and cries of sea birds, it is impossible to give effect to this in an English translation.

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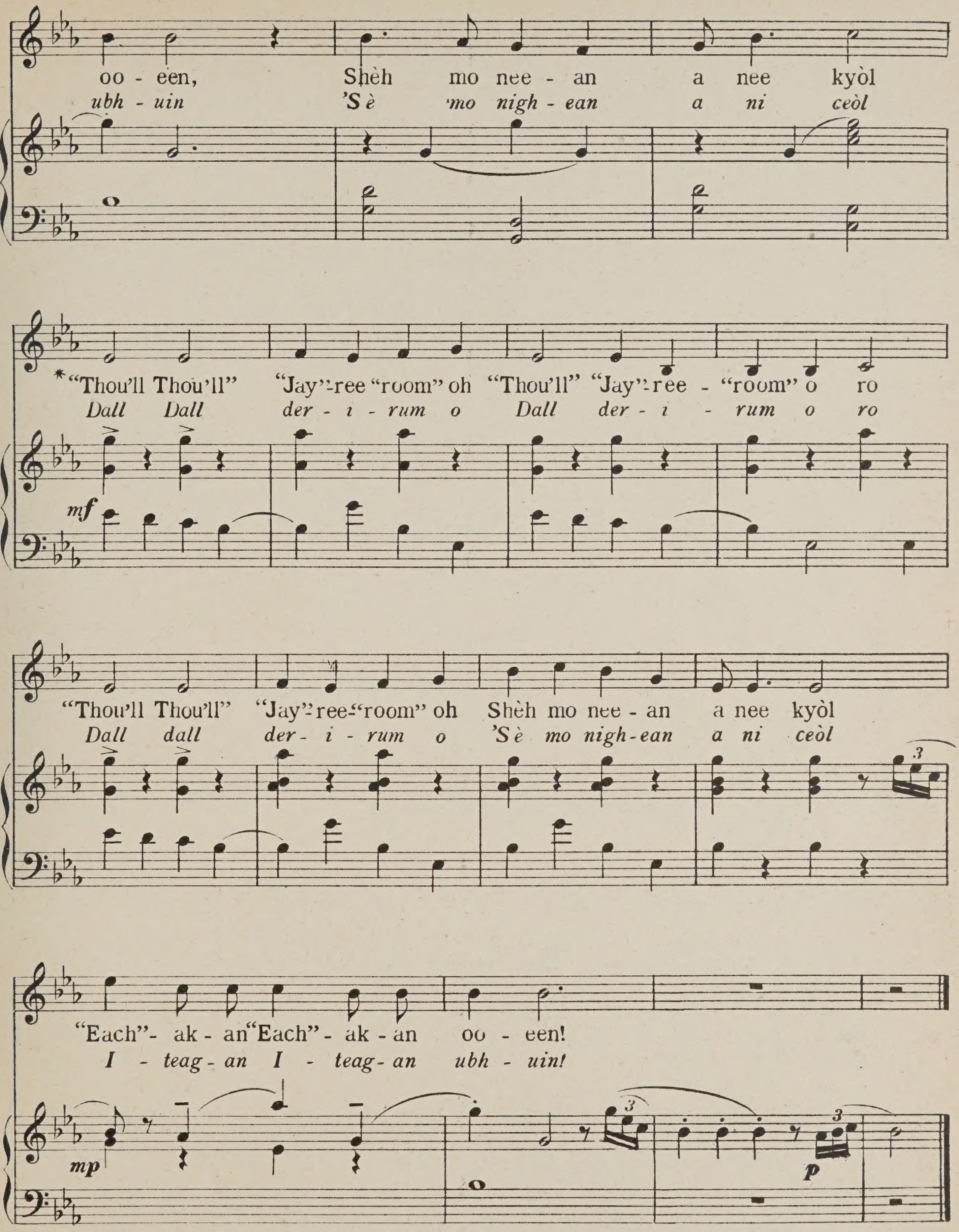

oo - een, Shèh mo nee - an a nee kyòl
ubh - uin 'Sè 'mo nigh - ean a ni ceòl
*"Thou'll Thou'll" "Jay"-ree "room" oh "Thou'll" "Jay"-ree - "room" o ro
Dall Dall der - i - rum o Dall der - i - rum o ro
mf
"Thou'll Thou'll" "Jay"-ree-"room" oh Shèh mo nee - an a nee kyòl
Dall dall der - i - rum o 'Sè mo nigh-ean a ni ceòl
3
"Each"- ak - an "Each" - ak - an oo - een!
I - teag - an I - teag - an ubh - uin!
mp
3
p
3

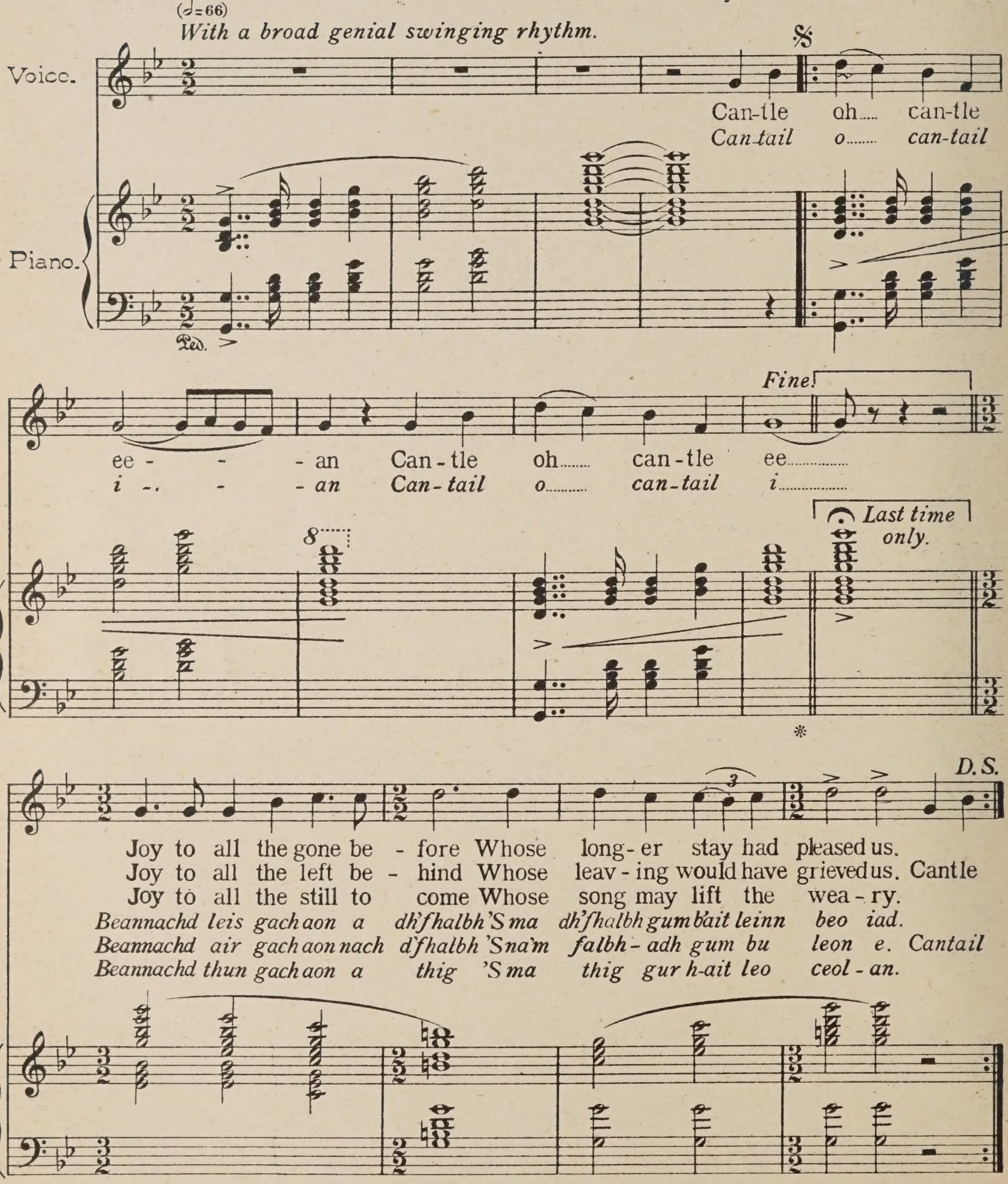
---

*Nasally, with a very long drop of the lower jaw, the th not too distinct.

THE JOY INVOCATION.

Na Beannachdan.

From KENNETH MACLEOD.
Arr. by M. KENNEDY-FRASER.


(𝅗𝅥=66)
With a broad genial swinging rhythm.
Voice.
Piano.
Ped.
Can-tle oh..... can-tle
Can-tail o........ can-tail
ee - - an Can-tle oh........ can-tle ee................
i -. - - an Can-tail o........... can-tail i..................
Fine!
8
Last time only.
D.S.
Joy to all the gone be - fore Whose long-er stay had pleased us.
Joy to all the left be - hind Whose leav-ing would have grieved us. Cantle
Joy to all the still to come Whose song may lift the wea - ry.
Beannachd leis gach aon a dh'fhalbh 'S ma dh'fhalbh gum b'ait leinn beo iad.
Beannachd air gach aon nach d'fhalbh 'Sna'm falbh-adh gum bu leon e. Cantail
Beannachd thun gach aon a thig 'S ma thig gur h-ait leo ceol-an.

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The return from the Fairy Hill.

She had been in the fairy mound for a day and a year, as she thought herself, but in that time a sapling oak had grown up and decayed again. And now she wandered by the foot of the Corrie, her old landmark, looking for the clachan where her people lived and the cattle that they had reared. But there was nothing to be seen except a few stones peeping out through a tangle of nettles and rushes and bracken.

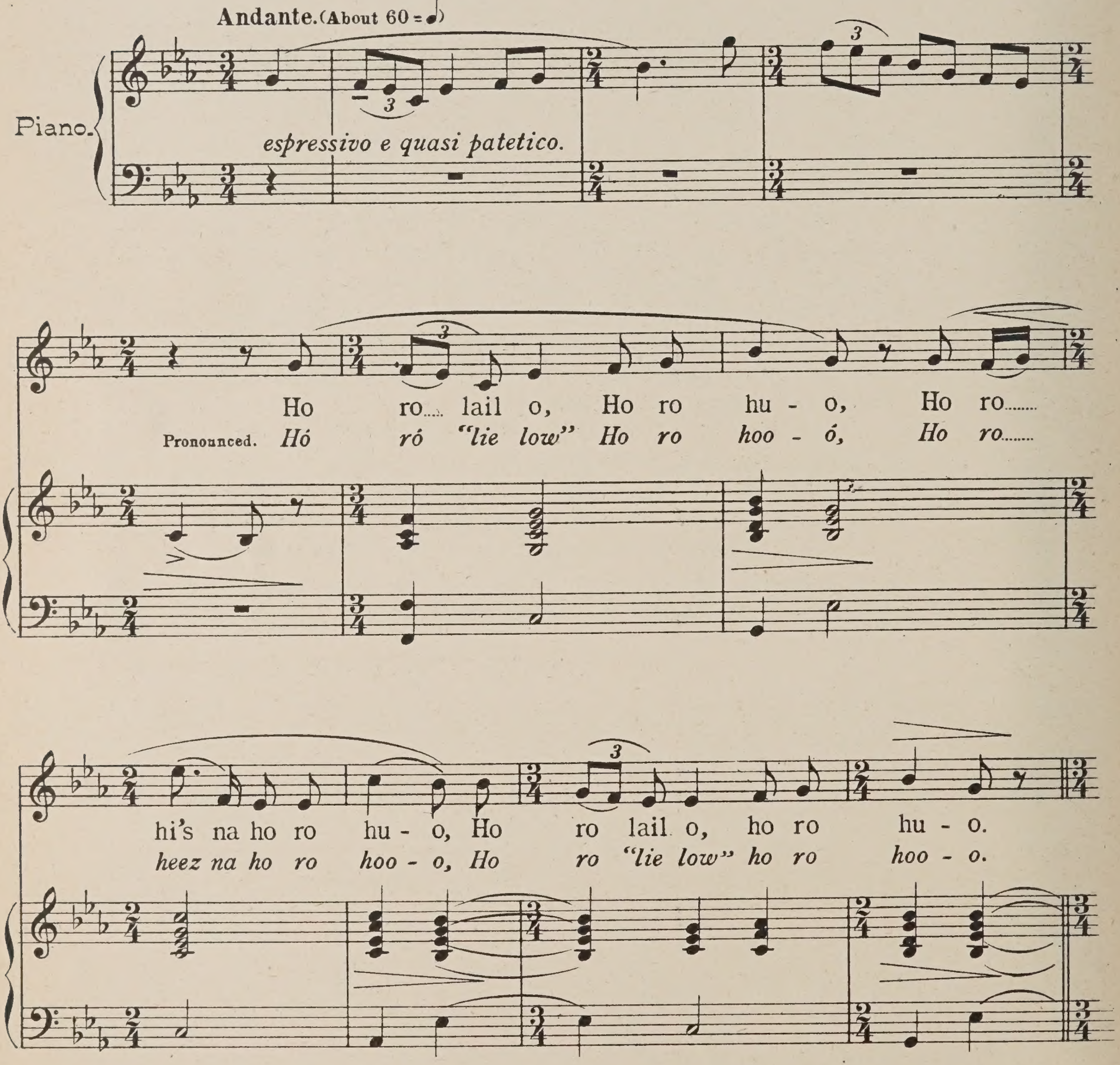
Only the old well remained, and as she stooped down with a nameless fear upon her to pluck some of its water-cress, she saw one like unto a man passing by. With a cry she rushed after the only one of her people who seemed to be left. "Brother, brother, is it leaving me thou art?" And again she cried: "Brother, brother, there are only the two of us now left!" And the other wanderer turned and in His hands and feet were the marks of nails.

KENNETH MACLEOD.

THE RETURN FROM THE FAIRY HILL.

Words from
KENNETH MACLEOD.

Tune from
FRANCES TOLMIE, Skye.
Arranged by
M. KENNEDY-FRASER.


Andante. (About 60 = ♩)
Piano.
espressivo e quasi patetico.
3
Ho ro..... lail o, Ho ro hu - o, Ho ro........
Pronounced. Hó ró "lie low" Ho ro hoo - ó, Ho ro........
hi's na ho ro hu - o, Ho ro lail o, ho ro hu - o.
heez na ho ro hoo - o, Ho ro "lie low" ho ro hoo - o.

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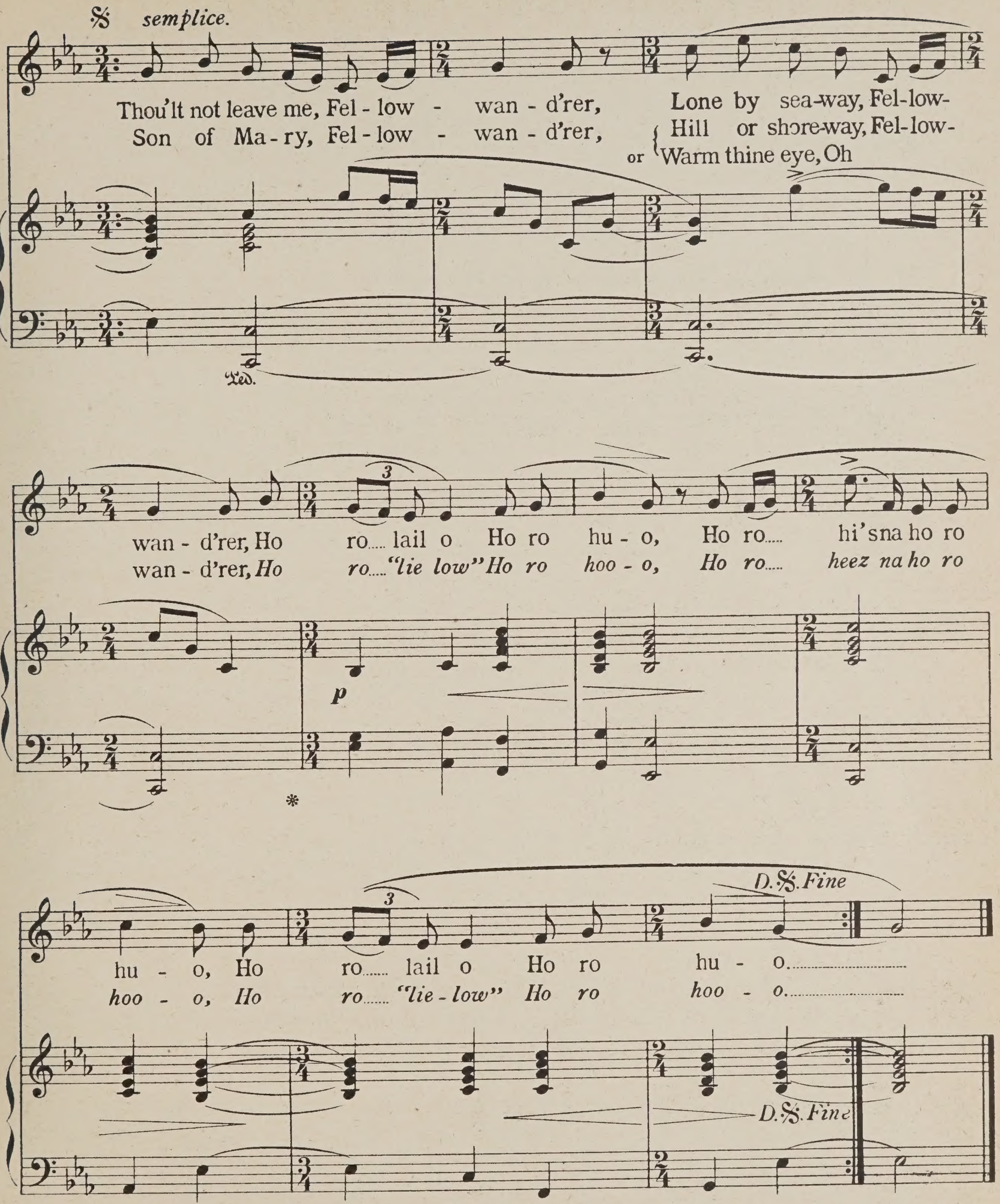
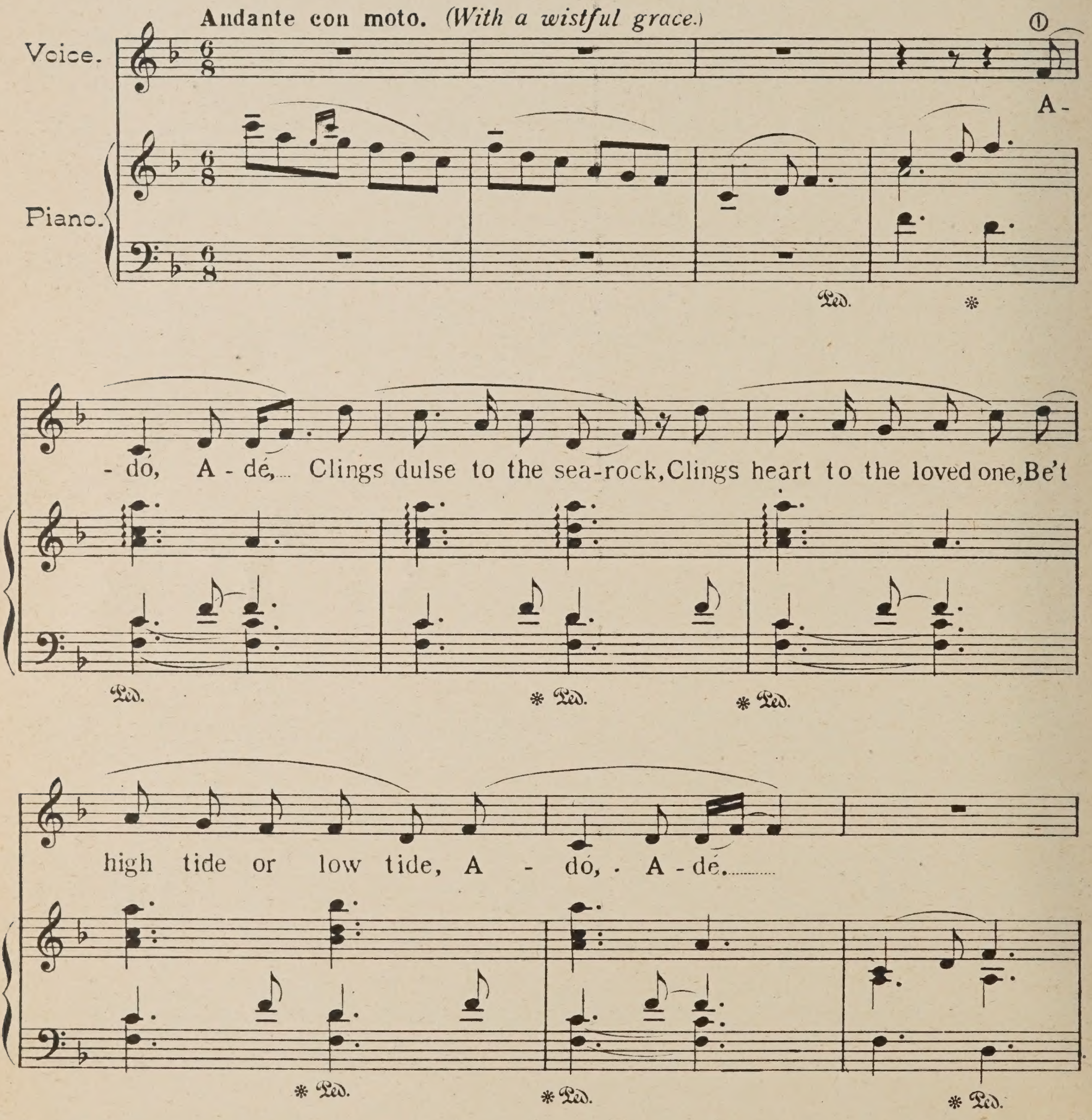

𝄋 semplice.
Thou'lt not leave me, Fel - low - wan - d'rer, Lone by sea-way, Fel-low-
Son of Ma - ry, Fel - low - wan - d'rer, Hill or shore-way, Fel-low-
or Warm thine eye, Oh
Ped.
wan - d'rer, Ho ro..... lail o Ho ro hu - o, Ho ro..... hi'sna ho ro
wan - d'rer, Ho ro....."lie low" Ho ro hoo - o, Ho ro..... heez na ho ro
p
*
hu - o, Ho ro...... lail o Ho ro hu - o.
hoo - o, Ho ro...... "lie - low" Ho ro hoo - o.
D.𝄋.Fine
D.𝄋.Fine

PULLING THE SEA-DULSE.

Words by
KENNETH MACLEOD.

Devised for Voice and Piano (or Harp) by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER,
from a fragment of melody in
Patrick Macdonald's collection.


Andante con moto. (With a wistful grace.)
Voice.
Piano.
①
A-do, A-dé,.... Clings dulse to the sea-rock, Clings heart to the loved one, Be't
high tide or low tide, A - dó, - A-dé.........
Ped.
*

---

① Italian vowel sounds, i. e. English *adoh, aday.*

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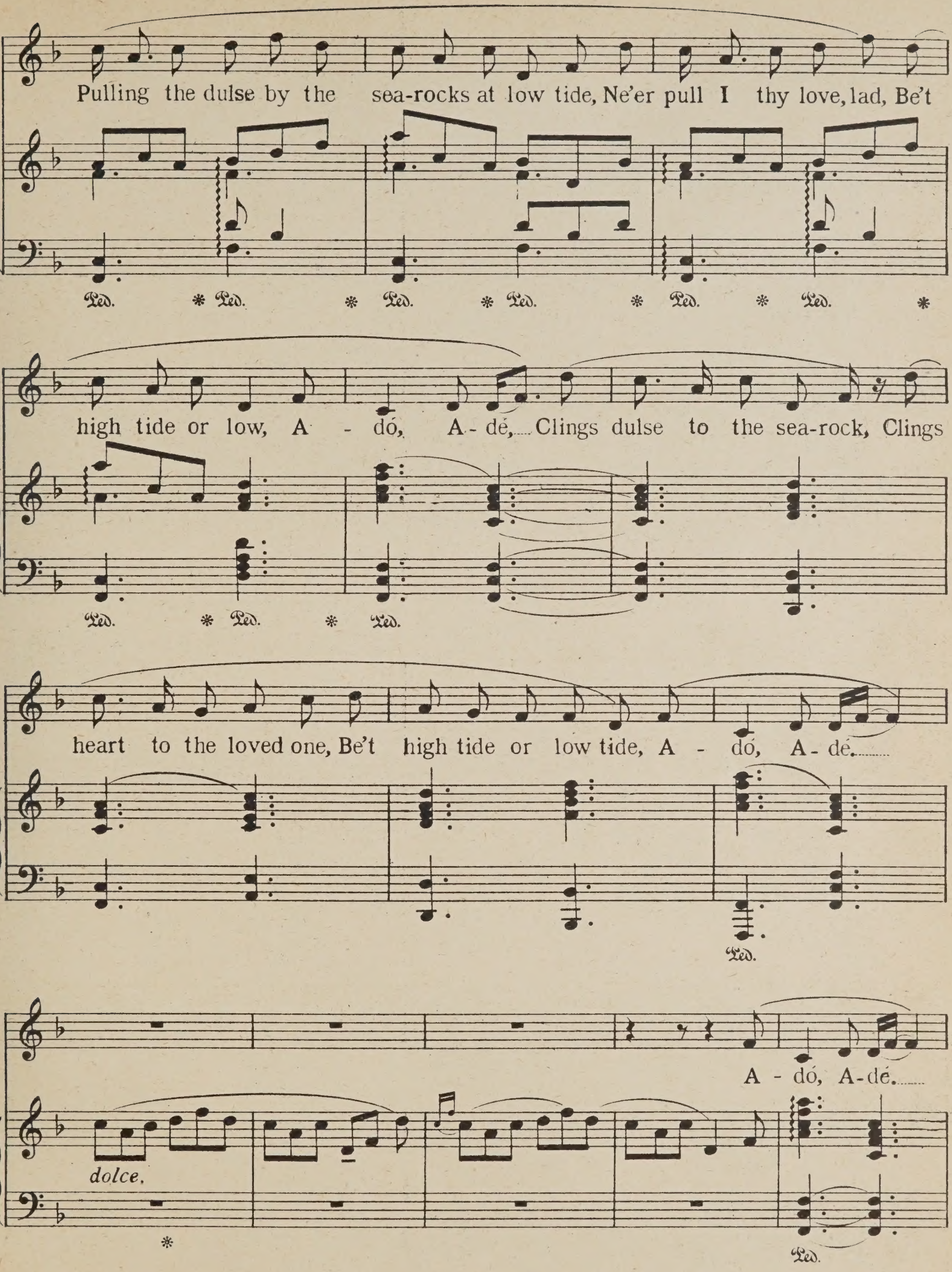
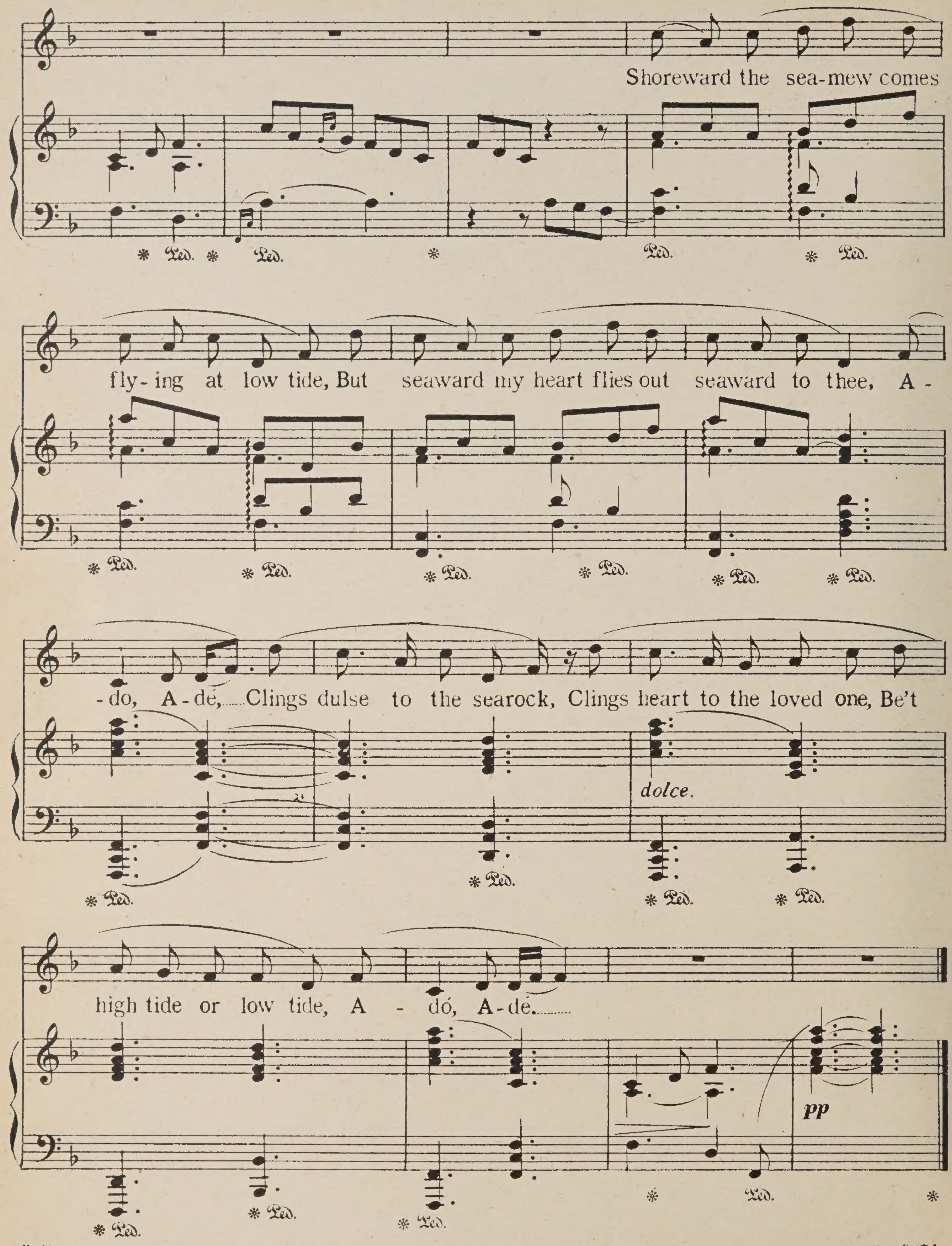
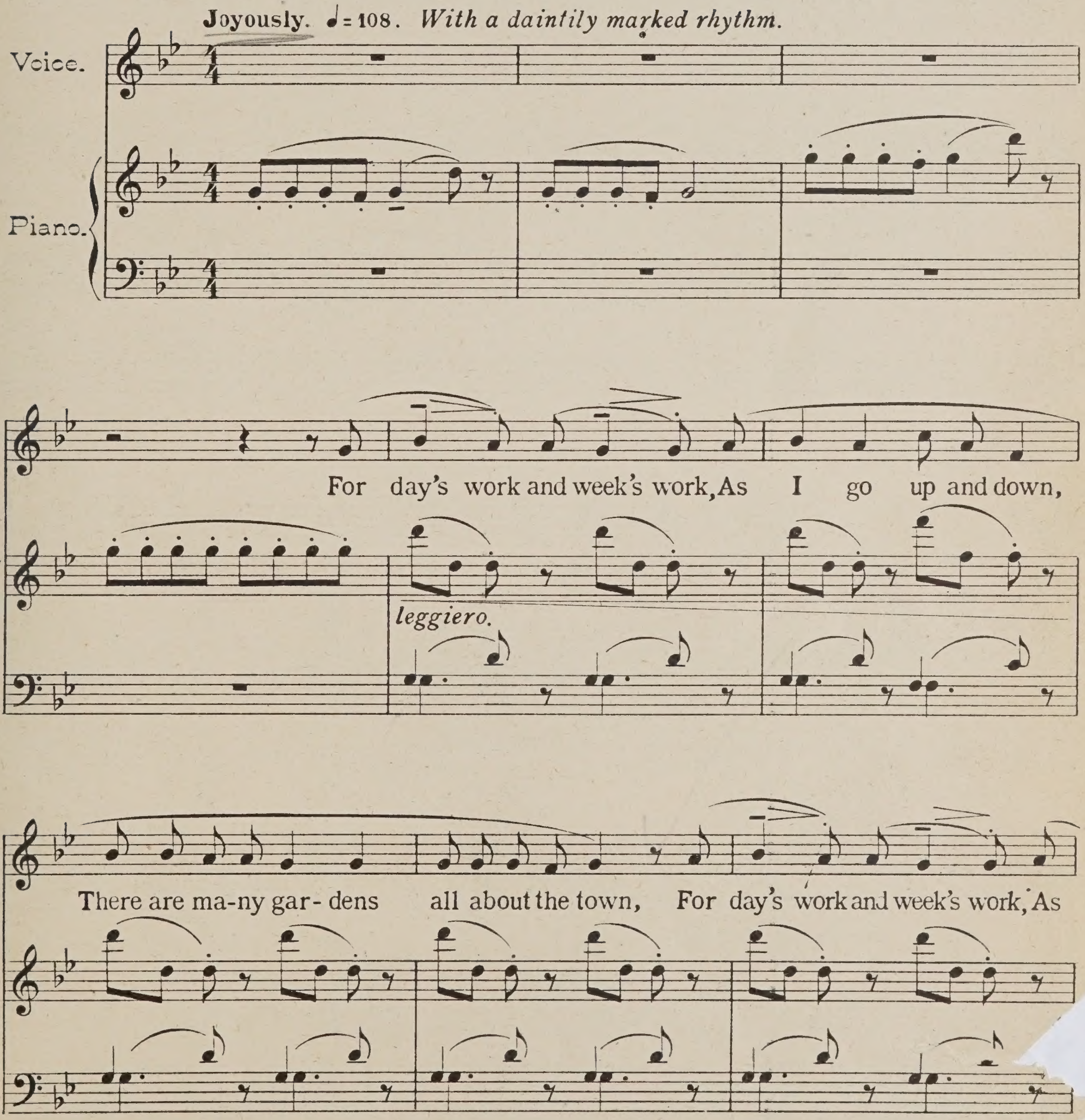

Pulling the dulse by the sea-rocks at low tide, Ne'er pull I thy love, lad, Be't
high tide or low, A - dó, A-dé,.... Clings dulse to the sea-rock, Clings
heart to the loved one, Be't high tide or low tide, A - dó, A-dé.........
A - dó, A-dé.........
dolce.
Ped.
*


Shoreward the sea-mew comes flying at low tide, But seaward my heart flies out seaward to thee, A-do, A-dé,...... Clings dulse to the searock, Clings heart to the loved one, Be't high tide or low tide, A - dó, A-dé..........
dolce.
pp
Ped.
*

TO PEOPLE WHO HAVE GARDENS.

*Words by AGNES MURE MACKENZIE of Stornoway.
Air from MARION MACLEOD of Eigg.

Arr. for Voice and Piano by
MARJORY KENNEDY–FRASER.


Joyously. ♩=108. With a daintily marked rhythm.
Voice.
Piano.
For day's work and week's work, As I go up and down,
leggiero.
There are ma-ny gar-dens all about the town, For day's work and week's work, As

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*By permission of the Graphic.

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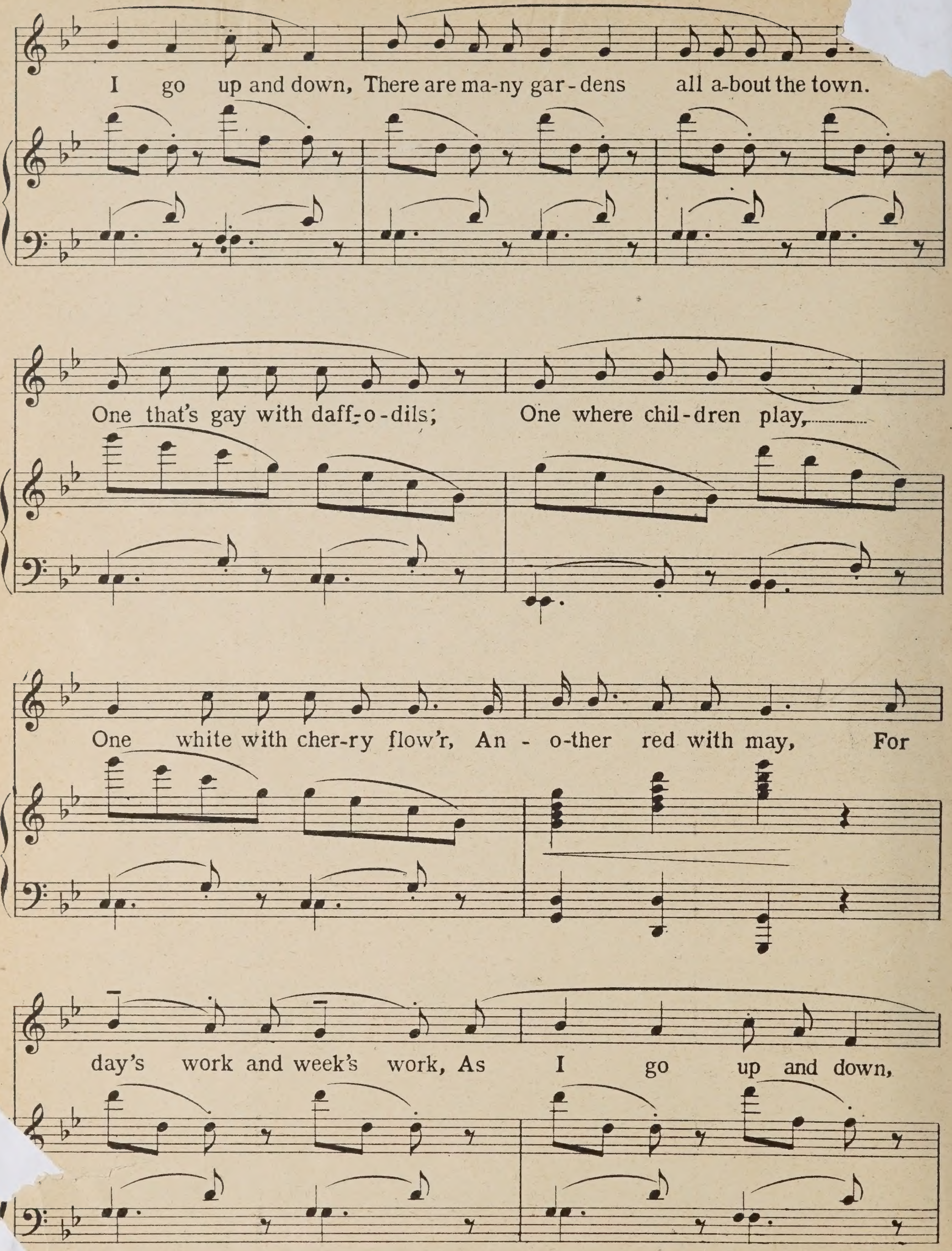
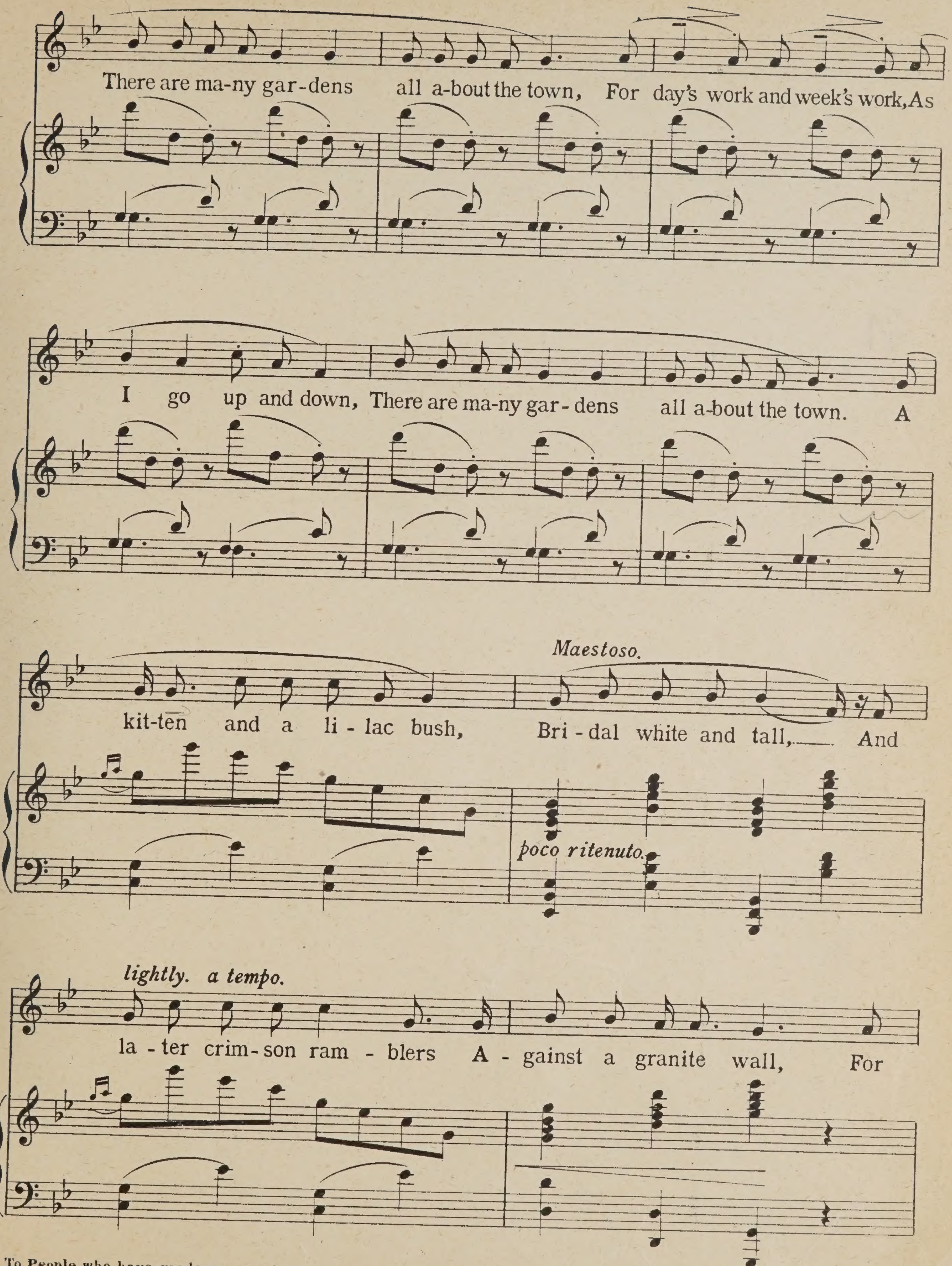
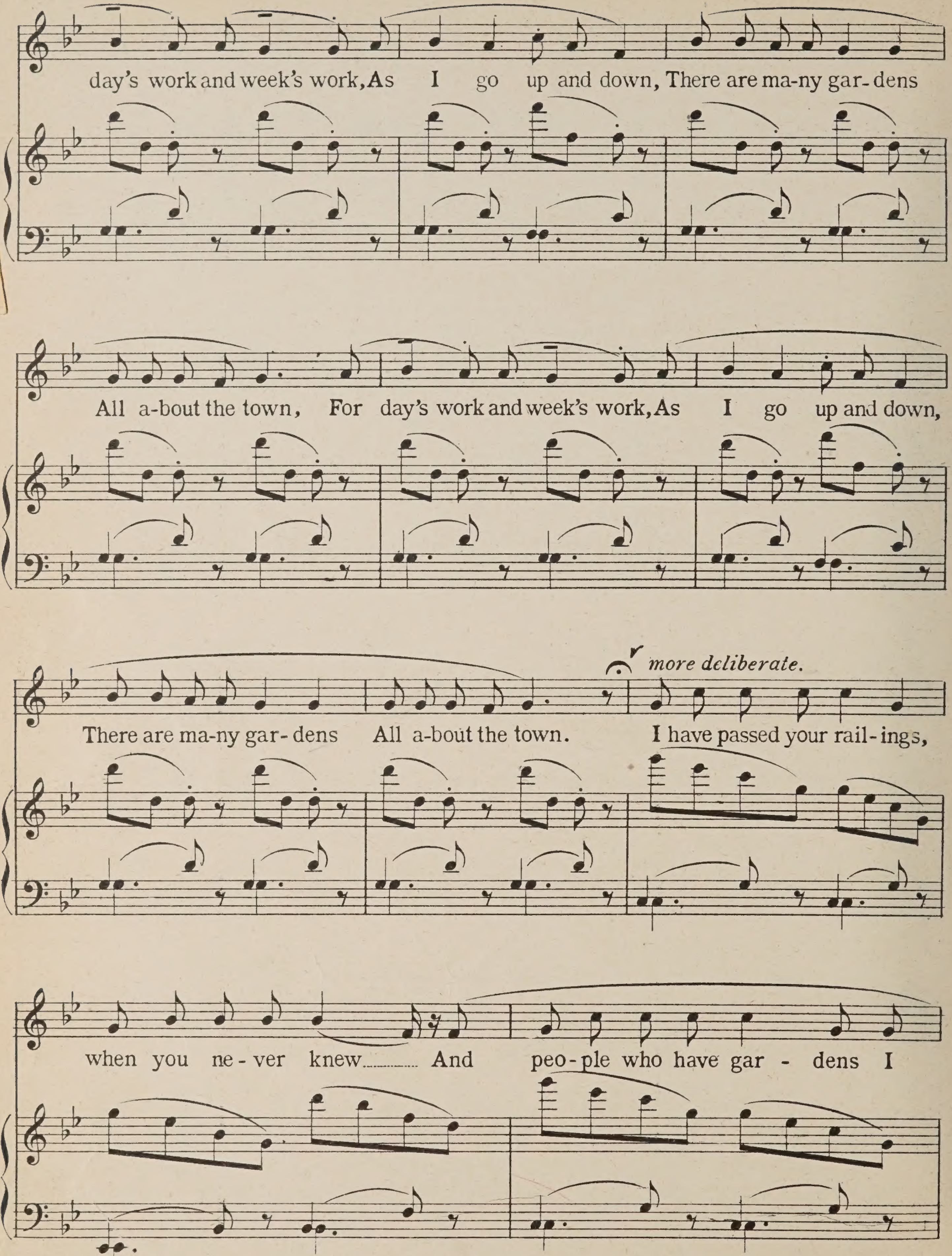
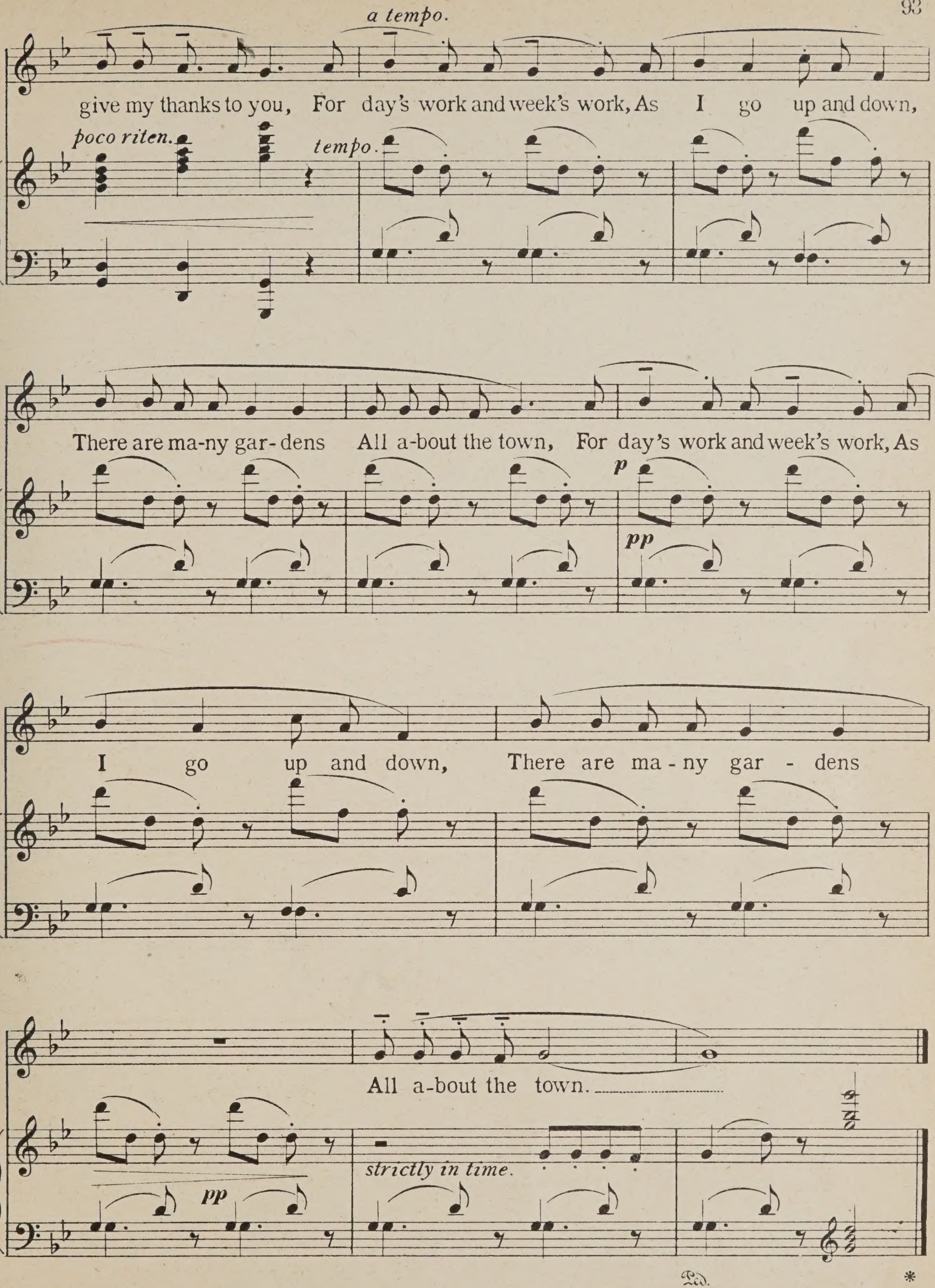

I go up and down, There are ma-ny gar-dens all a-bout the town.
One that's gay with daff-o-dils; One where chil-dren play,
One white with cher-ry flow'r, An-o-ther red with may, For
day's work and week's work, As I go up and down,


There are ma-ny gar-dens all a-bout the town, For day's work and week's work, As
I go up and down, There are ma-ny gar-dens all a-bout the town. A
kit-ten and a li-lac bush, Bri-dal white and tall, And
Maestoso.
poco ritenuto.
lightly. a tempo.
la-ter crim-son ram-blers A-gainst a granite wall, For


day's work and week's work, As I go up and down, There are ma-ny gar-dens
All a-bout the town, For day's work and week's work, As I go up and down,
There are ma-ny gar-dens All a-bout the town.
more deliberate.
I have passed your rail-ings,
when you ne-ver knew........ And peo-ple who have gar - dens I


a tempo.
give my thanks to you, For day's work and week's work, As I go up and down,
poco riten.
tempo.
There are ma-ny gar-dens All a-bout the town, For day's work and week's work, As
p
pp
I go up and down, There are ma-ny gar - dens
All a-bout the town.
strictly in time.
pp
Ped.
*

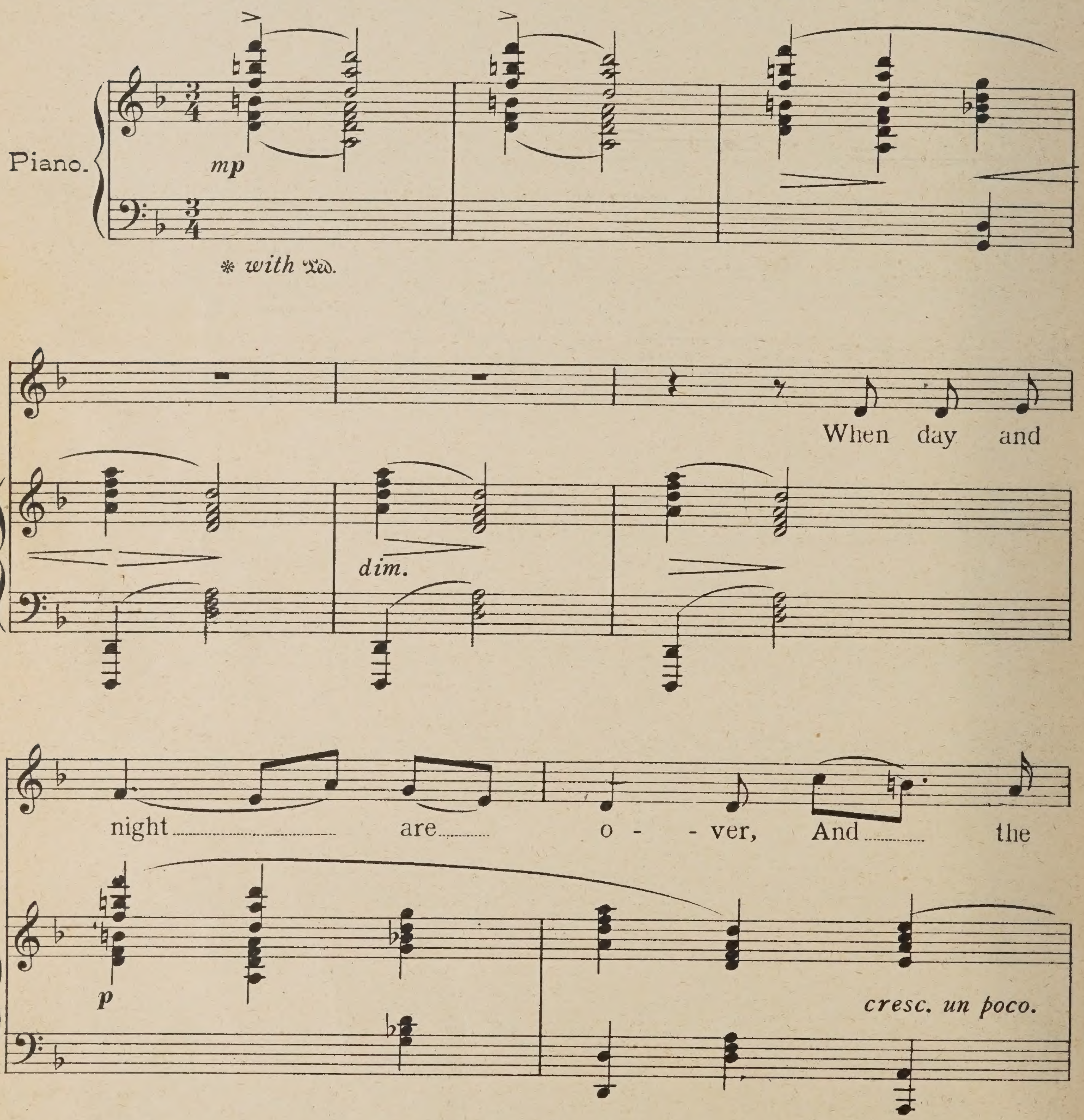
Aignish on the① Machair.

(GOING WEST.)

Words by
AGNES MURE MACKENZIE,
Stornoway, Lewis.

Arr. for voice and piano to an old
Highland air first noted by HENRY WHYTE,
but long known in the north and west.

♩= 60. The grey gulls wheeling ever and the wide arch of sky.



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*Connect all the chords with a syncopated pedal, changing with each change of harmony.

① "ach" in this word pronounce like german "ach."

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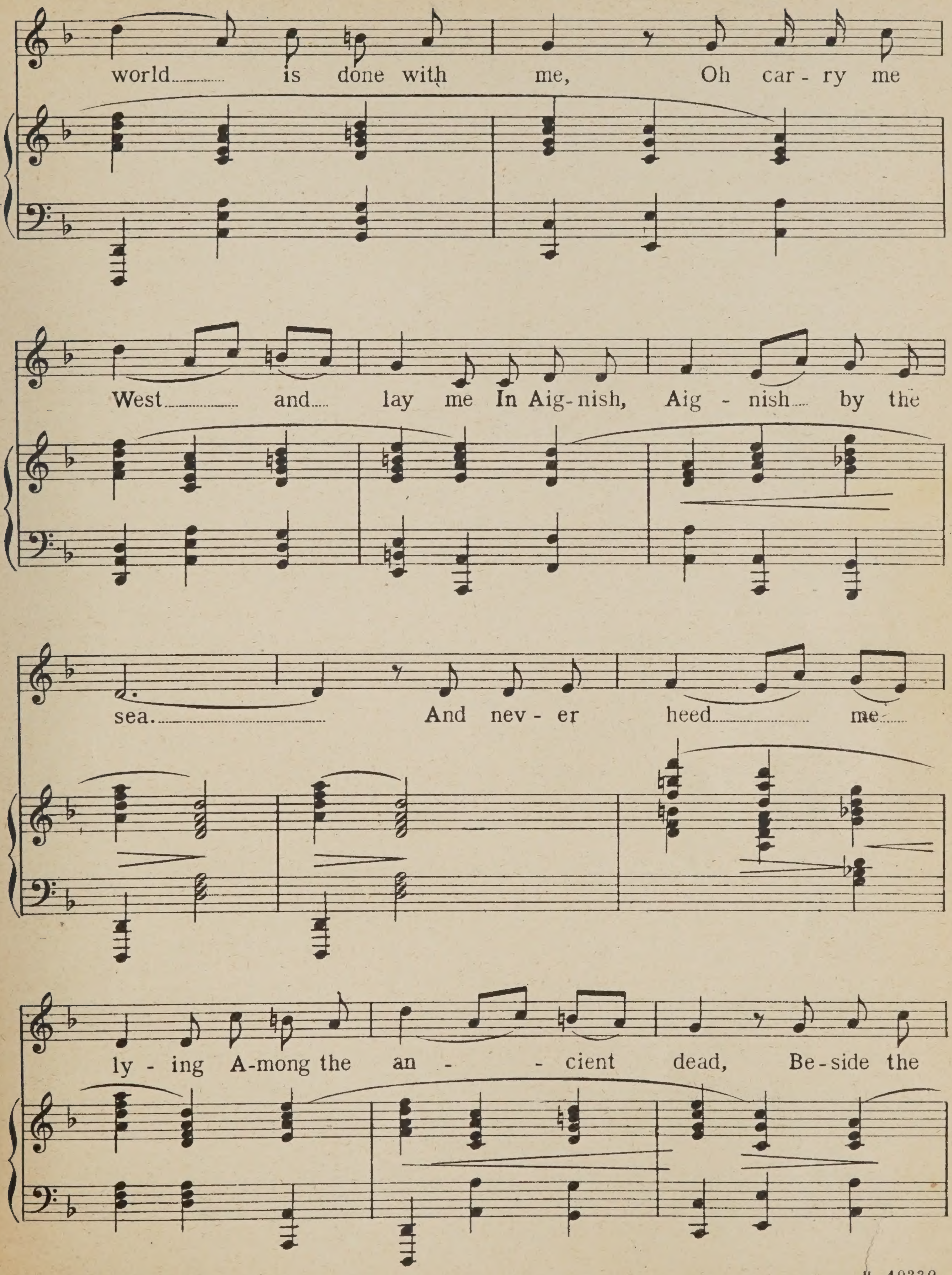
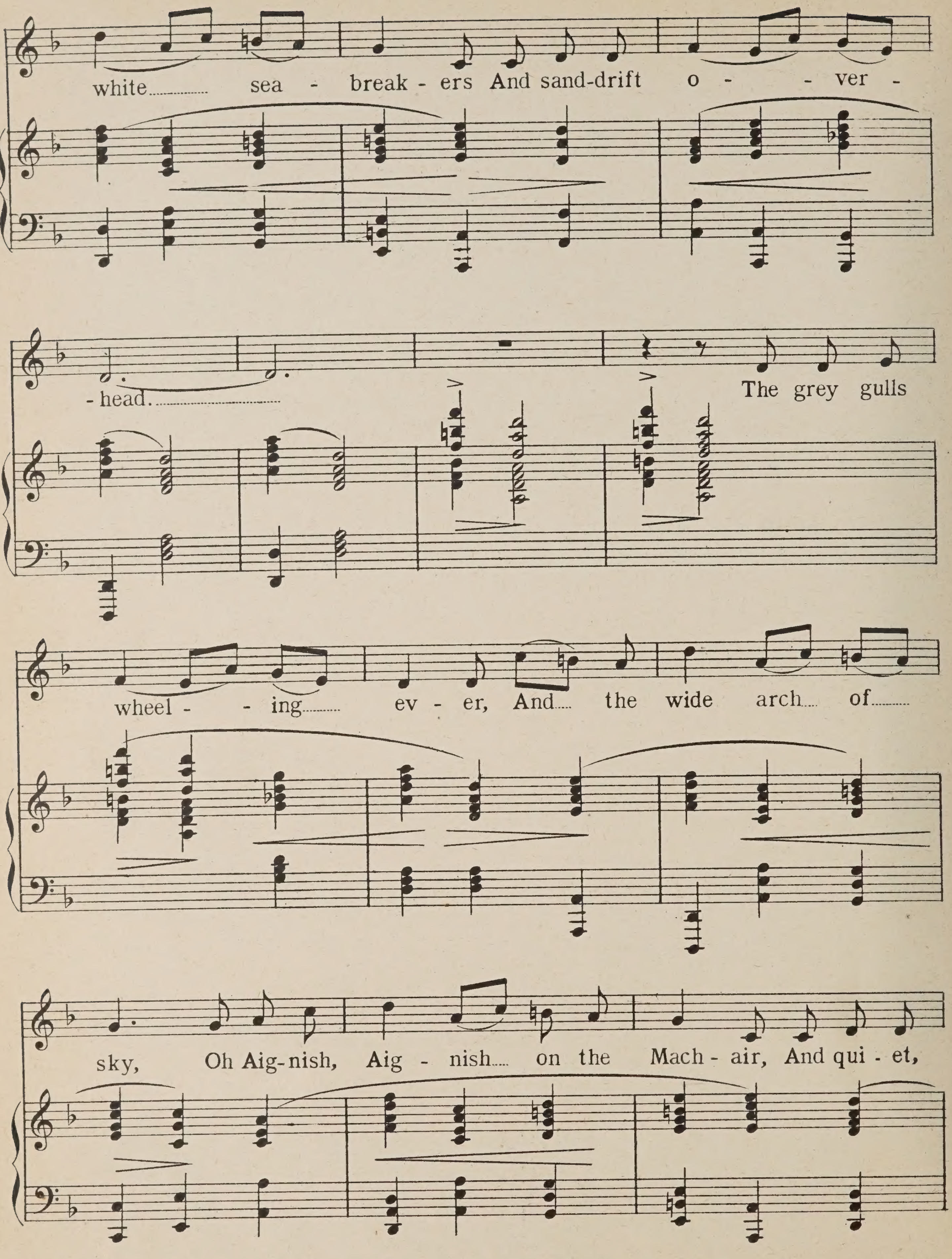
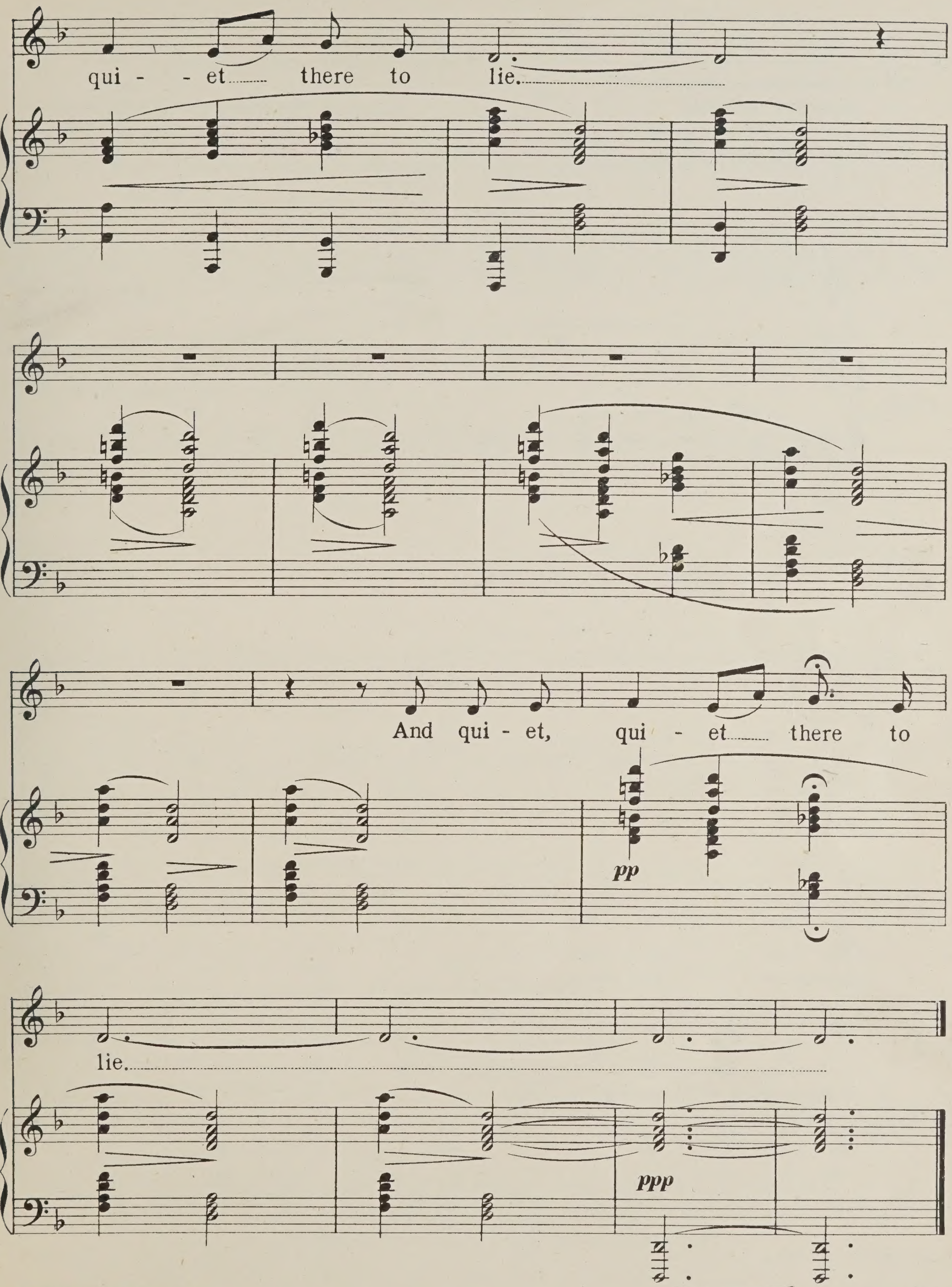

world...... is done with me, Oh car - ry me
West...... and.... lay me In Aig-nish, Aig - nish.... by the
sea...... And nev - er heed...... me.....
ly - ing A-mong the an - - cient dead, Be-side the

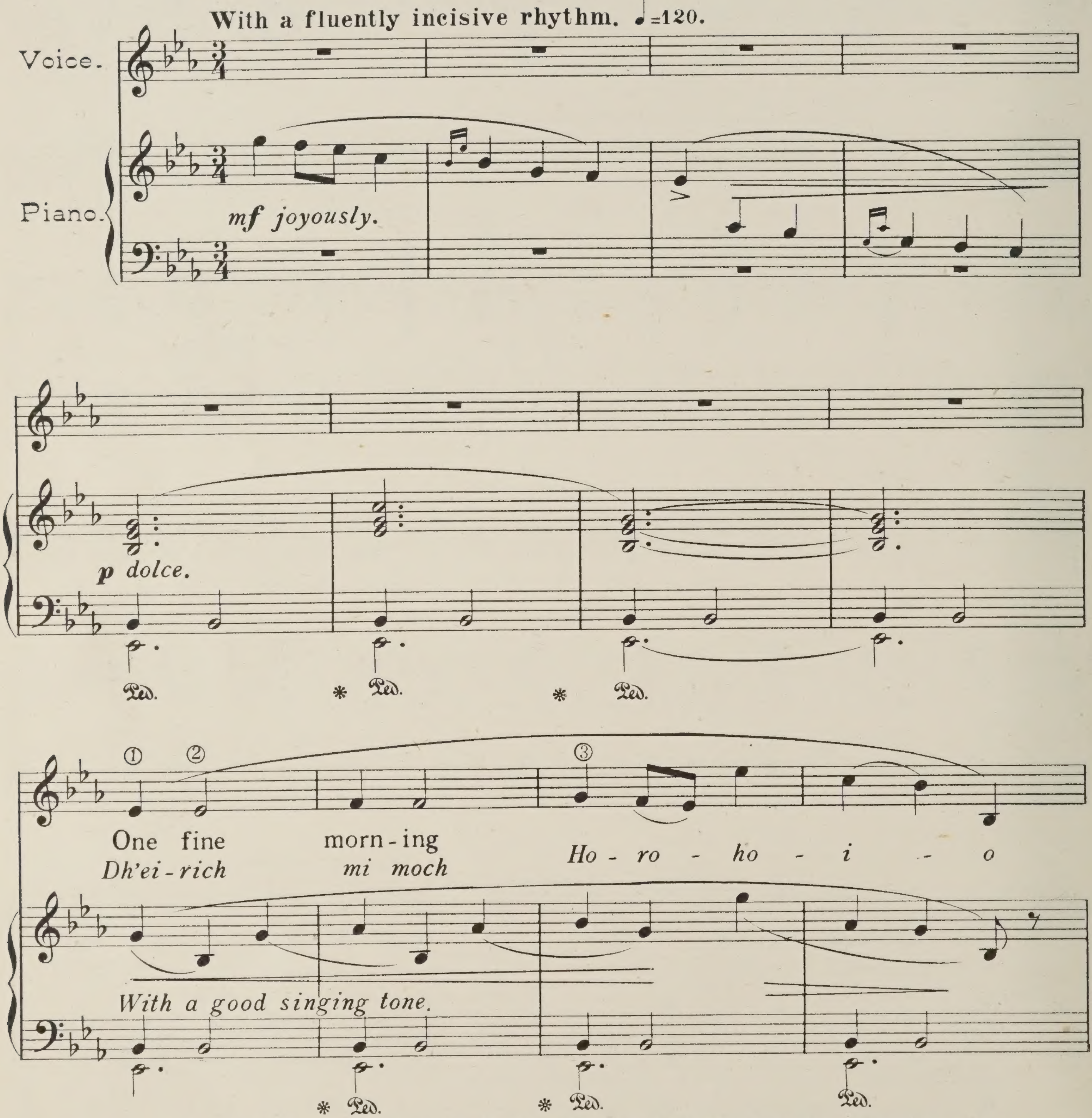

white sea - break - ers And sand-drift o - - ver -
- head.
The grey gulls
wheel - - ing ev - er, And the wide arch of
sky, Oh Aig-nish, Aig - nish on the Mach - air, And qui - et,


quiet there to lie.
And quiet, quiet there to lie.
pp
ppp

A BARRA LOVE LILT.

Two airs alternate, one noted by
FRANCES TOLMIE,
the other (as also the Gaelic words) by
M. KENNEDY-FRASER, in Barra.

Arranged for Voice and Piano by
M. KENNEDY-FRASER.



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① Francis Tolmie's air. ② The minim here is in the nature of a syncopation, do not delay its entry, and always feel the third beat in the bar.
③ Pronounce the refrain *Hó-ró-hó-ee-ó* very smoothly.

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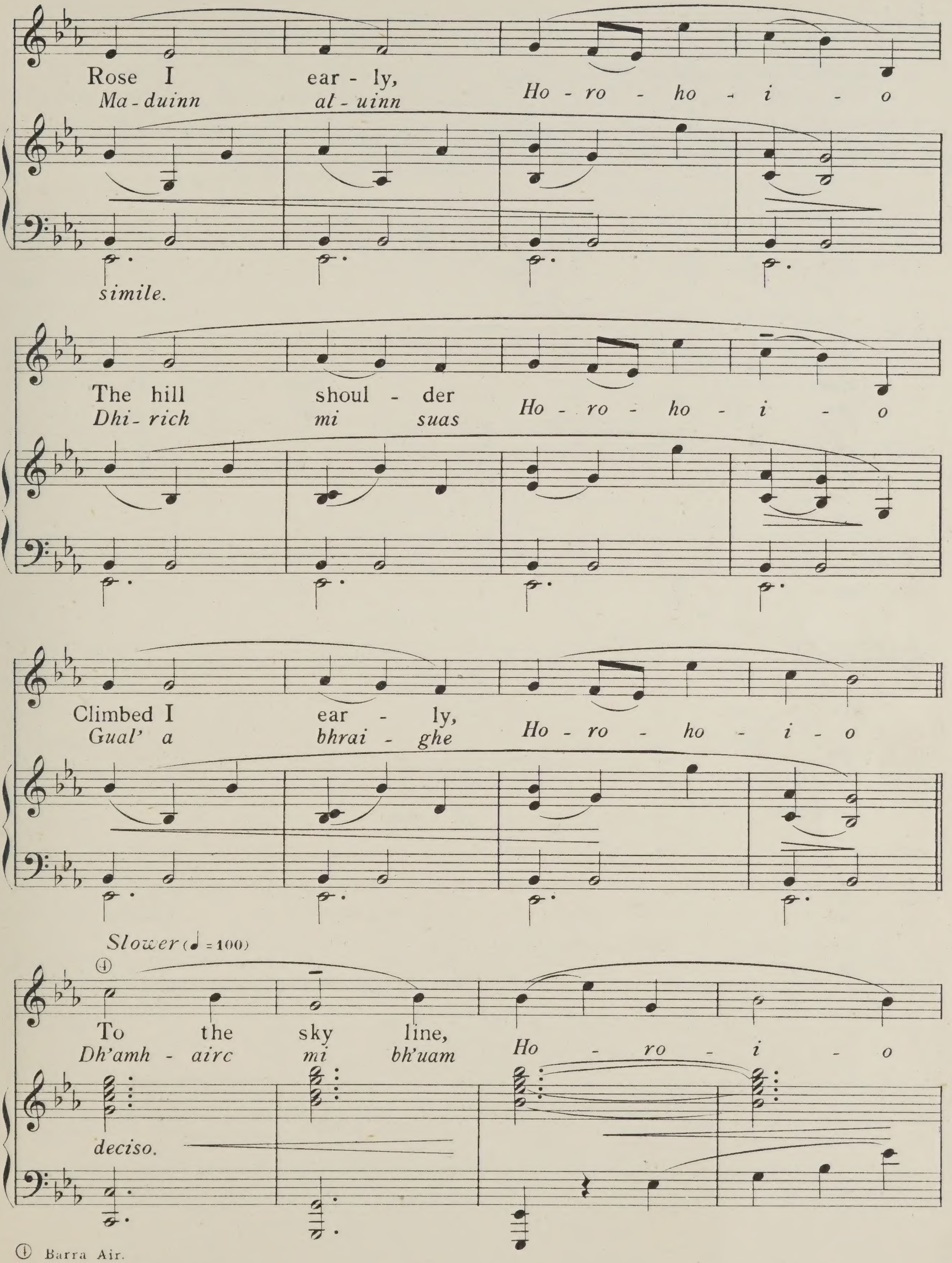
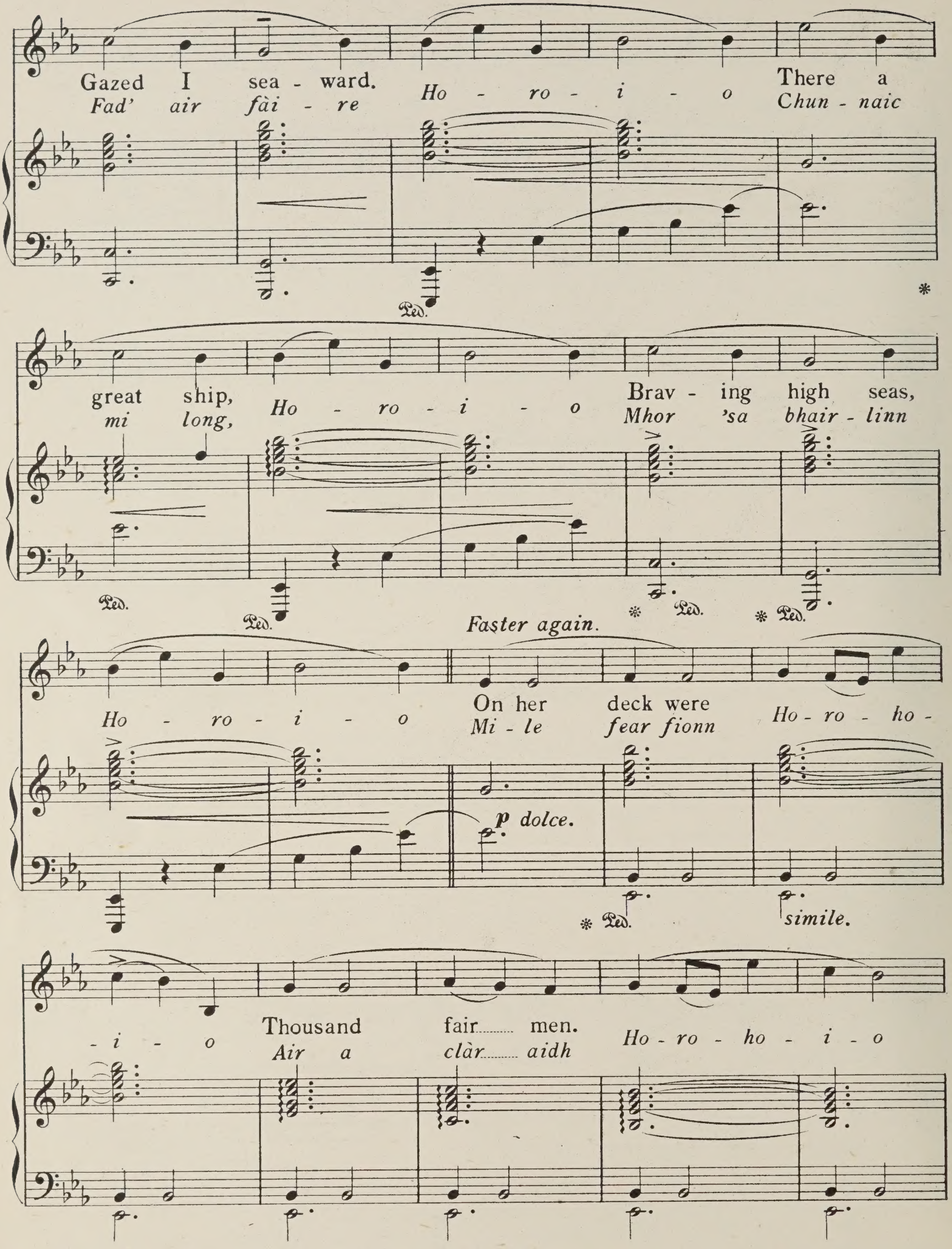
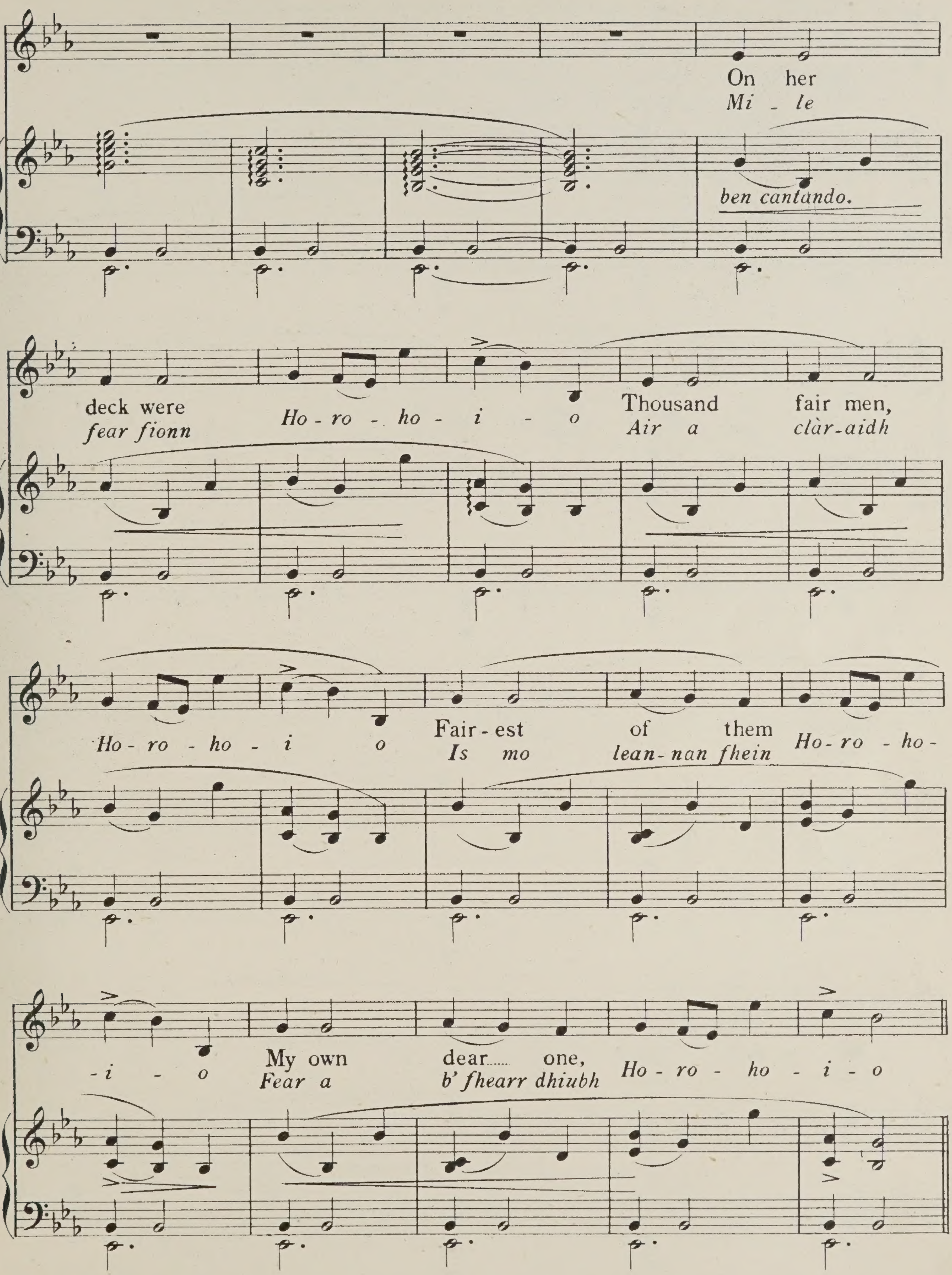
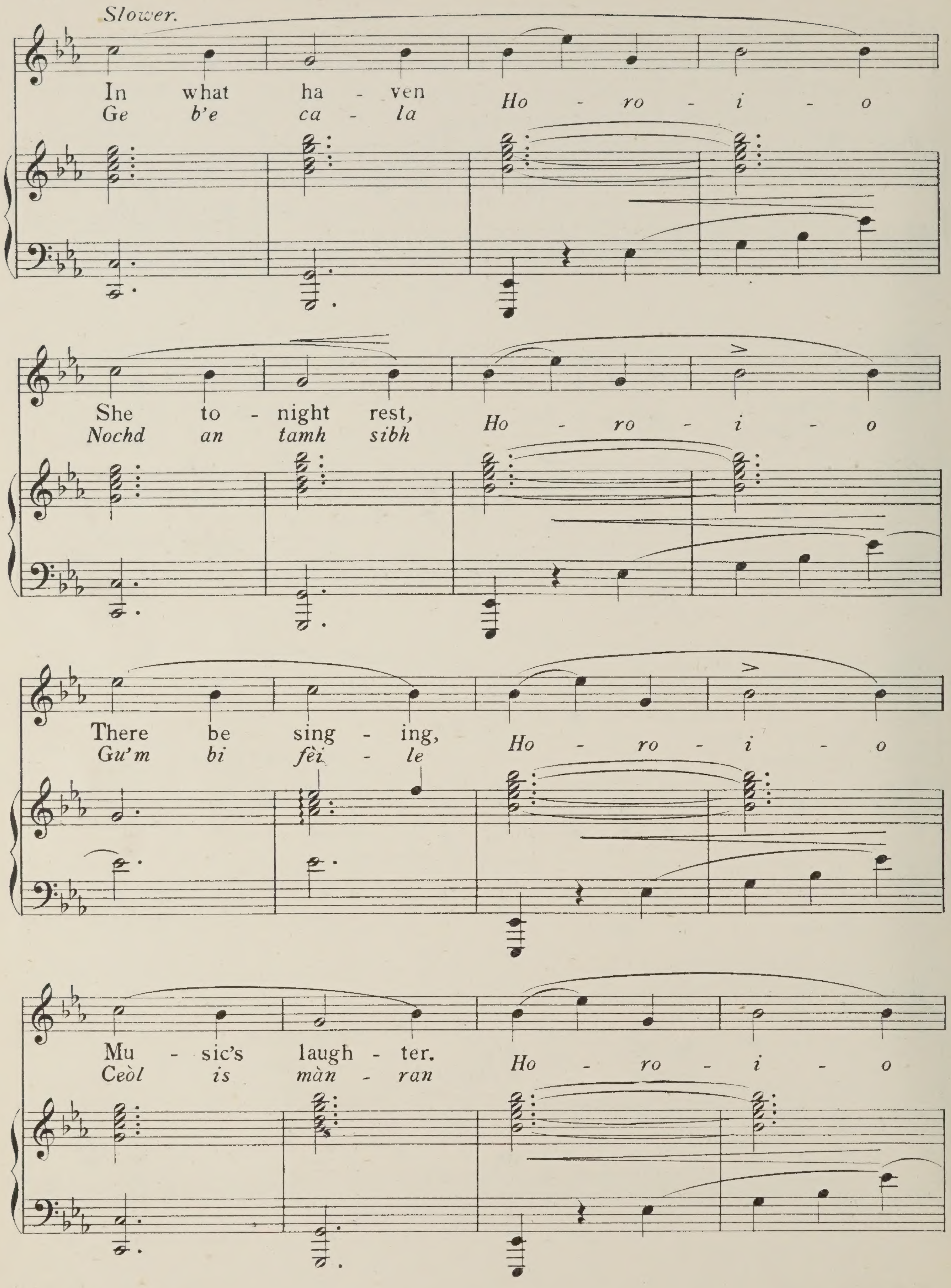
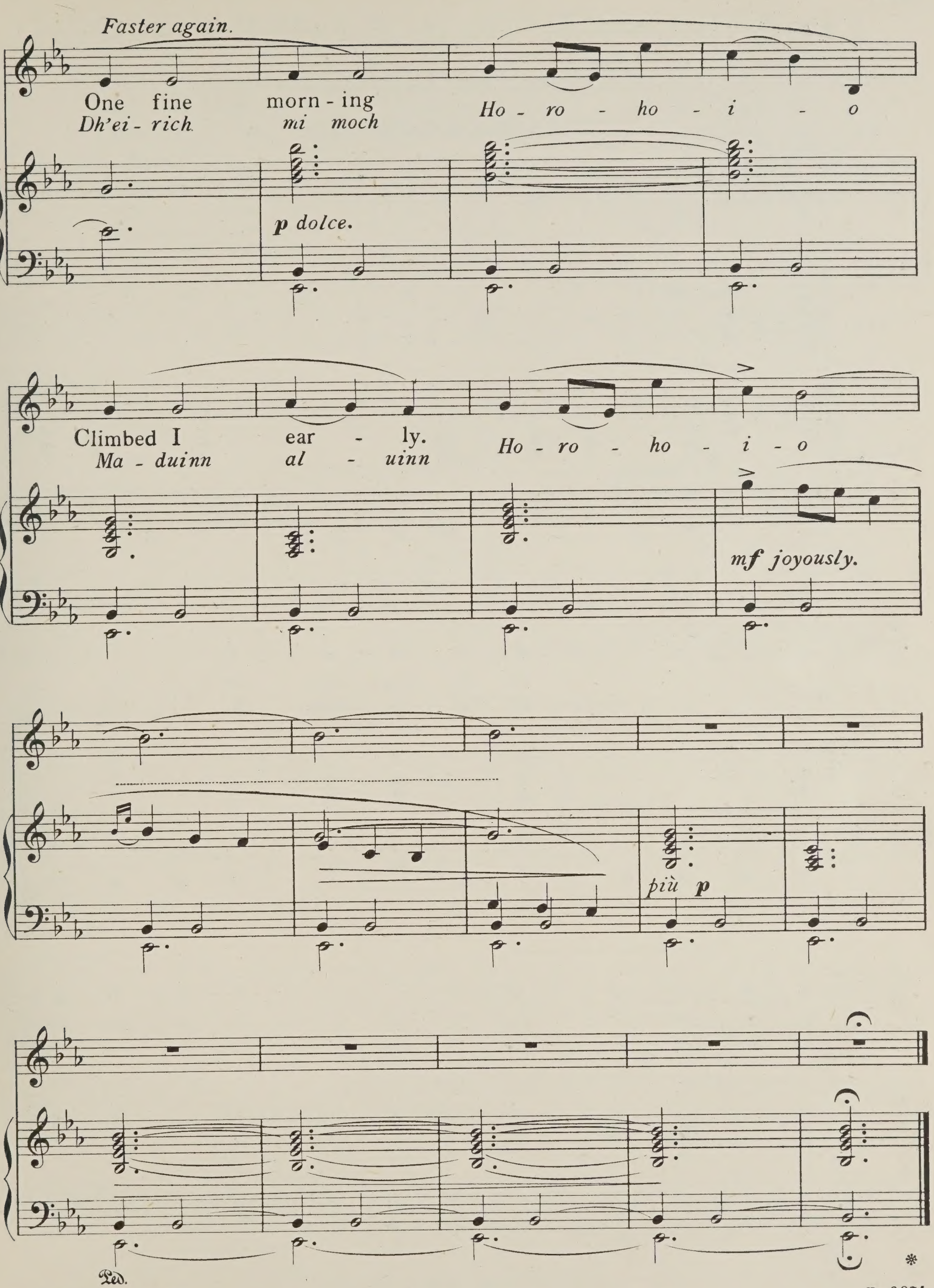

Rose I ear - ly,
Ma-duinn al-uinn Ho - ro - ho - i - o
simile.
The hill shoul - der
Dhi-rich mi suas Ho - ro - ho - i - o
Climbed I ear - ly,
Gual' a bhrai - ghe Ho - ro - ho - i - o
Slower (♩=100)
①
To the sky line,
Dh'amh - airc mi bh'uam Ho - ro - i - o
deciso.

① Barra Air.


Gazed I sea - ward. Ho - ro - i - o There a
Fad' air fài - re Ho - ro - i - o Chun - naic
great ship, Ho - ro - i - o Brav - ing high seas,
mi long, Ho - ro - i - o Mhor 'sa bhair - linn
Faster again.
Ho - ro - i - o On her deck were Ho - ro - ho -
Mi - le fear fionn
- i - o Thousand fair men. Ho - ro - ho - i - o
Air a clàr aidh
p dolce.
simile.


On her
Mi - le
ben cantando.
deck were
fear fionn
Ho - ro - ho - i - o
Thousand fair men,
Air a clàr-aidh
Ho - ro - ho - i o
Fair - est of them
Is mo lean-nan fhein
Ho - ro - ho - i - o
My own dear...... one,
Fear a b' fhearr dhiubh
Ho - ro - ho - i - o


Slower.
In what ha - ven Ho - ro - i - o
Ge b'e ca - la
She to - night rest, Ho - ro - i - o
Nochd an tamh sibh
There be sing - ing, Ho - ro - i - o
Gu'm bi fèi - le
Mu - sic's laugh - ter. Ho - ro - i - o
Ceòl is màn - ran


Faster again.
One fine morn - ing
Dh'ei - rich mi moch
Ho - ro - ho - i - o
p dolce.
Climbed I ear - ly.
Ma - duinn al - uinn
Ho - ro - ho - i - o
mf joyously.
più p
Ped.
*

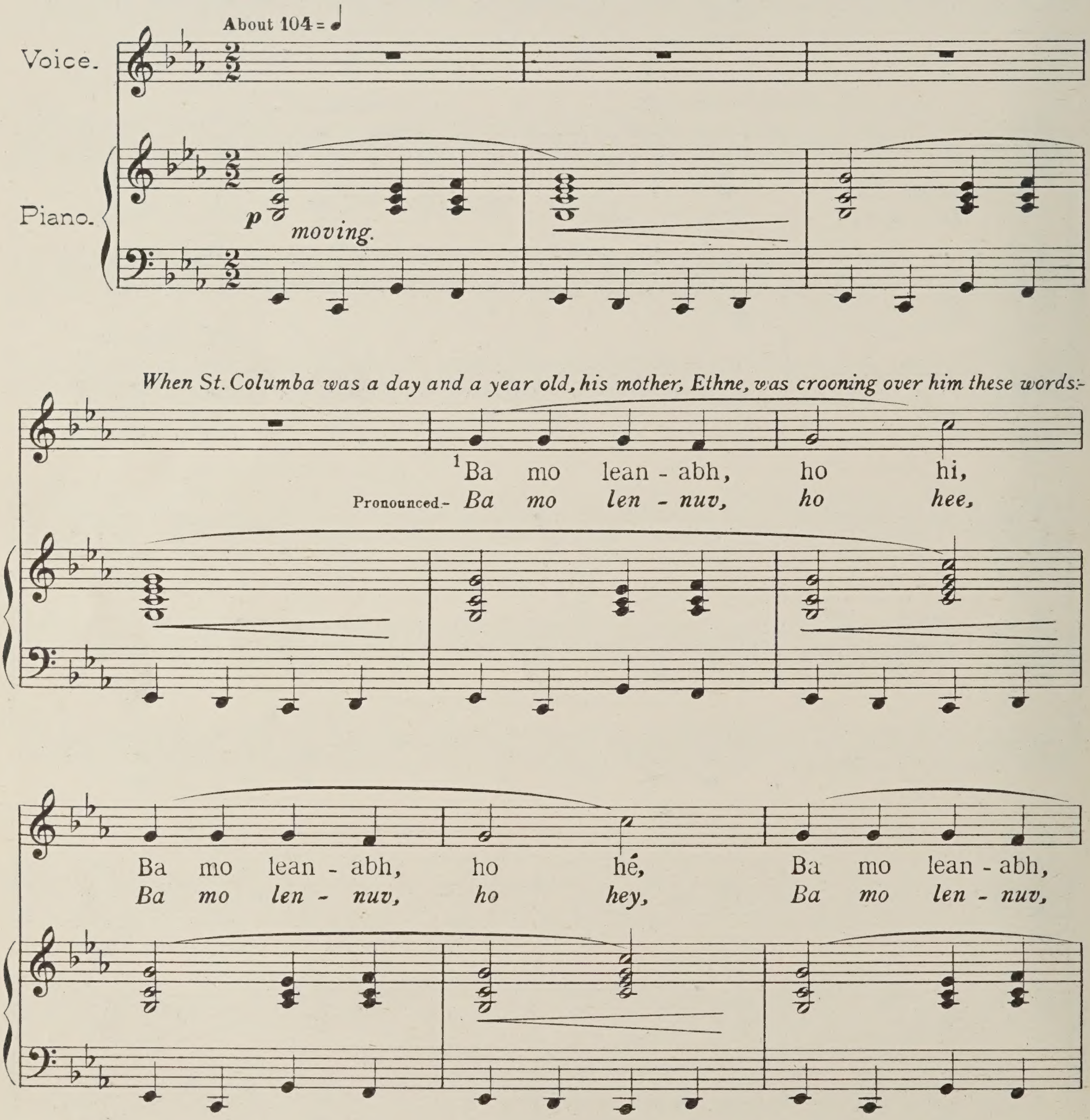
ETHNE'S CROON TO HER CHILD COLUMBA.

An Iona Lullaby.

TALADH CHALUMCHILLE.

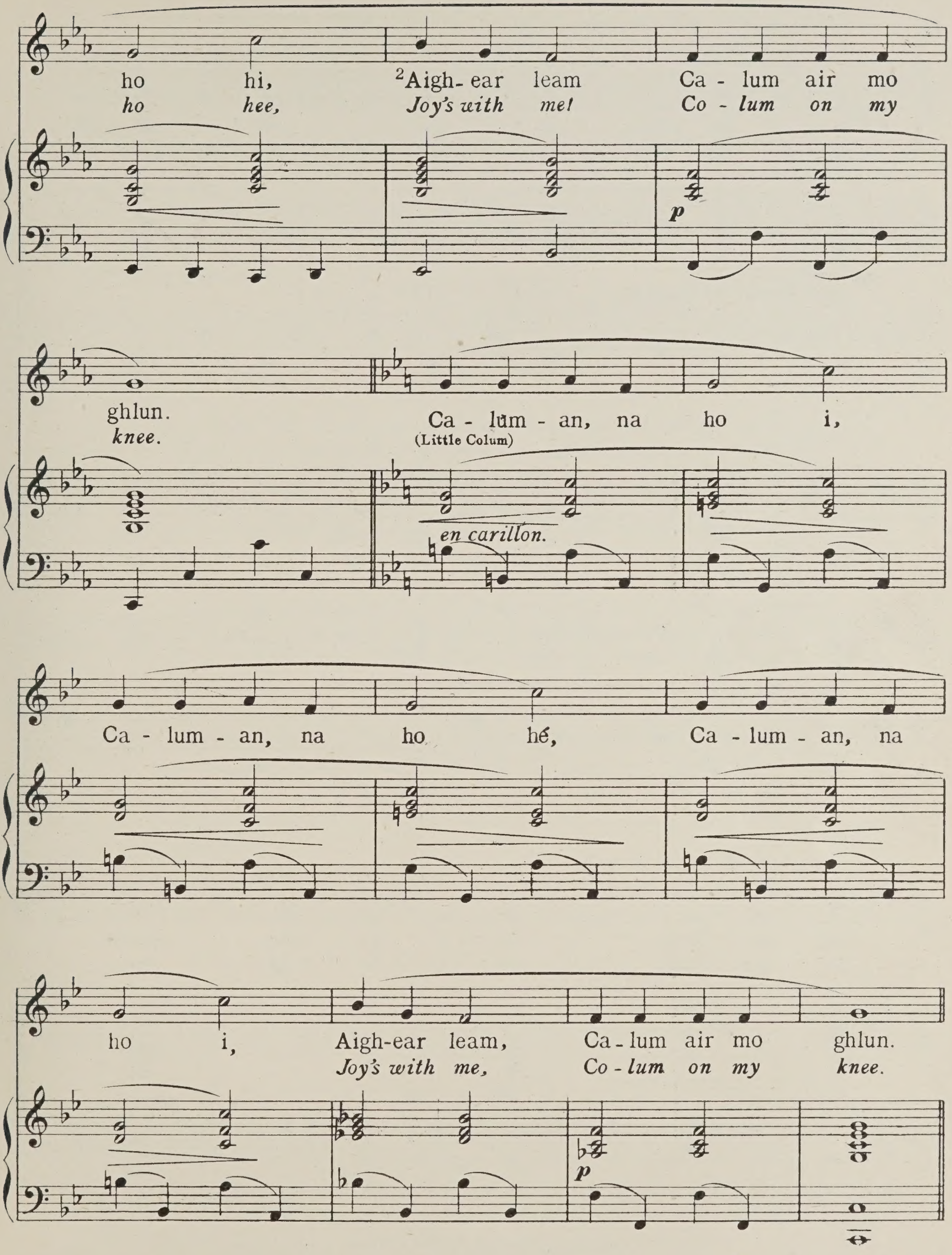
As learnt by
KENNETH MACLEOD,
in his boyhood in Eigg

Noted and Arr. by
M. KENNEDY-FRASER.


When St. Columba was a day and a year old, his mother, Ethne, was crooning over him these words:-
About 104 = ♩
Voice.
Piano.
p
moving.
[1]Ba mo lean - abh, ho hi,
Pronounced- Ba mo len - nuv, ho hee,
Ba mo lean - abh, ho hé, Ba mo lean - abh,
Ba mo len - nuv, ho hey, Ba mo len - nuv,

---

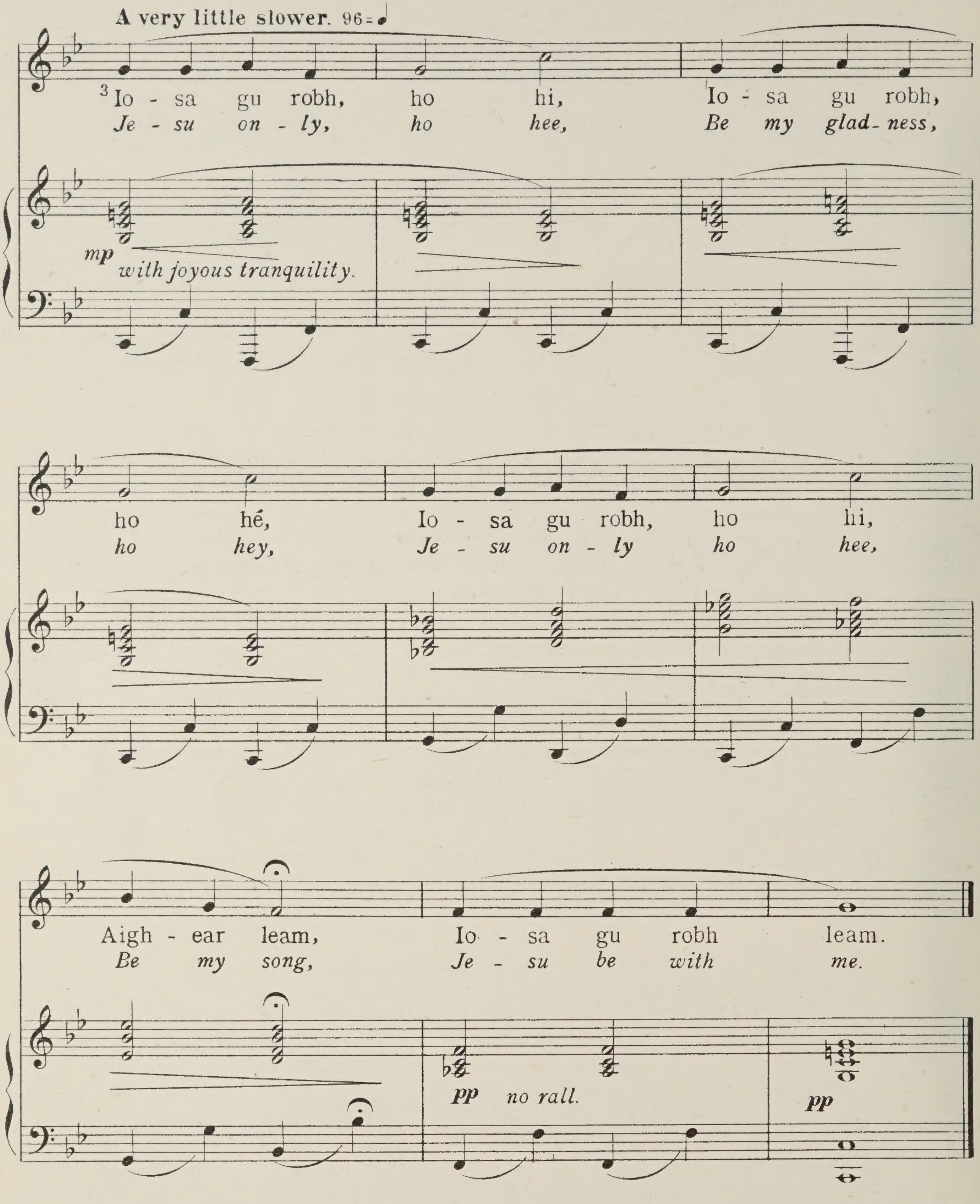
[1] Sleep my child.


ho hi, [2]Aigh-ear leam Ca - lum air mo
ho hee, Joy's with me! Co - lum on my
p
ghlun.
knee.
Ca - lum - an, na ho i,
(Little Colum)
en carillon.
Ca - lum - an, na ho hé, Ca - lum - an, na
ho i, Aigh-ear leam, Ca-lum air mo ghlun.
Joy's with me, Co-lum on my knee.
p

---

[2] Gladness be to me, Colum on my knee.

At this point the little one looked up into her face and added a verse of his own:—


A very little slower. 96=♩
[3] Io - sa gu robh, ho hi, Io - sa gu robh,
Je - su on - ly, ho hee, Be my glad - ness,
mp
with joyous tranquility.
ho hé, Io - sa gu robh, ho hi,
ho hey, Je - su on - ly ho hee,
Aigh - ear leam, Io - sa gu robh leam.
Be my song, Je - su be with me.
pp
no rall.
pp

---

[3] Jesu be gladness to me, Jesu be with me.

The Nut-gatherers.

Long long ago, in Isla, two sisters were wont to go nut-gathering in the hazel woods, the elder having always the luck of the nuts, the younger having never even her own share. "Tell me sister, whence thy luck?" asked the younger. "Tell thee I will," was the answer, "If thou wilt swear that sooner from thy knee than from thy mouth will the secret slip out." And she told how a *leannan sith,* her own fairy lover, Gilbhan, from the fairy camp, a lone rock far out on the white sands, had given her the luck. And the sister, forgetful of her oath, betrayed the secret to their father and their three brothers. And the three, mounted on their three sleek-slender brown horses, with their three white-ridged faces, set out for the fairy strand. And on the third night, at the cold mouth of dawn, they rode home, having done what they set out to do. By the side of her dead lover, "to the fairy hill I go." sings the maiden, "never to return at the sowing of the seed or the reaping of the corn, till the very seals shall come on shore, to sow their barley in our black peat moss!"

M. KENNEDY-FRASER.

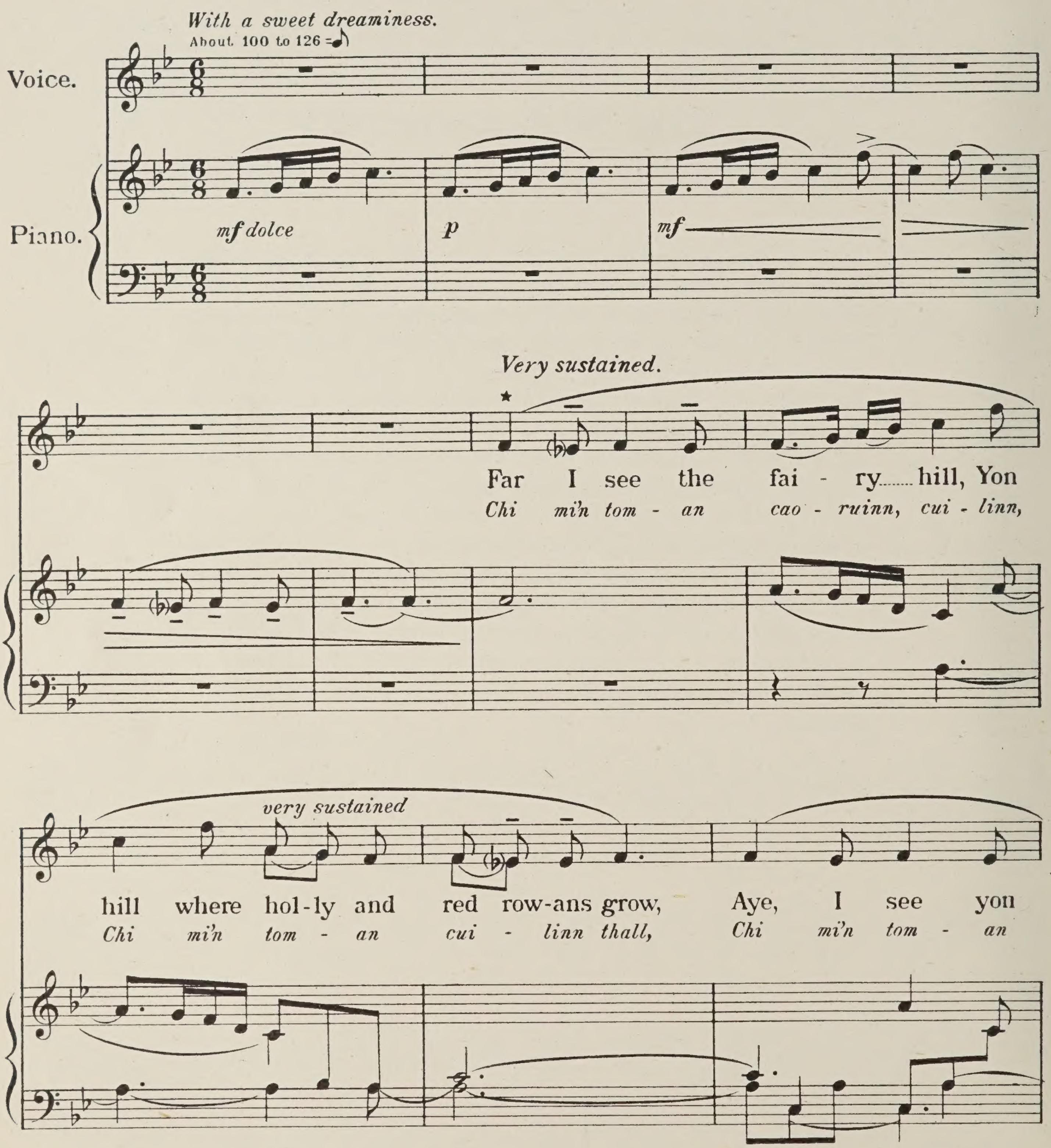
H. 10220.

The Lure of the Fairy Hill.

Gilbhinn.

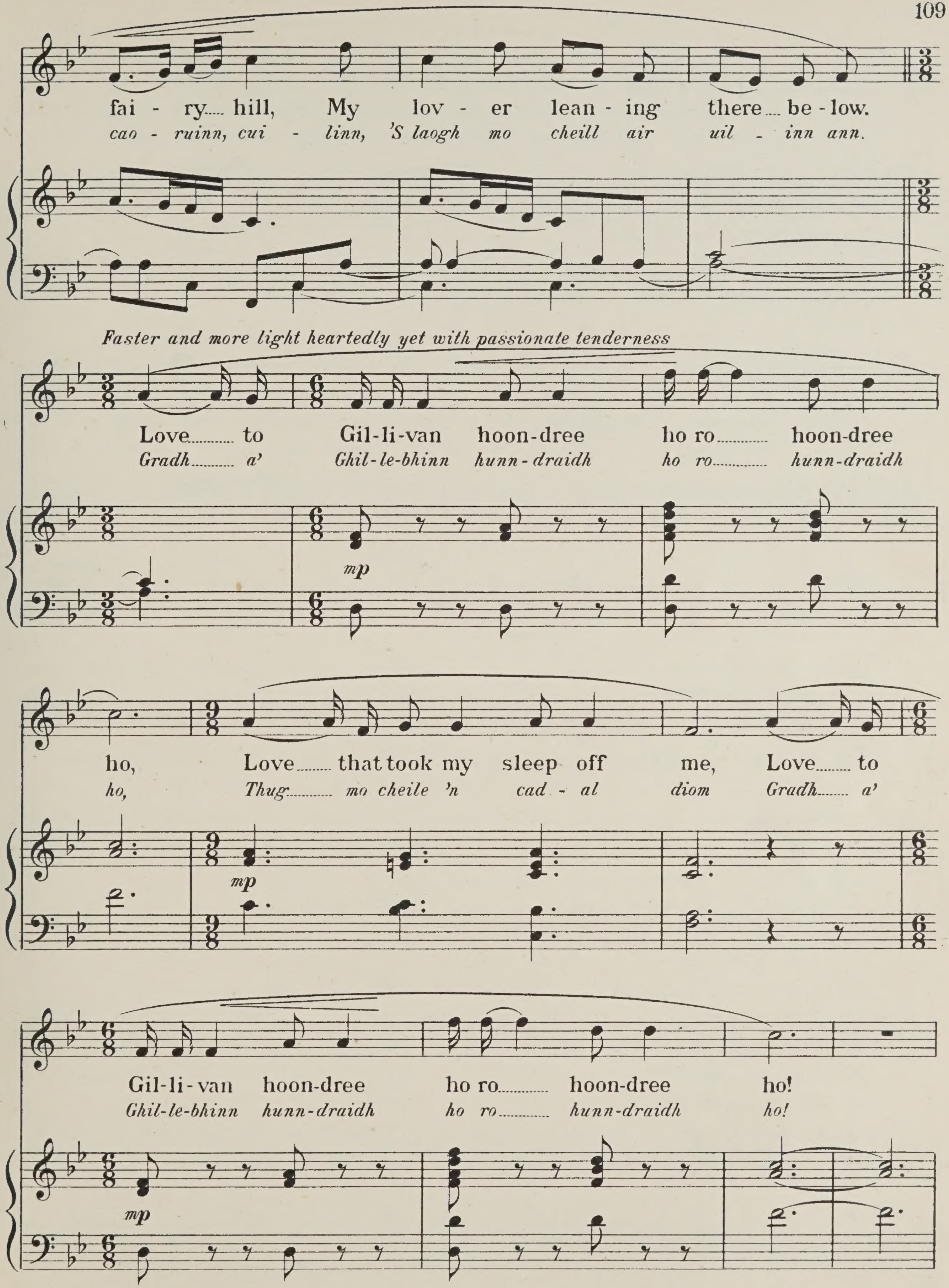
For an early version of the words,
see *Mythical Ballads* in Campbell's
"Leabhar na Feinne." p. 211.

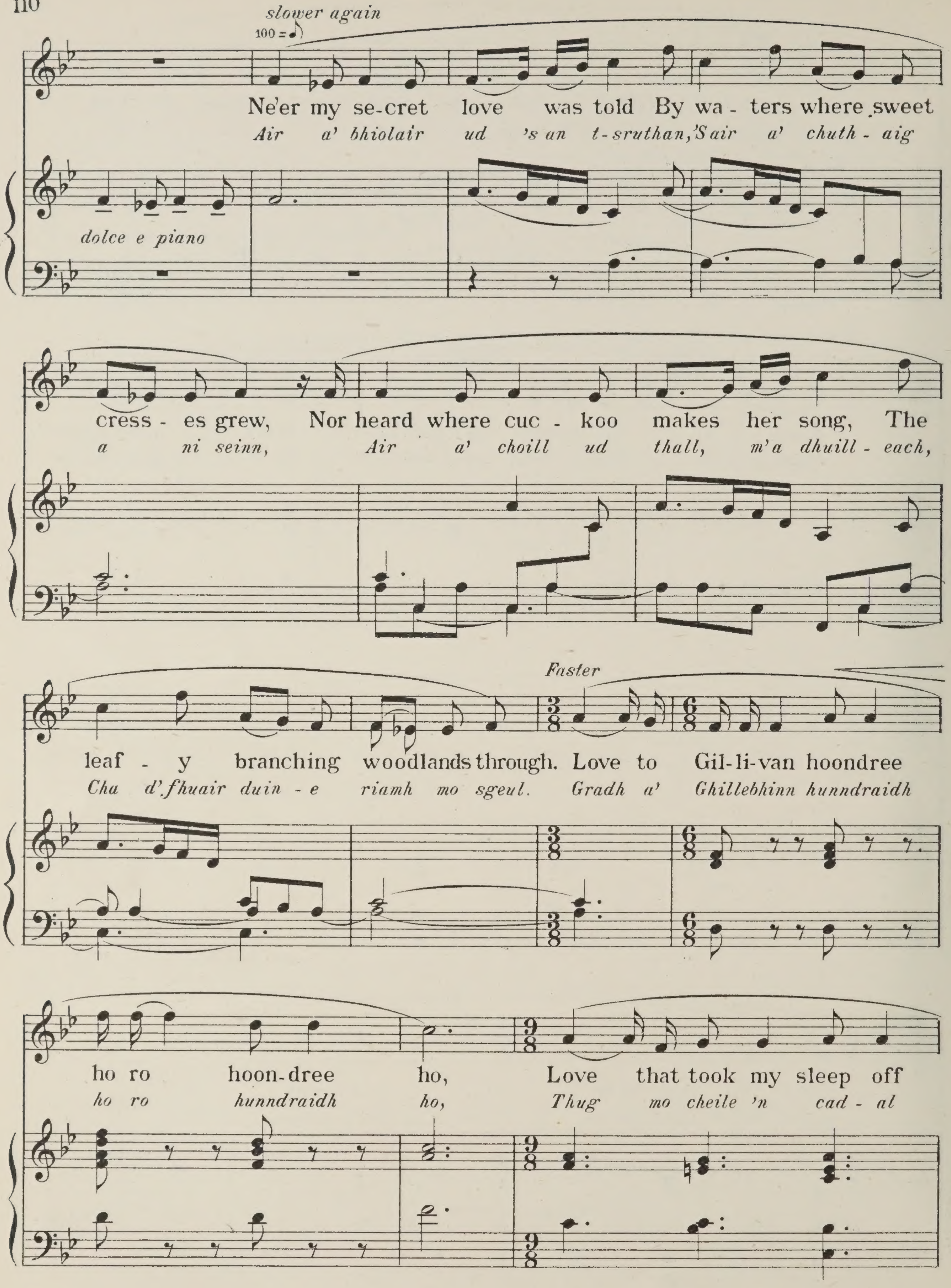
Noted at Islay House
from the singing of an Islay Bard
and arr. for Voice and Piano with Translation by
M. KENNEDY-FRASER.

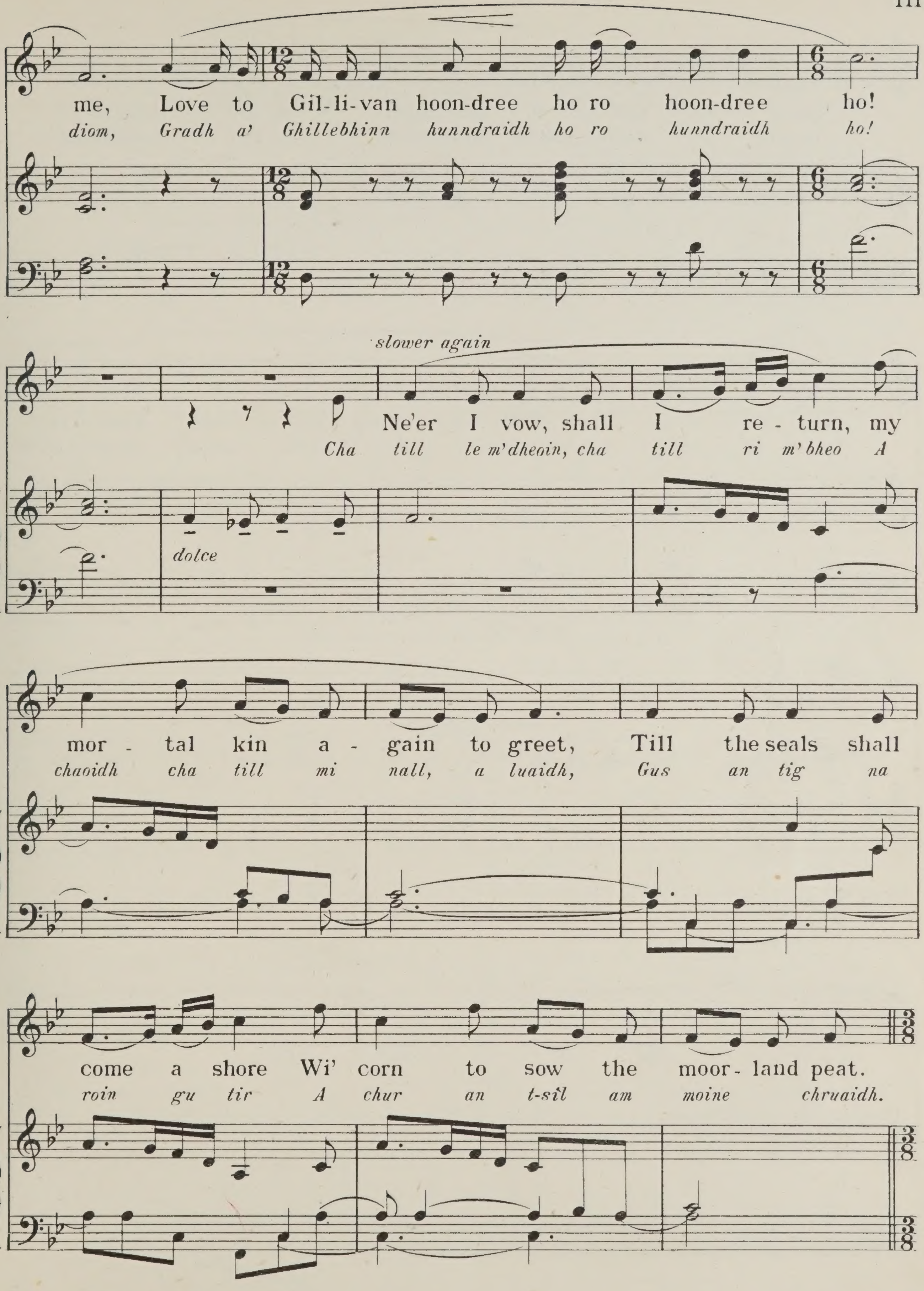

With a sweet dreaminess.
About 100 to 126 = ♪
Voice.
Piano.
mf dolce
p
mf
Very sustained.
Far I see the fai - ry...... hill, Yon
Chi mi'n tom - an cao - ruinn, cui - linn,
very sustained
hill where hol-ly and red row-ans grow, Aye, I see yon
Chi mi'n tom - an cui - linn thall, Chi mi'n tom - an

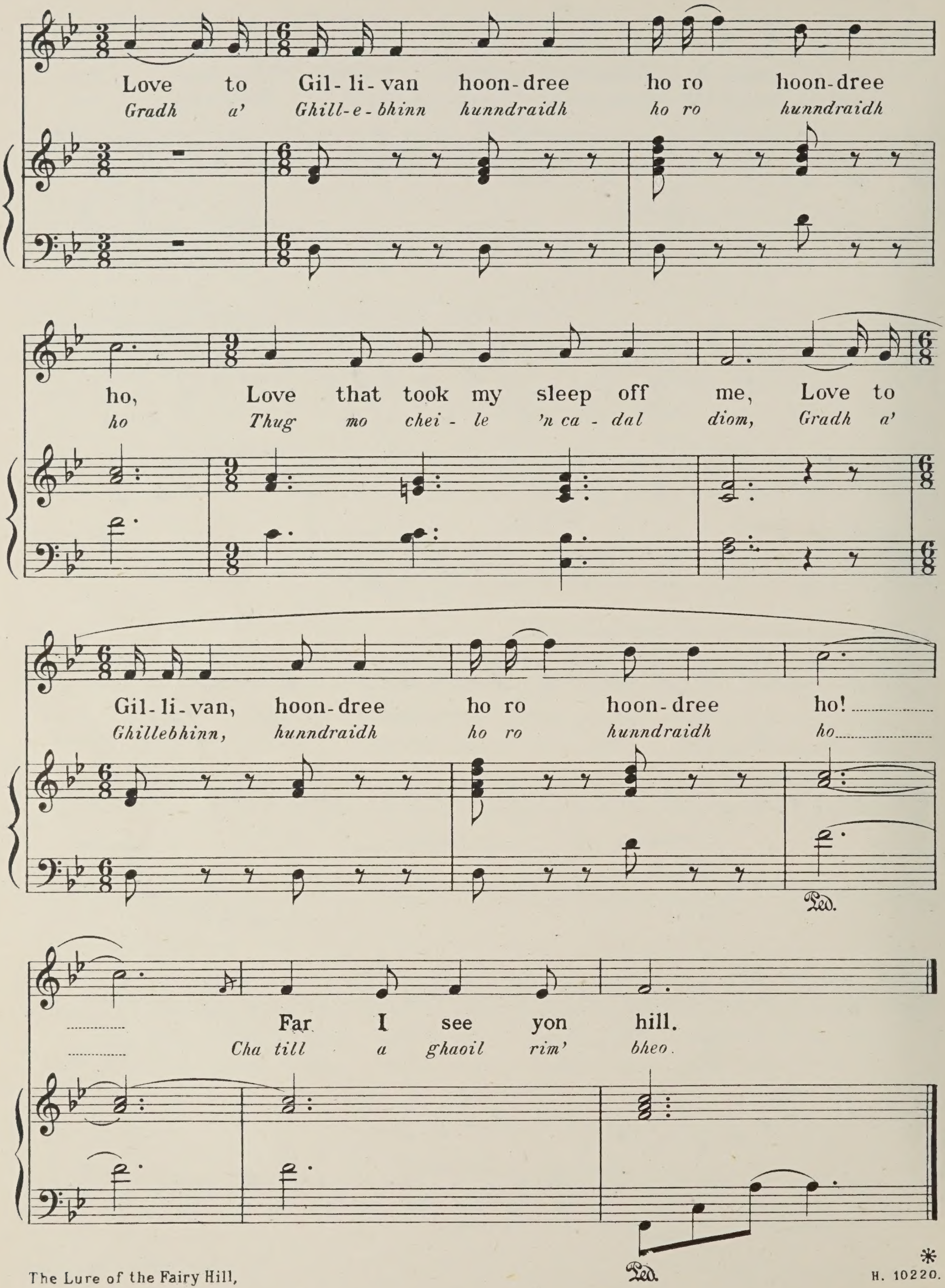
---

*The singer is warned to give full value throughout to the tonal effect of the E flat, a whole tone below the Keynote.


fai - ry..... hill, My lov - er lean - ing there.... be - low.
cao - ruinn, cui - linn, 'S laogh mo cheill air uil - inn ann.
Faster and more light heartedly yet with passionate tenderness
Love........... to Gil-li-van hoon-dree ho ro............ hoon-dree
Gradh........... a' Ghil-le-bhinn hunn-draidh ho ro.............. hunn-draidh
mp
ho, Love......... that took my sleep off me, Love......... to
ho, Thug............ mo cheile 'n cad - al diom Gradh......... a'
mp
Gil-li-van hoon-dree ho ro............ hoon-dree ho!
Ghil-le-bhinn hunn-draidh ho ro............ hunn-draidh ho!
mp


slower again
100 = ♪
Ne'er my se-cret love was told By wa-ters where sweet
Air a' bhiolair ud 's an t-sruthan, 'S air a' chuth-aig
dolce e piano
cress-es grew, Nor heard where cuc-koo makes her song, The
a ni seinn, Air a' choill ud thall, m'a dhuill-each,
leaf-y branching woodlands through. Love to Gil-li-van hoondree
Cha d'fhuair duin-e riamh mo sgeul. Gradh a' Ghillebhinn hunndraidh
Faster
ho ro hoon-dree ho, Love that took my sleep off
ho ro hunndraidh ho, Thug mo cheile 'n cad-al

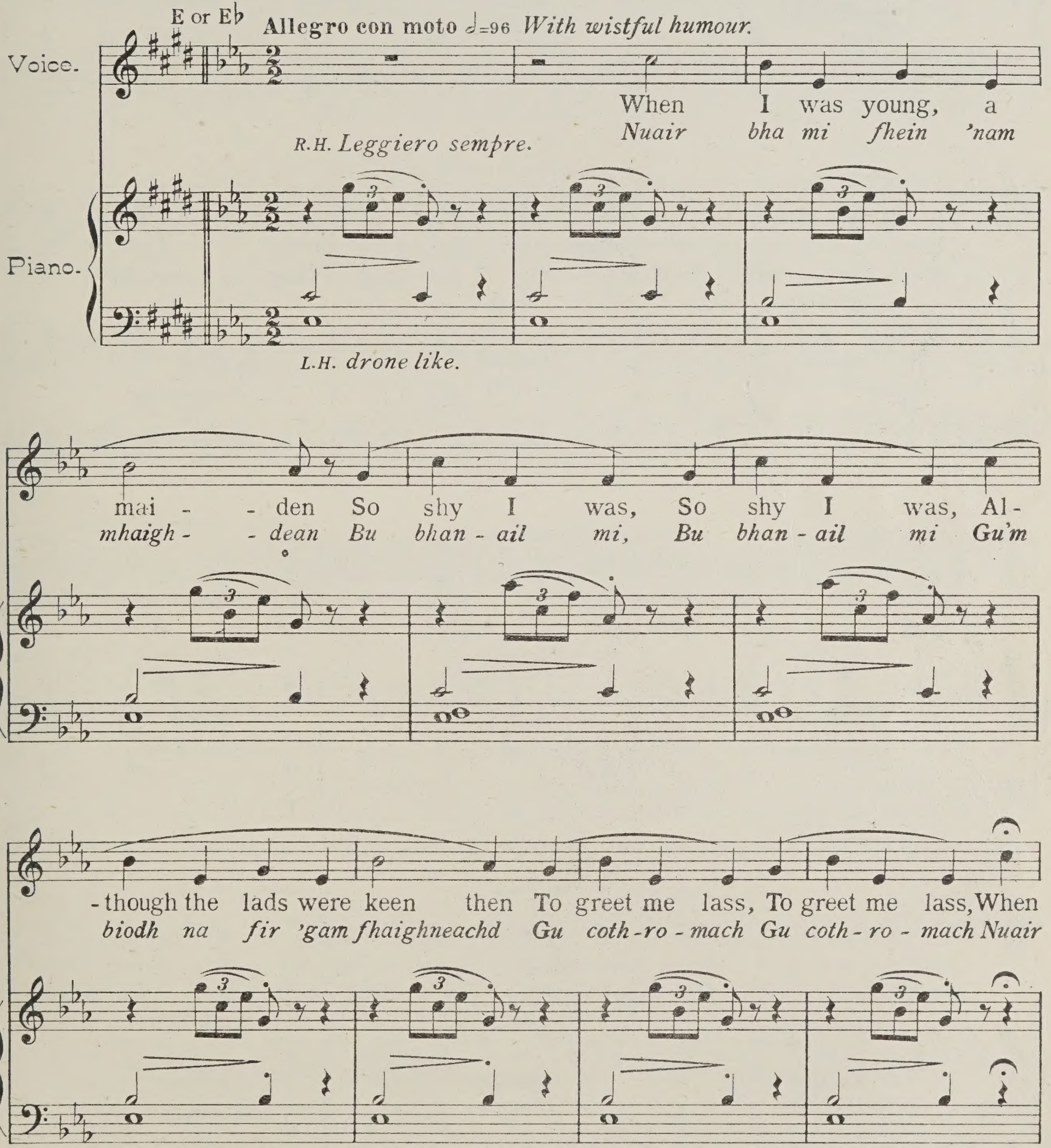

me, Love to Gil-li-van hoon-dree ho ro hoon-dree ho!
diom, Gradh a' Ghillebhinn hunndraidh ho ro hunndraidh ho!
slower again
Ne'er I vow, shall I re - turn, my
Cha till le m'dheoin, cha till ri m'bheo A
dolce
mor - tal kin a - gain to greet, Till the seals shall
chaoidh cha till mi nall, a luaidh, Gus an tig na
come a shore Wi' corn to sow the moor - land peat.
roin gu tir A chur an t-sîl am moine chruaidh.


Love to Gil-li-van hoon-dree ho ro hoon-dree
Gradh a' Ghill-e-bhinn hunndraidh ho ro hunndraidh
ho, Love that took my sleep off me, Love to
ho Thug mo chei-le 'n ca-dal diom, Gradh a'
Gil-li-van, hoon-dree ho ro hoon-dree ho!
Ghillebhinn, hunndraidh ho ro hunndraidh ho
Far I see yon hill.
Cha till a ghaoil rim' bheo.
Ped.
Ped.
*

THE OLD CRONE'S LILT.

Nuair bha mi fhein nam Mhaighdean.

Port-a-bial to an old Skye pipe reel
Arranged for Voice and Piano, with English translation,
by M. KENNEDY-FRASER.


E or E♭
Allegro con moto 𝅗𝅥=96 With wistful humour.
Voice.
Piano.
R.H. Leggiero sempre.
L.H. drone like.
When I was young, a
Nuair bha mi fhein 'nam
maiden So shy I was, So shy I was, Al-
mhaigh - dean Bu bhan - ail mi, Bu bhan - ail mi Gu'm
-though the lads were keen then To greet me lass, To greet me lass, When
biodh na fir 'gam fhaighneachd Gu coth - ro - mach Gu coth - ro - mach Nuair

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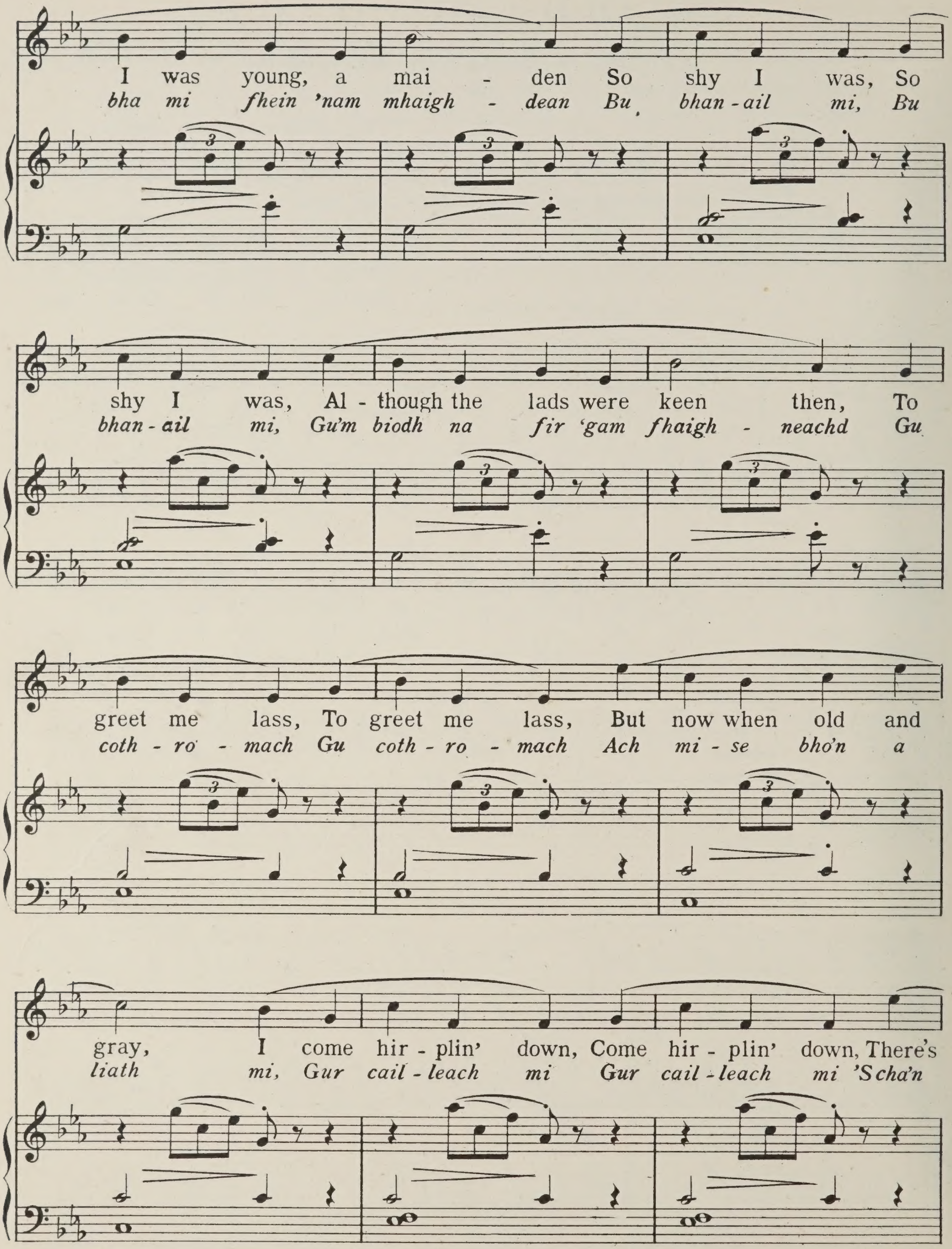
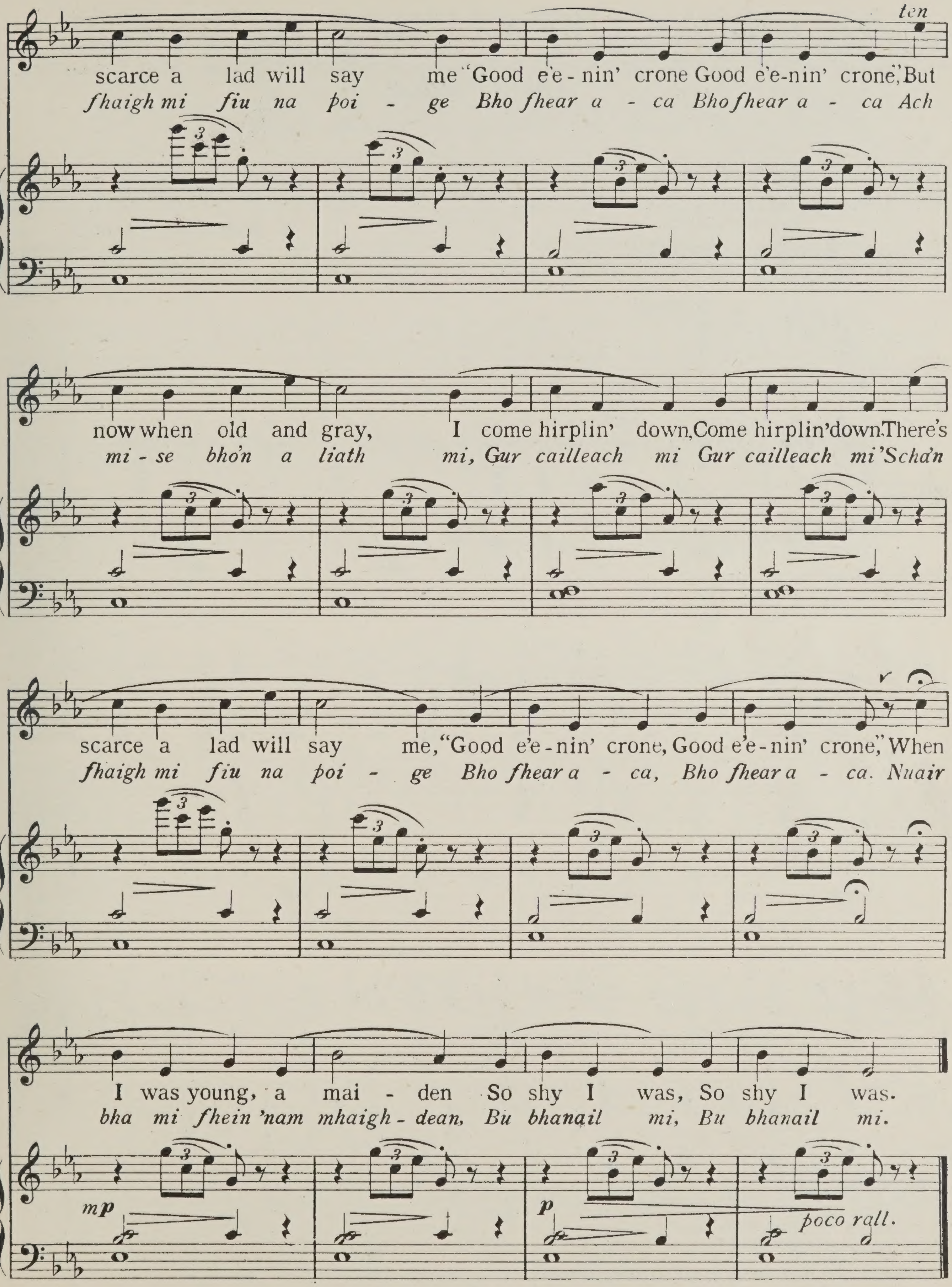

I was young, a mai - den So shy I was, So
bha mi fhein 'nam mhaigh - dean Bu bhan - ail mi, Bu
3
shy I was, Al - though the lads were keen then, To
bhan - ail mi, Gu'm biodh na fir 'gam fhaigh - neachd Gu
greet me lass, To greet me lass, But now when old and
coth - ro - mach Gu coth - ro - mach Ach mi - se bho'n a
gray, I come hir - plin' down, Come hir - plin' down, There's
liath mi, Gur cail - leach mi Gur cail - leach mi 'S cha'n

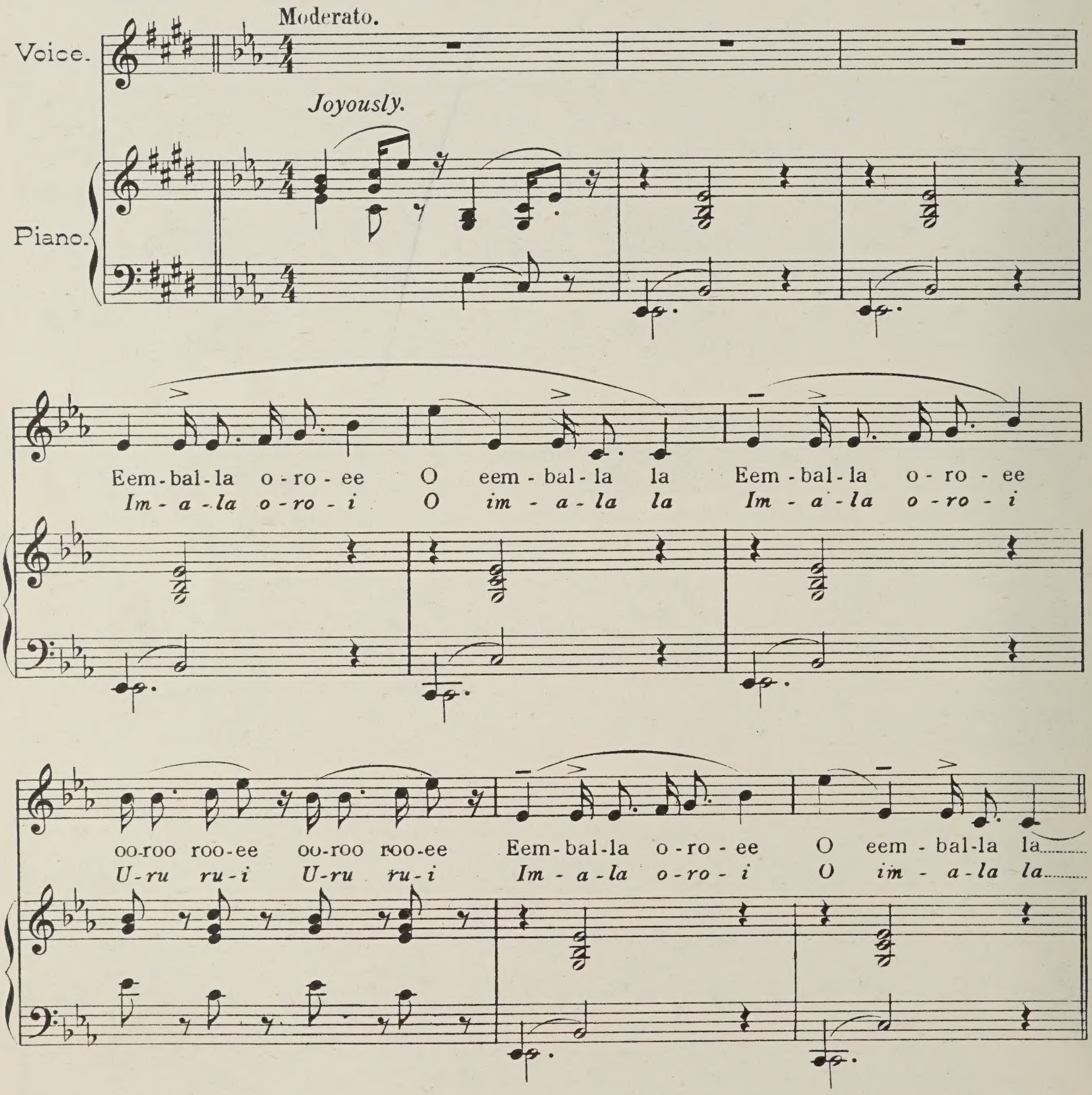

ten
scarce a lad will say me "Good e'e-nin' crone Good e'e-nin' crone," But
fhaigh mi fiu na poi - ge Bho fhear a - ca Bho fhear a - ca Ach
3
now when old and gray, I come hirplin' down, Come hirplin' down. There's
mi - se bho'n a liath mi, Gur cailleach mi Gur cailleach mi 'S cha'n
scarce a lad will say me, "Good e'e-nin' crone, Good e'e-nin' crone," When
fhaigh mi fiu na poi - ge Bho fhear a - ca, Bho fhear a - ca. Nuair
I was young, a mai - den So shy I was, So shy I was.
bha mi fhein 'nam mhaigh - dean, Bu bhanail mi, Bu bhanail mi.
mp
p
poco rall.

ST. KILDA CLIFF-CLIMBER TO HIS SON.

Cleite Gàdaig.

Tune from ST. KILDA.
1st. Verse of Gaelic from GILLIES' COLLECTION (1786)
2nd. & 3rd. Verses by
KENNETH MACLEOD.

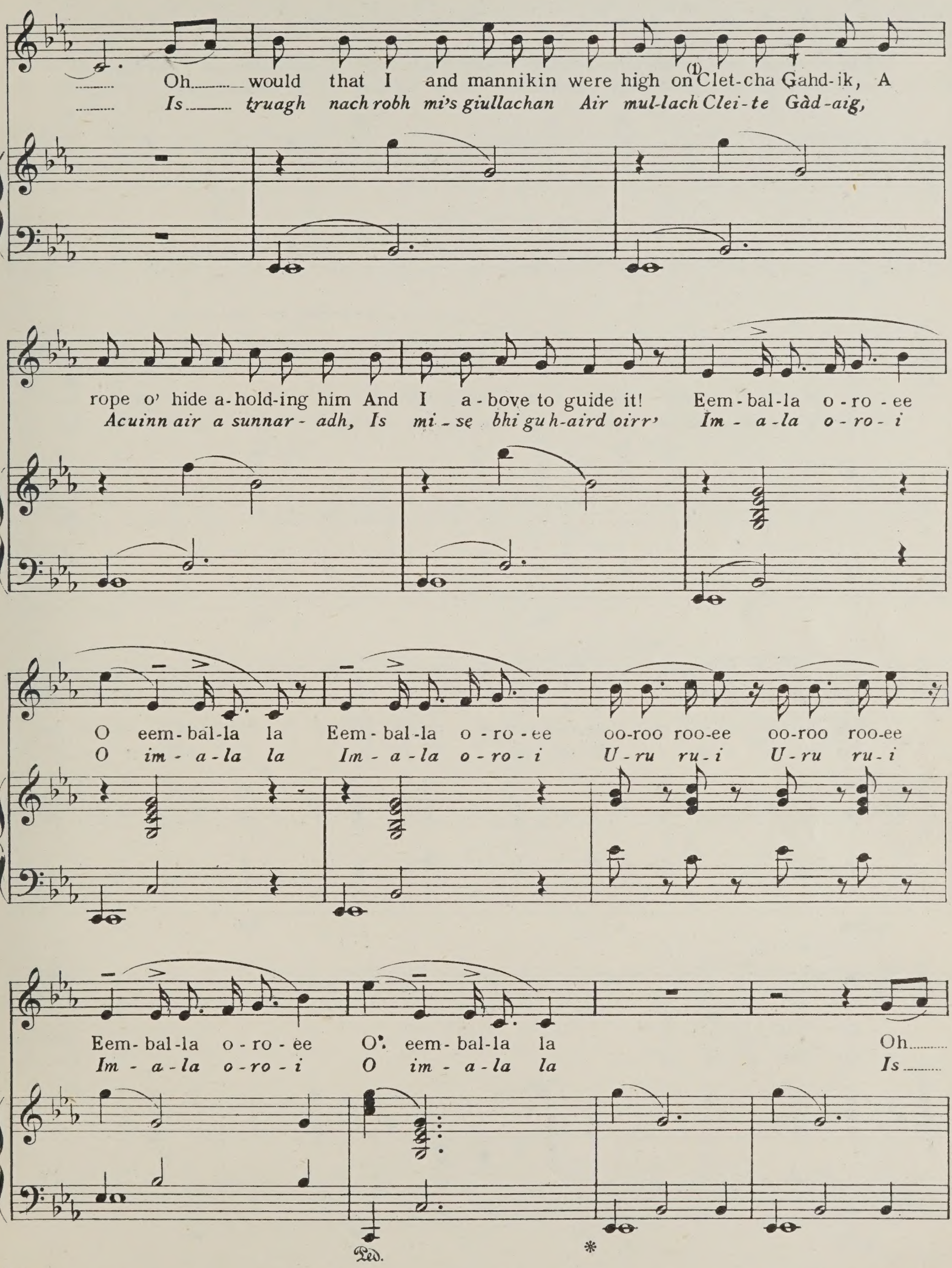
Arr. for Voice and Piano with English by
M. KENNEDY-FRASER.


Moderato.
Voice.
Joyously.
Piano.
Eem-bal-la o-ro-ee O eem-bal-la la Eem-bal-la o-ro-ee
Im-a-la o-ro-i O im-a-la la Im-a-la o-ro-i
oo-roo roo-ee oo-roo roo-ee Eem-bal-la o-ro-ee O eem-bal-la la........
U-ru ru-i U-ru ru-i Im-a-la o-ro-i O im-a-la la........

---

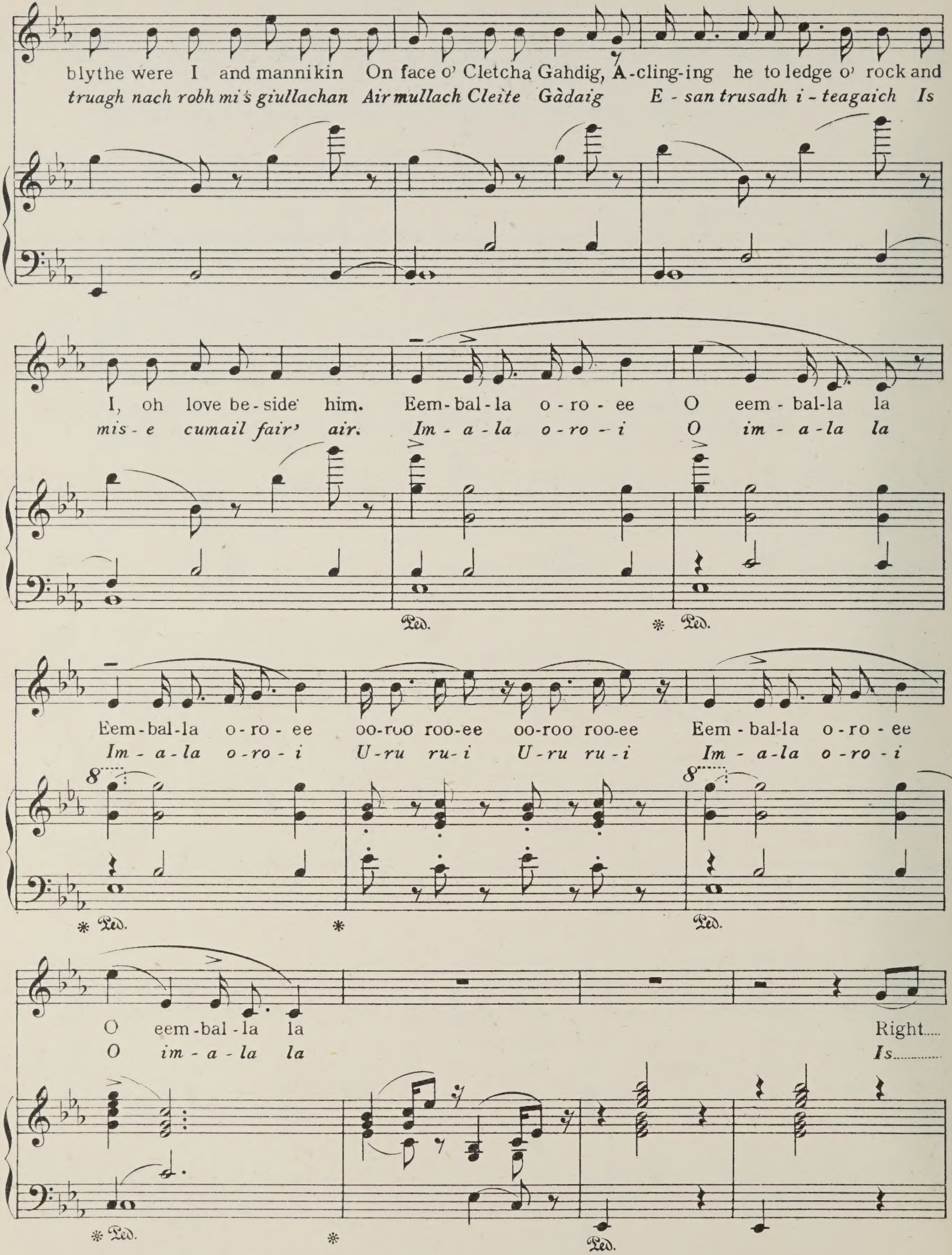
*Prolong the m in Im, humming it, and exploding well before the next syllable ala.

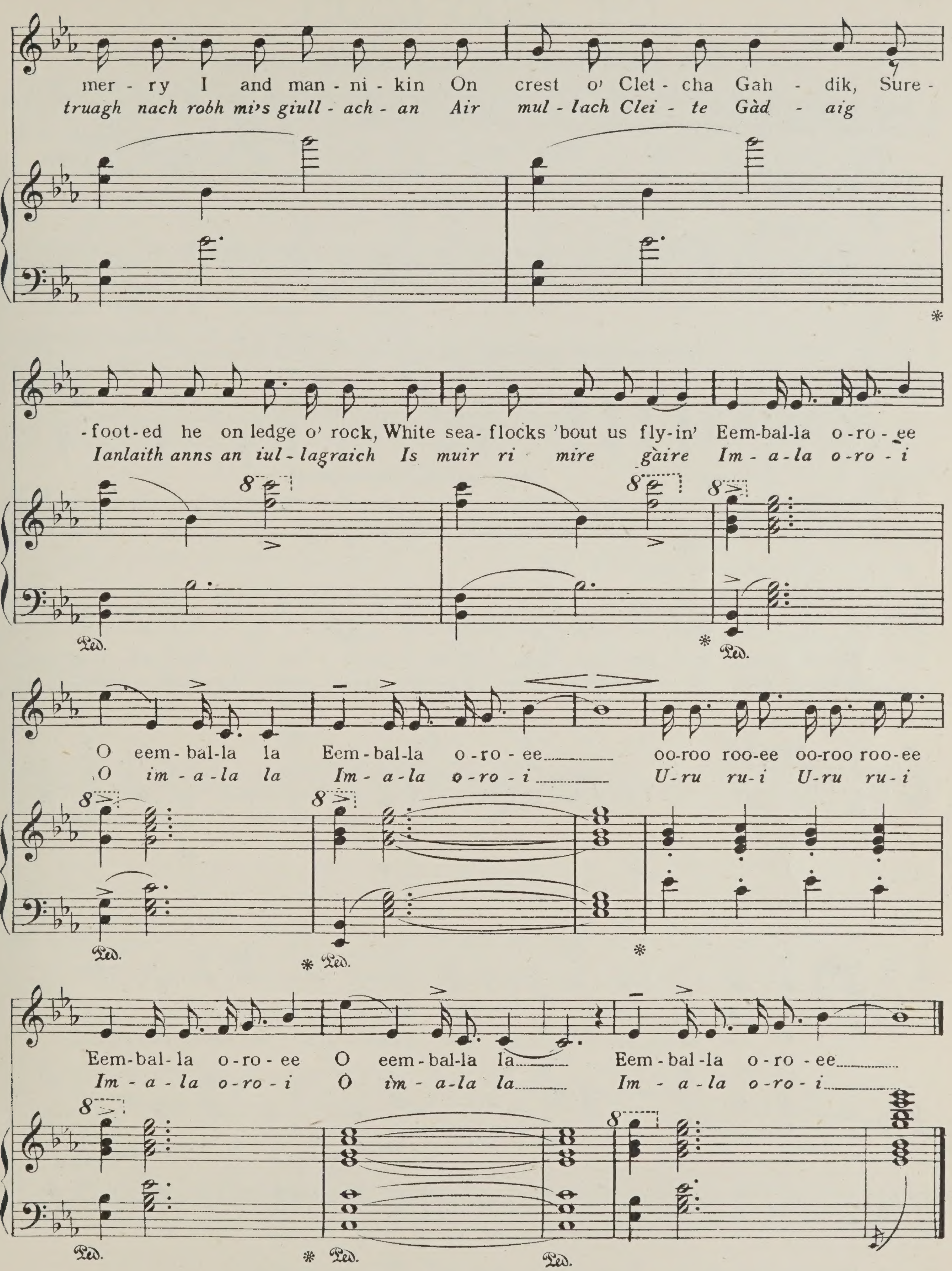
† oo is here meant to represent the Italian u as in the English word "true" not as in "use".


Oh……… would that I and mannikin were high on (1) Clet-cha Gahd-ik, A
Is……… truagh nach robh mi's giullachan Air mul-lach Clei-te Gàd-aig,
rope o' hide a-hold-ing him And I a-bove to guide it! Eem-bal-la o-ro-ee
Acuinn air a sunnar-adh, Is mi-se bhi gu h-aird oirr' Im-a-la o-ro-i
O eem-bal-la la Eem-bal-la o-ro-ee oo-roo roo-ee oo-roo roo-ee
O im-a-la la Im-a-la o-ro-i U-ru ru-i U-ru ru-i
Eem-bal-la o-ro-ee O'. eem-bal-la la Oh………
Im-a-la o-ro-i O im-a-la la Is………
Ped.
*

---

(1) Somewhat like the English word "Clutch."


blythe were I and mannikin On face o' Cletcha Gahdig, A-cling-ing he to ledge o' rock and
truagh nach robh mi's giullachan Air mullach Cleite Gàdaig E - san trusadh i - teagaich Is
I, oh love be-side him. Eem-bal-la o-ro-ee O eem-bal-la la
mis-e cumail fair' air. Im - a - la o - ro - i O im - a - la la
Ped.
Ped.
Eem-bal-la o-ro-ee oo-roo roo-ee oo-roo roo-ee Eem-bal-la o-ro-ee
Im - a - la o - ro - i U-ru ru-i U-ru ru-i Im - a - la o - ro - i
8
8
Ped.
Ped.
O eem-bal-la la Right.....
O im - a - la la Is..........
Ped.
Ped.


mer - ry I and man - ni - kin On crest o' Clet - cha Gah - dik, Sure -
truagh nach robh mi's giull - ach - an Air mul - lach Clei - te Gàd - aig
-foot-ed he on ledge o' rock, White sea-flocks 'bout us fly-in' Eem-bal-la o-ro-ee
Ianlaith anns an iul - lagraich Is muir ri mire gàire Im - a - la o - ro - i
O eem - bal-la la Eem - bal-la o - ro - ee
O im - a - la la Im - a - la o - ro - i
oo-roo roo-ee oo-roo roo-ee
U-ru ru-i U-ru ru-i
Eem-bal-la o-ro-ee O eem-bal-la la Eem-bal-la o-ro-ee
Im - a - la o-ro - i O im - a-la la Im - a - la o-ro - i
8
Ped.
*

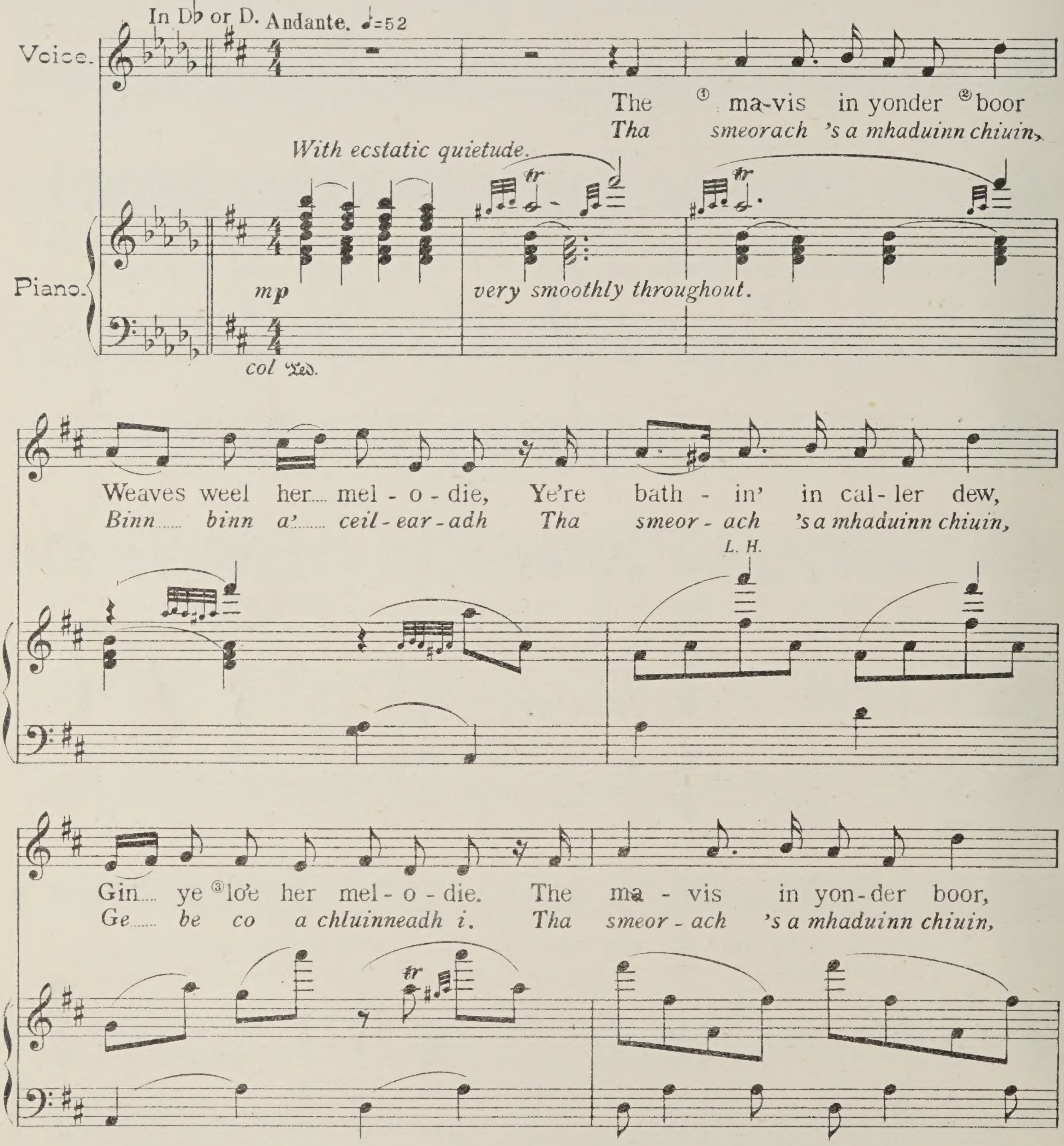
THE FAIRY LOOM.

THA SMEORACH 'SA MHADUINN CHIUIN.

Gaelic words attributed to
1st. LORD MACDONALD OF SKYE.

Lowland words by
KENNETH MACLEOD.

Arr. for Voice and Pianoforte by
M. KENNEDY-FRASER.


In D♭ or D. Andante. ♩=52
Voice.
Piano.
With ecstatic quietude.
mp
very smoothly throughout.
col 𝄒.
L. H.
tr
The ① ma-vis in yonder ② boor
Tha smeorach 's a mhaduinn chiuin,
Weaves weel her.... mel-o-die, Ye're bath-in' in cal-ler dew,
Binn...... binn a'...... ceil-ear-adh Tha smeor-ach 's a mhaduinn chiuin,
Gin.... ye ③ lo'e her mel-o-die. The ma-vis in yon-der boor,
Ge...... be co a chluinneadh i. Tha smeor-ach 's a mhaduinn chiuin,

---

① Mavis = Thrush, pronounced May-vis. ② Boor = the Elder-Berry Bush. ③ Love, pronounced loo.

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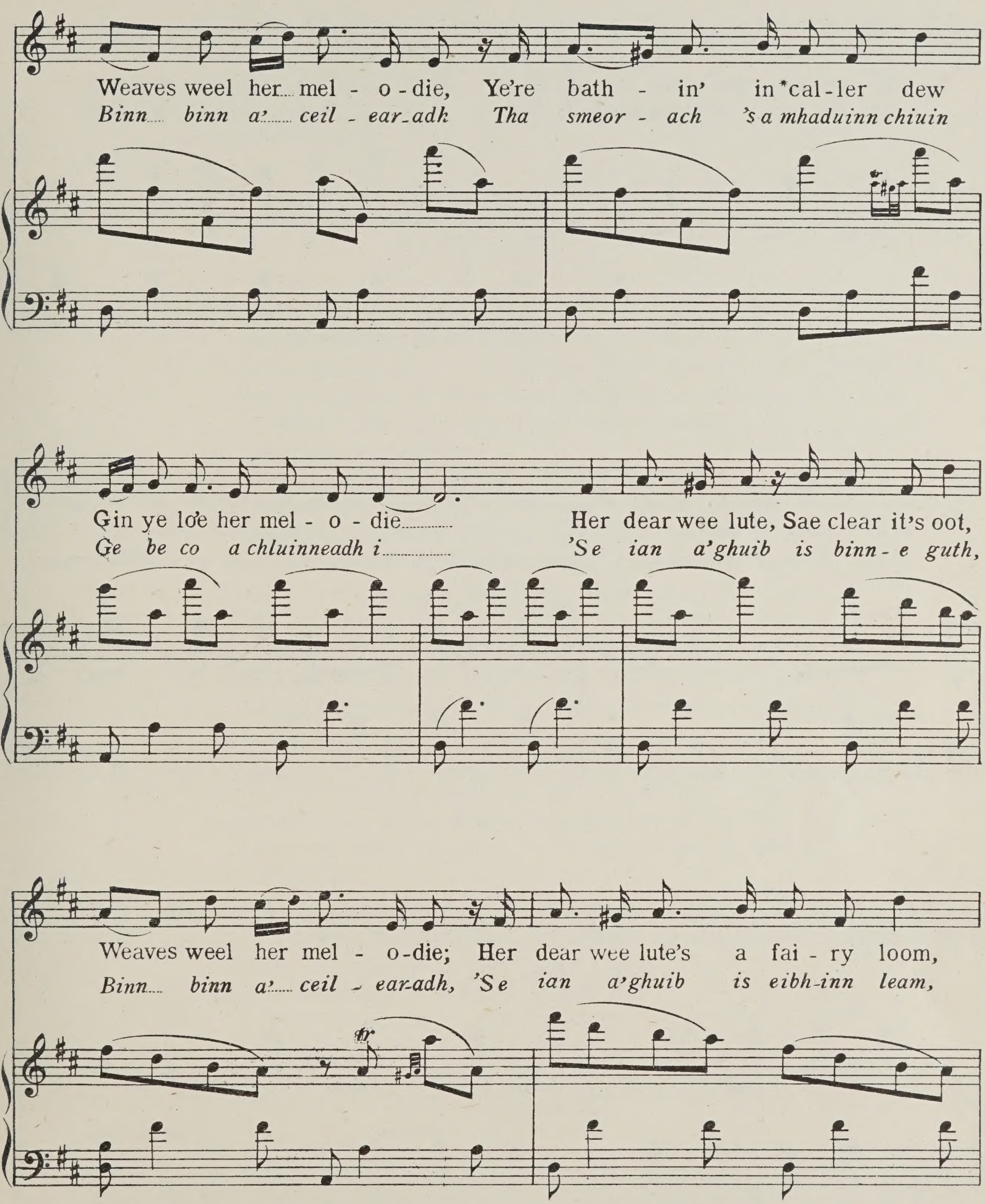
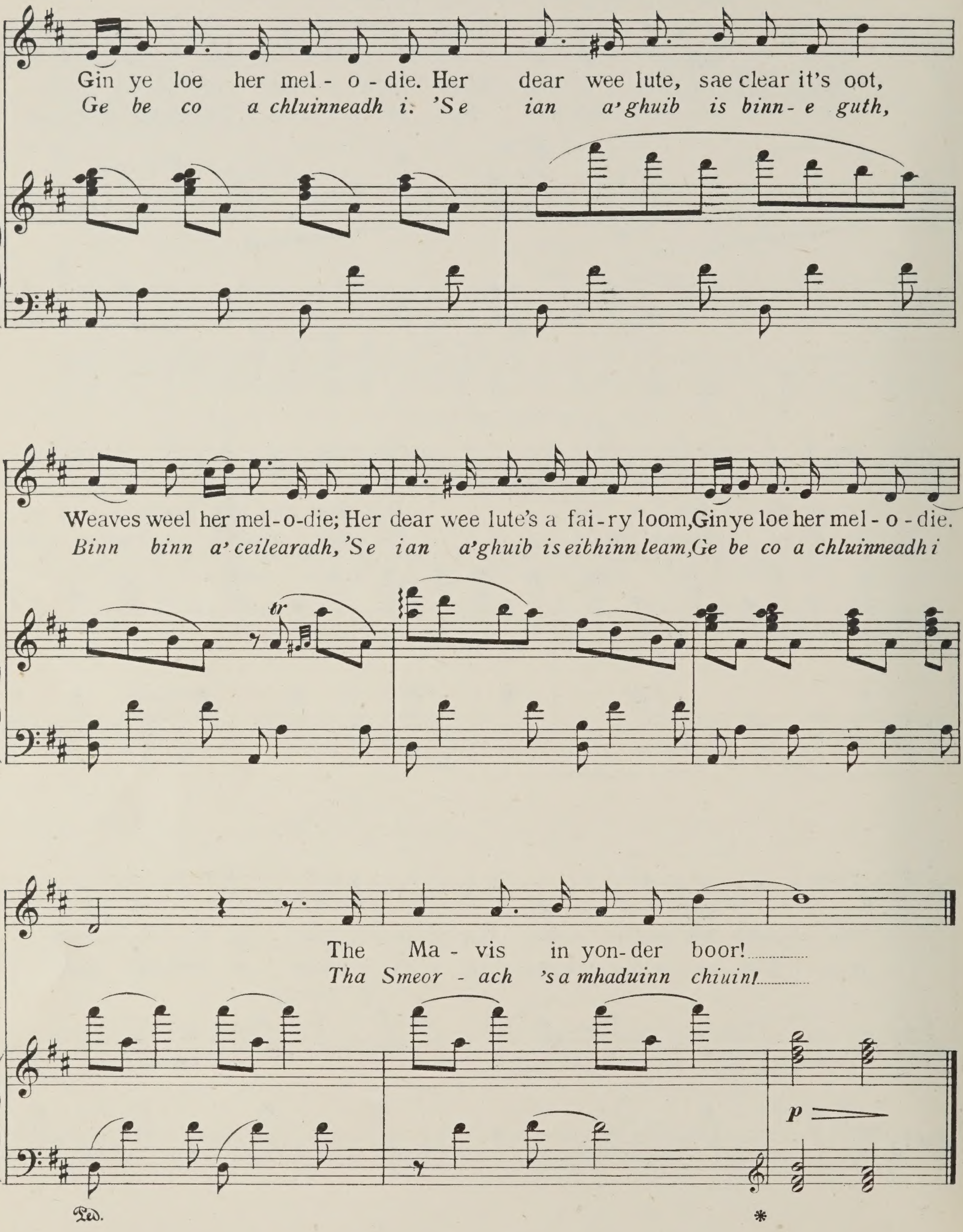

Weaves weel her.... mel - o - die, Ye're bath - in' in *cal - ler dew
Binn..... binn a'........ ceil - ear_adh Tha smeor - ach 's a mhaduinn chiuin
Gin ye lo'e her mel - o - die..............
Ge be co a chluinneadh i..................
Her dear wee lute, Sae clear it's oot,
'Se ian a'ghuib is binn - e guth,
Weaves weel her mel - o - die; Her dear wee lute's a fai - ry loom,
Binn.... binn a'..... ceil - ear-adh, 'Se ian a'ghuib is eibh-inn leam,
tr

* fresh and cool.


Gin ye loe her mel - o - die. Her dear wee lute, sae clear it's oot,
Ge be co a chluinneadh i. 'Se ian a'ghuib is binn - e guth,
Weaves weel her mel-o-die; Her dear wee lute's a fai-ry loom, Gin ye loe her mel - o - die.
Binn binn a'ceilearadh, 'Se ian a'ghuib is eibhinn leam, Ge be co a chluinneadh i
tr
The Ma - vis in yon-der boor!
Tha Smeor - ach 's a mhaduinn chiuin!
p
Ped.
*

FOSTER-LOVE.

After many years the alphabet had come into Jura Isle, and the guileless lassie walked to and fro, at the foot of the Bens of Jura, crooning the letters. She had been told to make words of sense out of them, but ere words of sense could come, the letters were already on the wing into the music.

Ah- 's an da, etc.

In the cornfield near by, the reapers were at the sickle and the harvest-song and who was mouth - of - gladness among them if not *Cagar-a-cree,* "whisper of her heart," her young foster-brother? The reapers were now at the end of a swathe and, after the manner of the cornfield, were testing the binding of the sheaves by flinging them at one another. And the one flung by her young foster-brother, taking a wrong turn, hit the guileless lassie as she came lilting into the cornfield. "Ha! Ha!" mocked the reapers "if yon is not a taunt to the Foster-love!" But the guileless lassie went on singing her song and the warm thought of it was now from the mother-women of the long before: "The Blood Love to the twentieth, but the Foster-Love to the hundredth generation!"

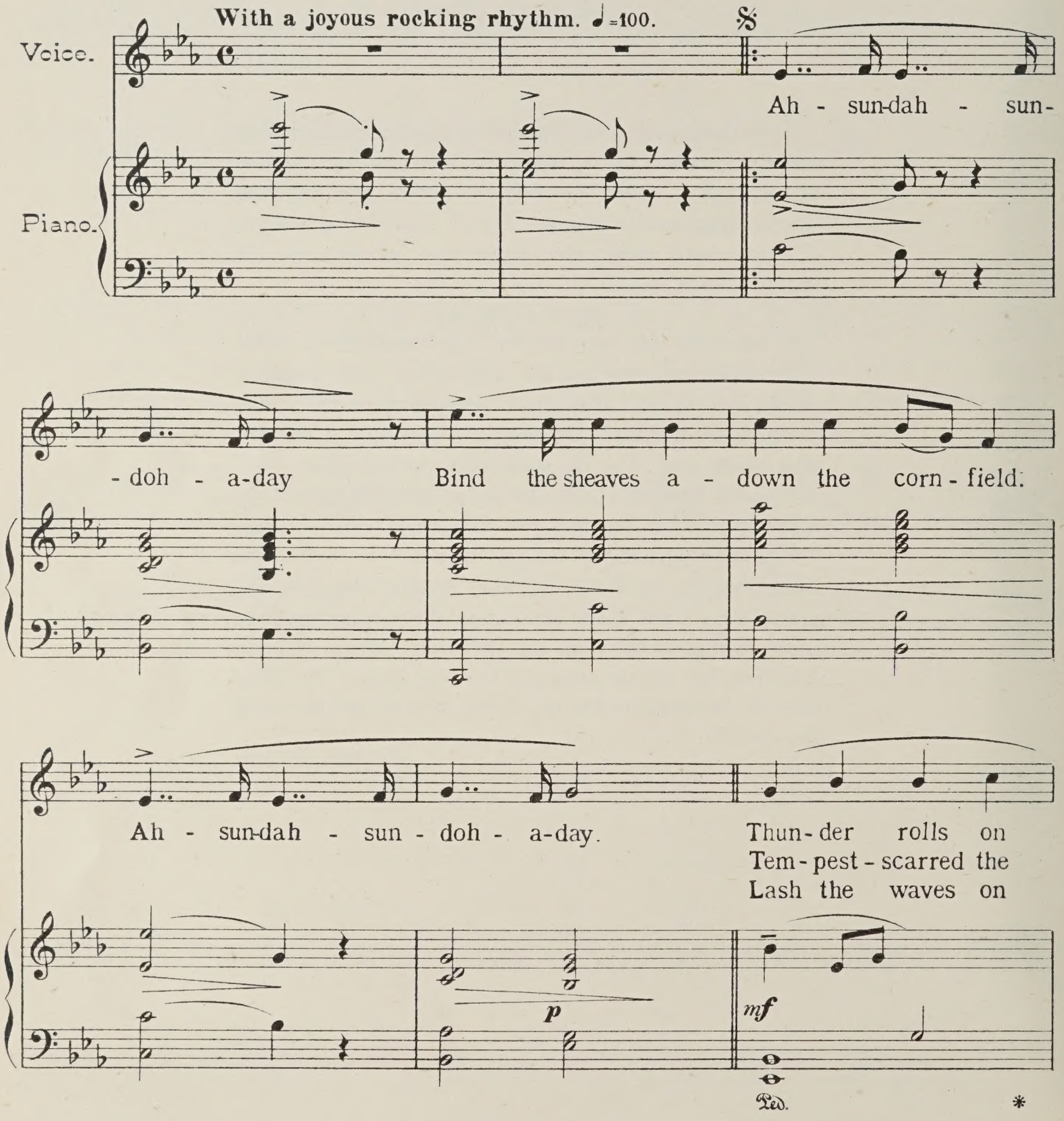
Kenneth Macleod.

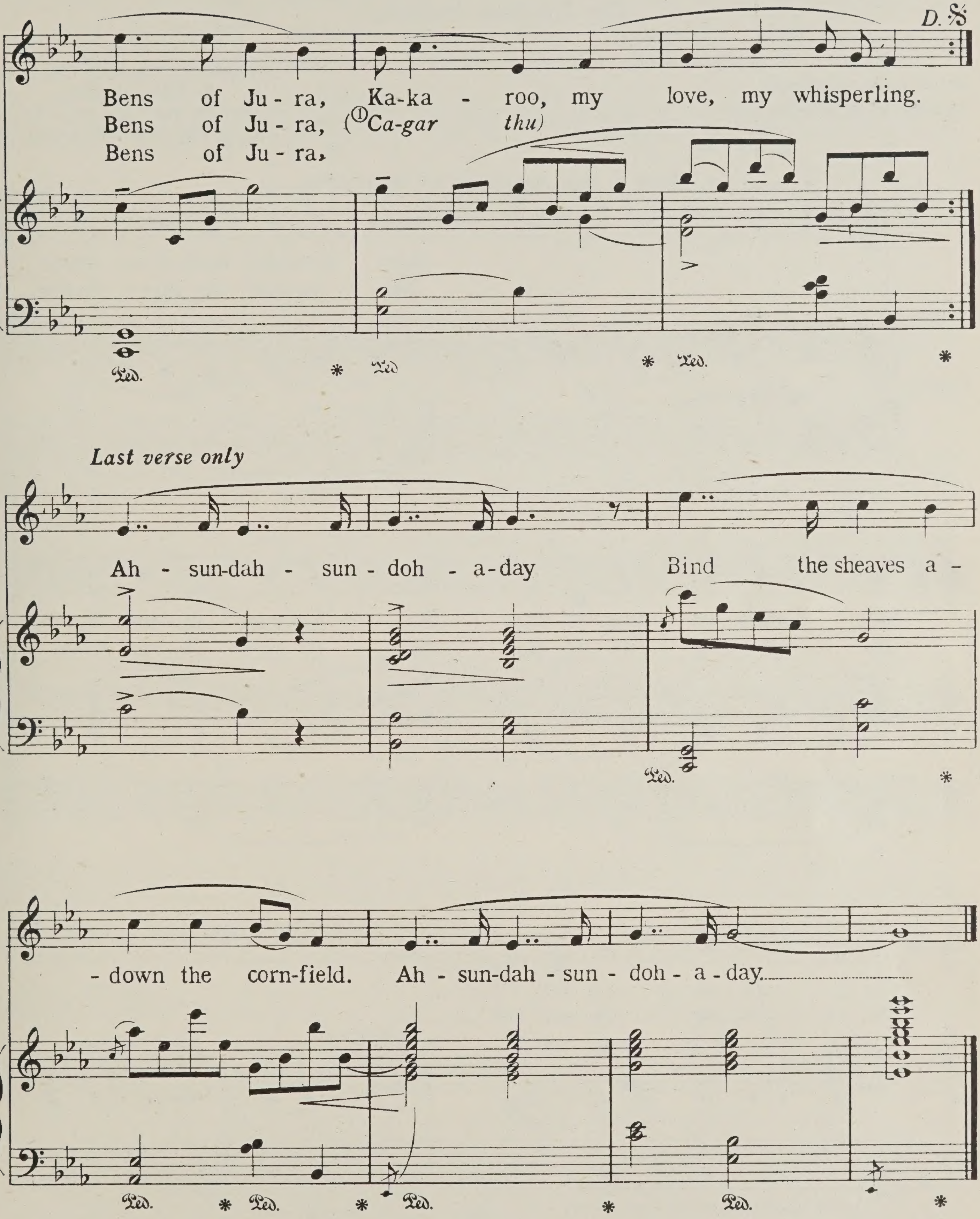
JURA HARVESTING LILT.

A Hebridean Foster-sister's song.

Words by KENNETH MACLEOD
who collected the air and refrain from
GILLESPIE MACNEILL, Colonsay,
who learned it from his grandmother in Jura.

Arr. by
M. KENNEDY-FRASER.


With a joyous rocking rhythm. ♩=100.
Voice.
Piano.
Ah - sun-dah - sun- -doh - a-day
Bind the sheaves a - down the corn-field.
Ah - sun-dah - sun - doh - a-day.
Thun-der rolls on
Tem-pest-scarred the
Lash the waves on
p
mf
Ped.
*


Last verse only
D. 𝄋
Bens of Ju - ra, Ka-ka - roo, my love, my whisperling.
Bens of Ju - ra, (①Ca-gar thu)
Bens of Ju - ra,
Ah - sun-dah - sun - doh - a-day Bind the sheaves a -
- down the corn-field. Ah - sun-dah - sun - doh - a - day
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
Ped. *
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

---

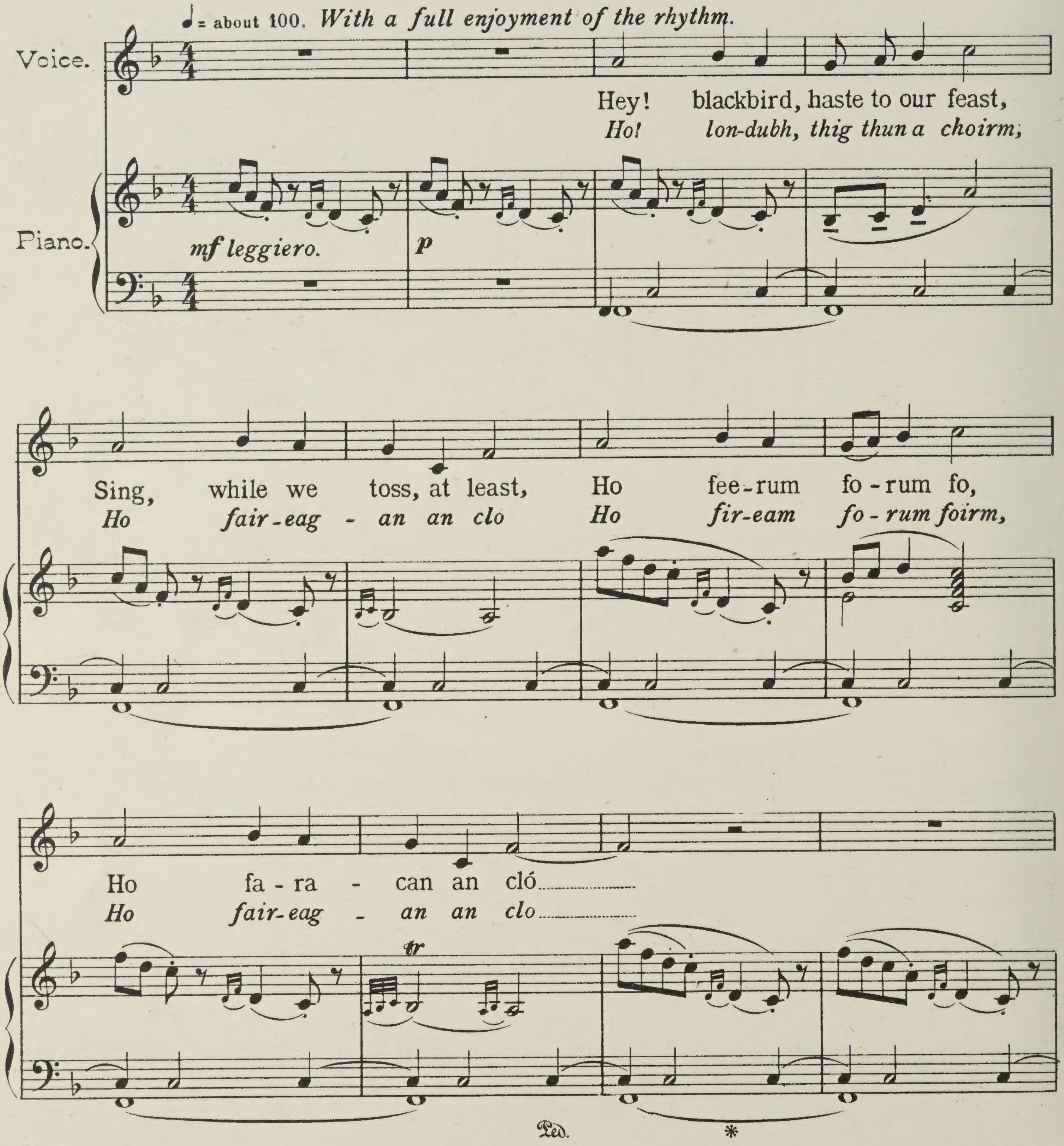
① Whisperling thou = Cagar thu (pronounced Kakaroo).

BIRDS AT THE FAIRY ① FULLING.

Ho, Fiream Forum.

Gaelic words collected by
KENNETH MACLEOD.

Air noted by FRANCIS TOLMIE,
In Bracadale, Skye.
Arr. for Voice and Piano by
M. KENNEDY-FRASER.


♩= about 100. With a full enjoyment of the rhythm.
Voice.
Piano.
mf leggiero.
p
Hey! blackbird, haste to our feast,
Ho! lon-dubh, thig thun a choirm;
Sing, while we toss, at least, Ho fee-rum fo-rum fo,
Ho fair-eag - an an clo Ho fir-eam fo-rum foirm,
Ho fa-ra - can an cló
Ho fair-eag - an an clo
tr
Ped.
*

---

① Tossing the wet homespun cloth to shrink it, a process calling for ten to twenty helpers. The birds here are helping the fairies and after the work there is always a feast.

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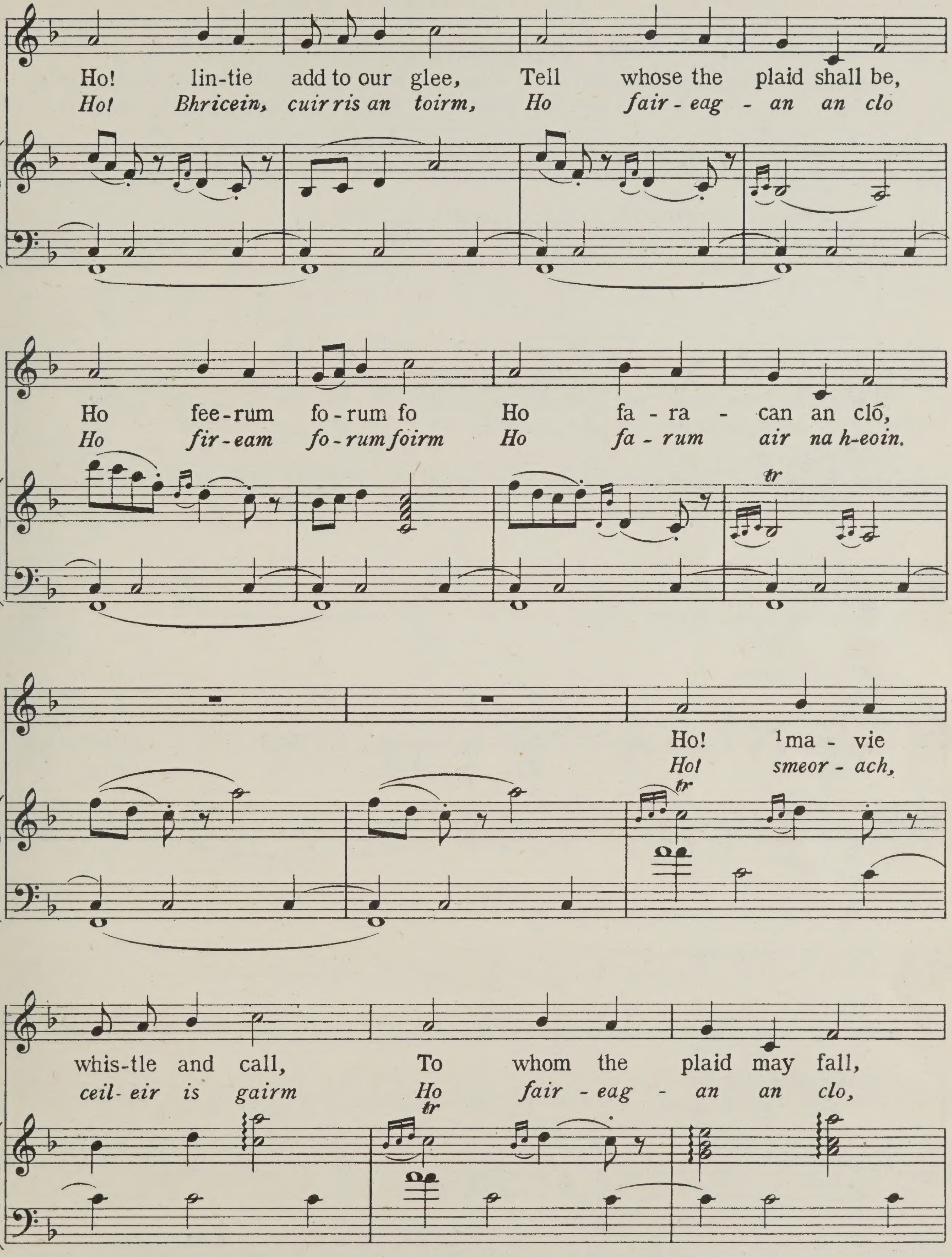
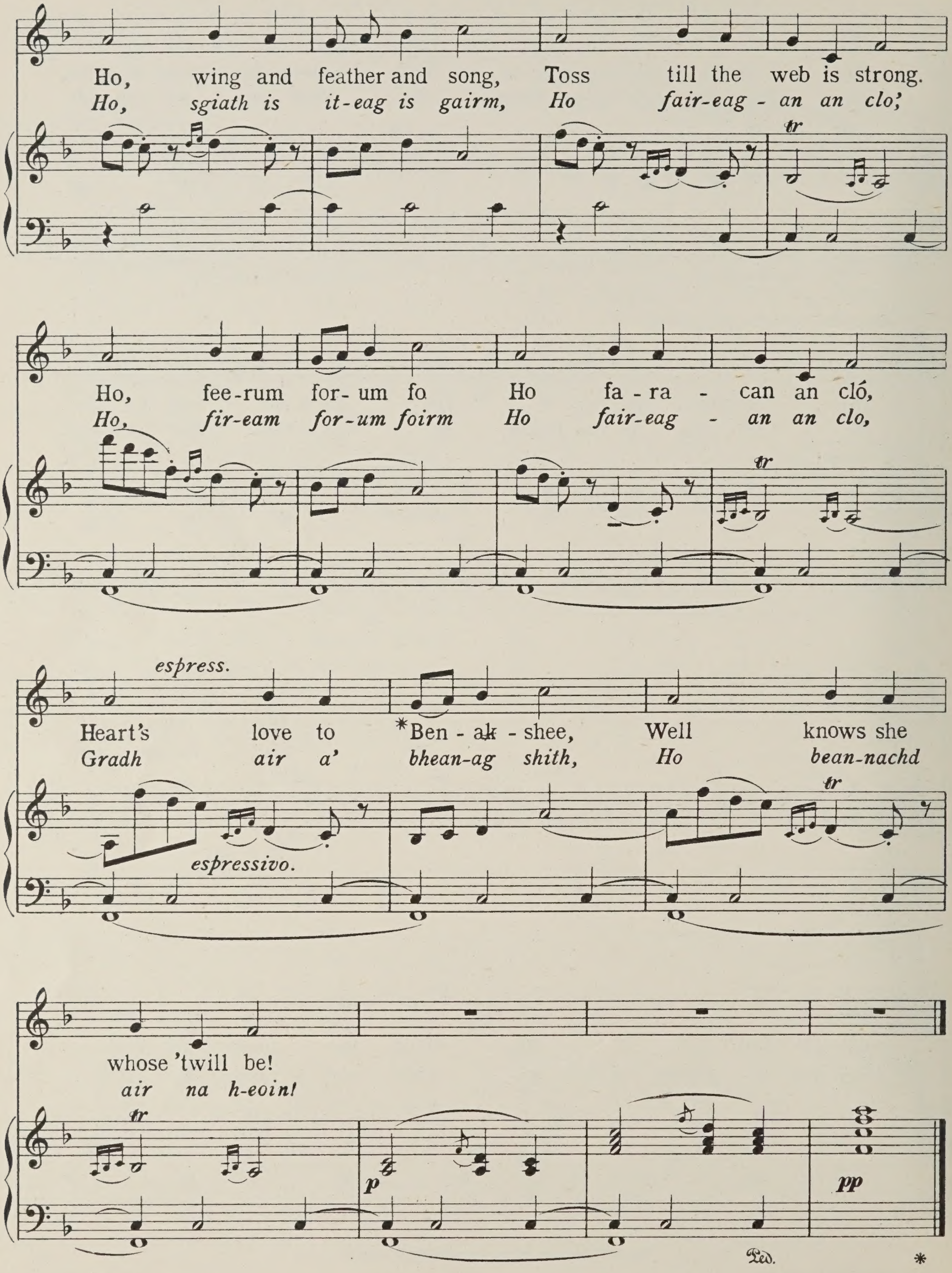

Ho! lin-tie add to our glee, Tell whose the plaid shall be,
Ho! Bhricein, cuir ris an toirm, Ho fair-eag - an an clo
Ho fee-rum fo-rum fo Ho fa-ra - can an cló,
Ho fir-eam fo-rum foirm Ho fa-rum air na h-eoin.
tr
Ho! ¹ma - vie
Ho! smeor - ach,
tr
whis-tle and call, To whom the plaid may fall,
ceil- eir is gairm Ho fair - eag - an an clo,
tr

Thrush, lowland Scots, pronounced may-vee.


Ho, wing and feather and song, Toss till the web is strong.
Ho, sgiath is it-eag is gairm, Ho fair-eag - an an clo;
tr
Ho, fee-rum for-um fo Ho fa - ra - can an cló,
Ho, fir-eam for-um foirm Ho fair-eag - an an clo,
tr
espress.
Heart's love to *Ben - ak - shee, Well knows she
Gradh air a' bhean-ag shith, Ho bean-nachd
espressivo.
tr
whose 'twill be!
air na h-eoin!
tr
p
pp
Ped.
*

---

*Little fairy woman.

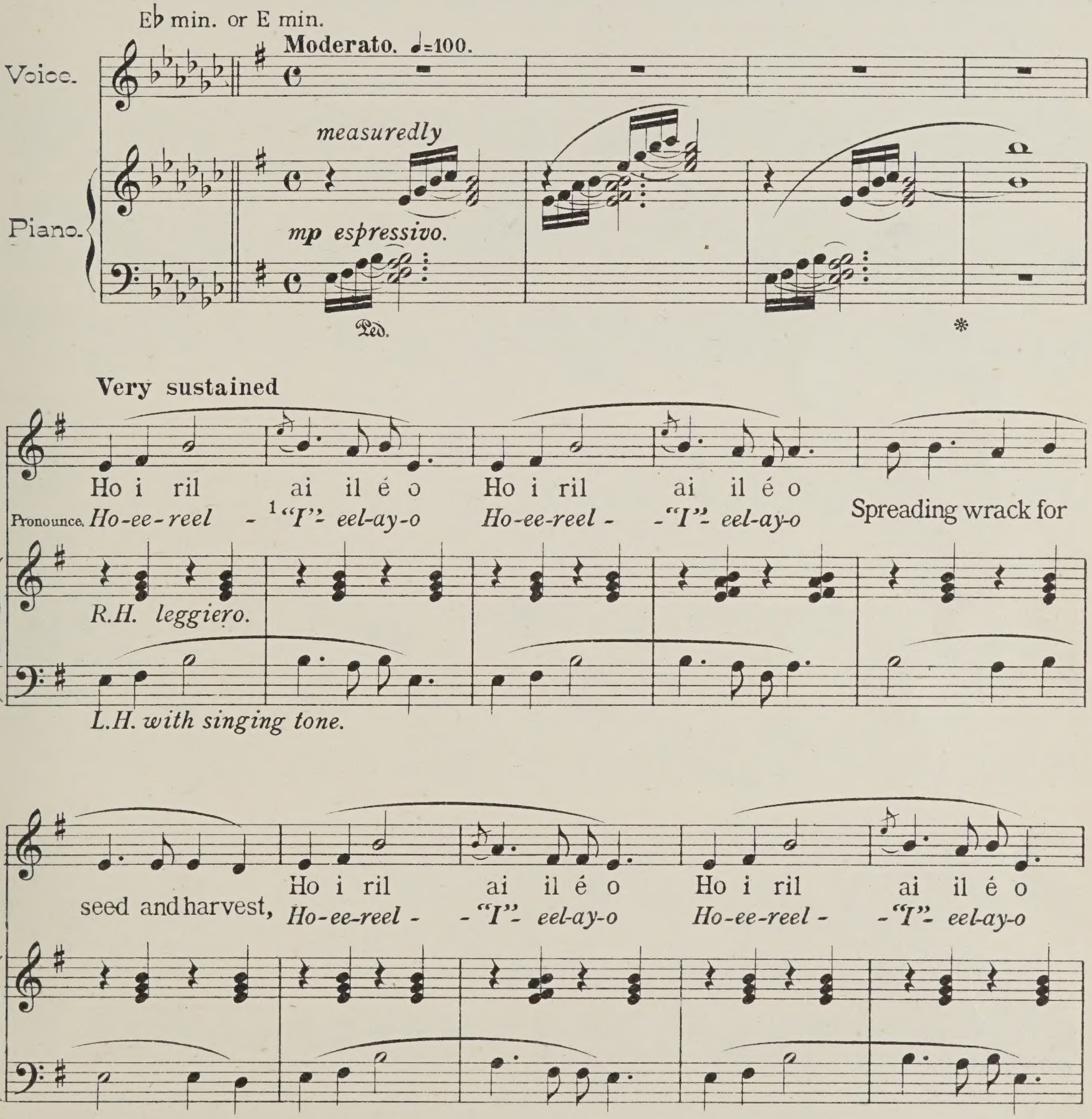
SPREADING THE SEA-WRACK.

"O God of the Sea
Put weed in the drawing wave,
To enrich the soil,
To shower on us food."

From an ancient Hebridean prayer.

Words and arrangement for
Voice and Piano by
M. KENNEDY FRASER.

Air phonographed by
KENNETH MACLEOD.
from a N. Uist Singer.


E♭ min. or E min.
Moderato. ♩=100.
Voice.
Piano.
measuredly
mp espressivo.
Ped.
*
Very sustained
Ho i ril ai il é o Ho i ril ai il é o Spreading wrack for
Pronounce. Ho-ee-reel - [1]"I"- eel-ay-o Ho-ee-reel - -"I"- eel-ay-o
R.H. leggiero.
L.H. with singing tone.
seed and harvest, Ho i ril ai il é o Ho i ril ai il é o
Ho-ee-reel - -"I"- eel-ay-o Ho-ee-reel - -"I"- eel-ay-o

---

[1] Pronounced like English "I" first person singular.
Be careful to give the dotted crotchets in the melody their full duration with a feeling for the inner beats.

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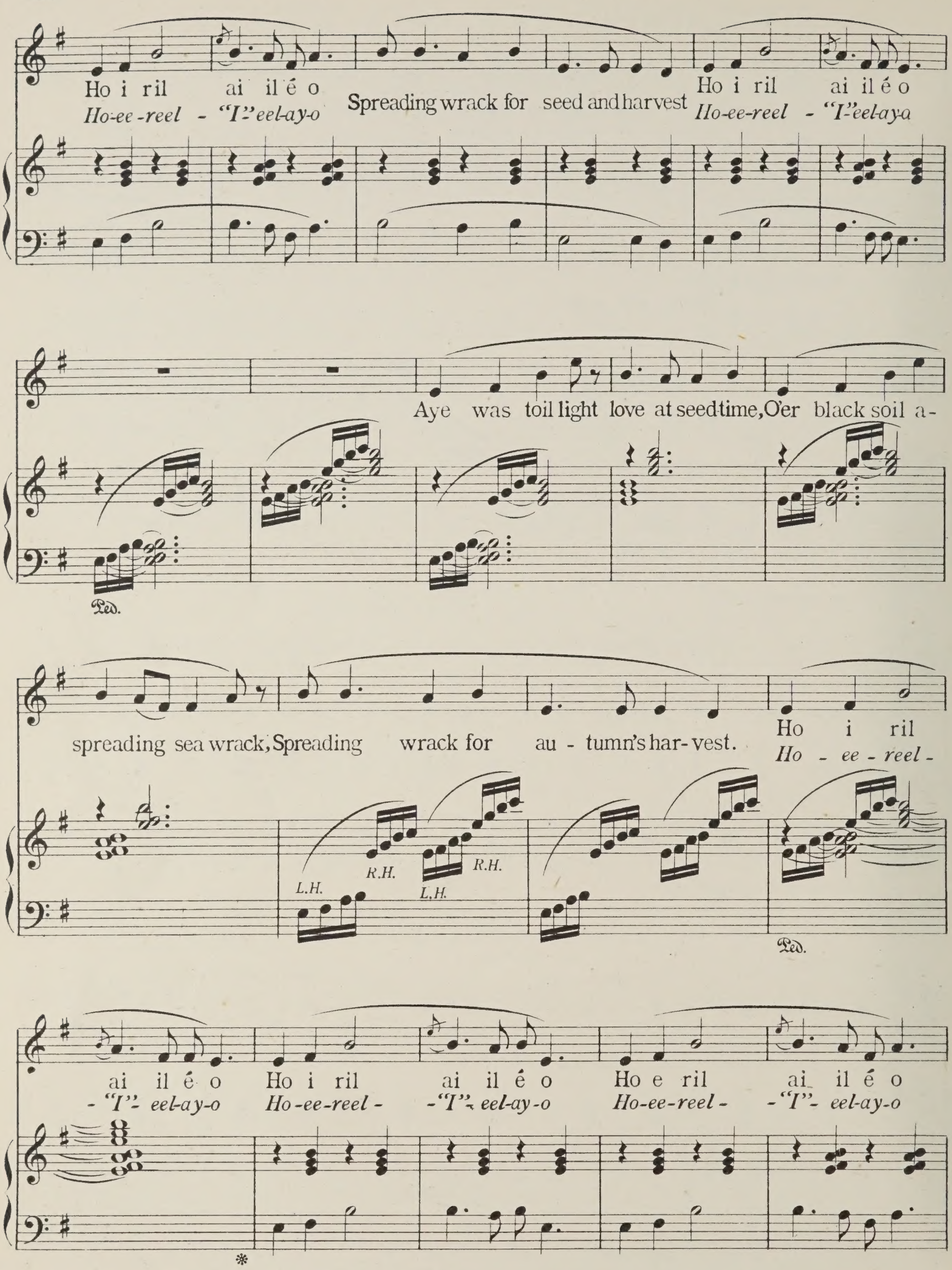
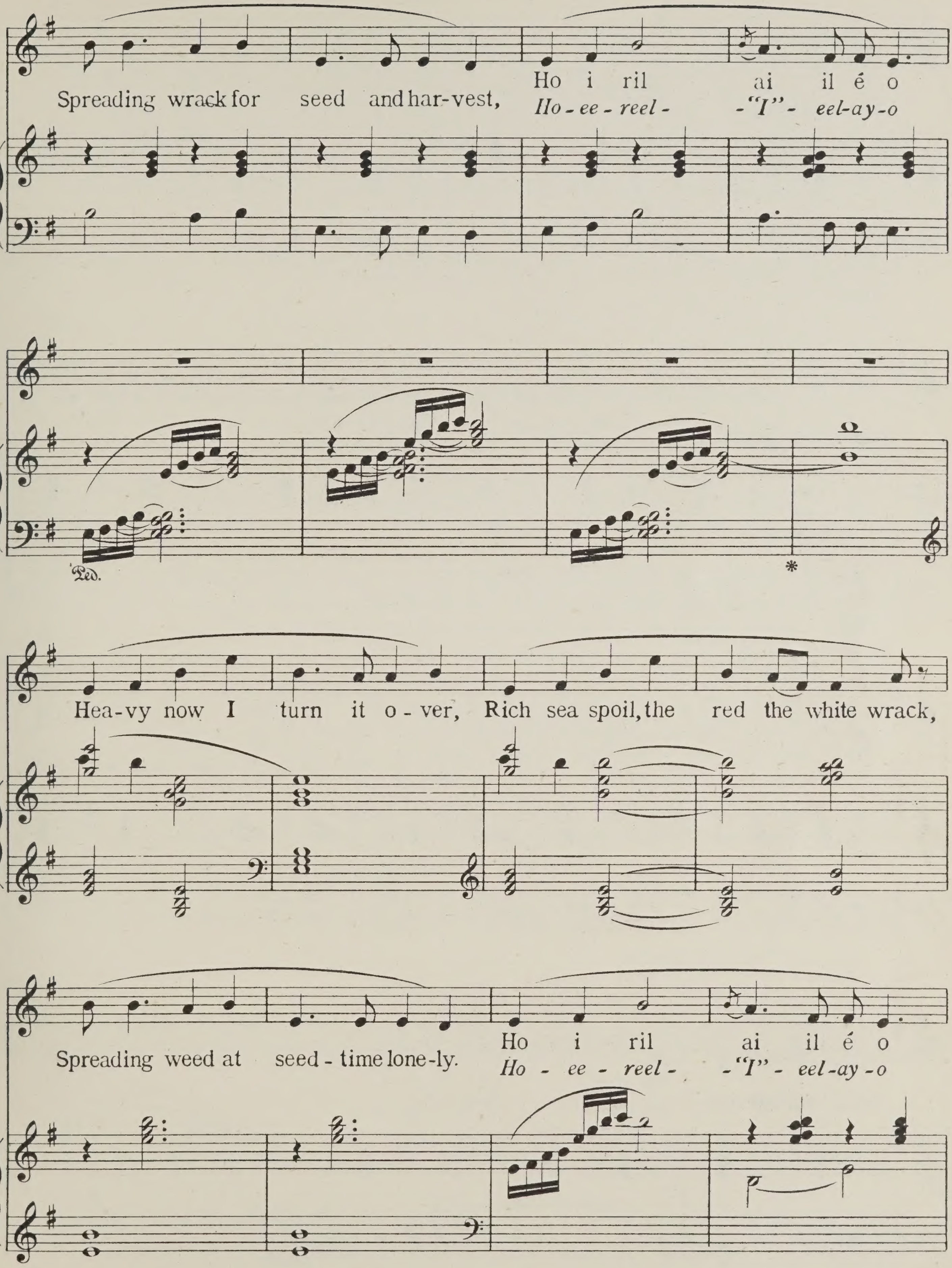
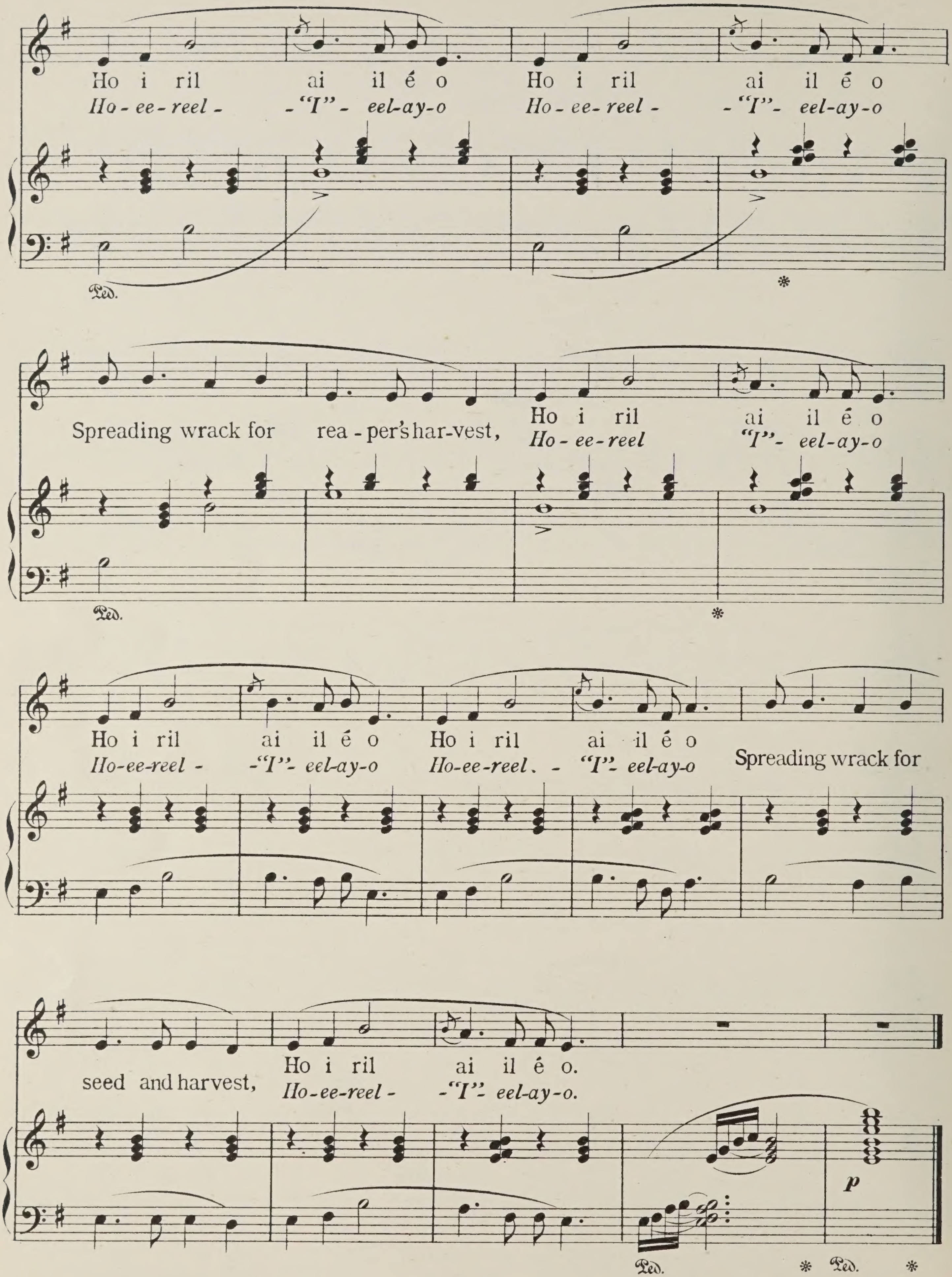

Ho i ril ai il é o
Ho-ee-reel - "I"-eel-ay-o
Spreading wrack for seed and harvest
Ho i ril ai il é o
Ho-ee-reel - "I"-eel-ay-a
Aye was toil light love at seedtime, O'er black soil a-
Ped.
spreading sea wrack, Spreading wrack for au - tumn's har-vest.
Ho i ril
Ho - ee - reel -
L.H.
R.H.
L.H.
R.H.
Ped.
ai il é o Ho i ril ai il é o Ho e ril ai il é o
- "I"- eel-ay-o Ho-ee-reel - - "I"- eel-ay-o Ho-ee-reel - - "I"- eel-ay-o
*


Spreading wrack for seed and har-vest,
Ho i ril ai il é o
Ho - ee - reel - - "I" - eel-ay-o
Ped.
*
Hea-vy now I turn it o - ver, Rich sea spoil, the red the white wrack,
Spreading weed at seed - time lone-ly.
Ho i ril ai il é o
Ho - ee - reel - - "I" - eel-ay-o


Ho i ril ai il é o Ho i ril ai il é o
Ho-ee-reel - -"I"- eel-ay-o Ho-ee-reel - -"I"- eel-ay-o
Spreading wrack for rea-per's har-vest, Ho i ril ai il é o
Ho-ee-reel "I"- eel-ay-o
Ho i ril ai il é o Ho i ril ai il é o
Ho-ee-reel - -"I"- eel-ay-o Ho-ee-reel. - "I"- eel-ay-o
Spreading wrack for
seed and harvest, Ho i ril ai il é o.
Ho-ee-reel - -"I"- eel-ay-o.
p

The *Skīr of St. Kenneth.

It was the year of the Black Frost in the Skīr of St. Kenneth, when the ice, which on Christmas Eve but covered the quiet pools, was by Easter-tide creeping upward and downward on the very face of the waterfalls themselves. It was the year too of the dead birds, there being never a bit of softness anywhere big enough to let the beak of a little bird bird through to the worms below-and, O King of the elements, pity the poor when each tuft of earth is alike for hardness. And day after day the Clerk who was tending the Skīr scattered grain out of the lean barns on whatsoever tuft a little bird was likely to light upon, until one day he cried out, "Sorrow upon me, it is either the folks themselves or else the birds that must die." And on that same evening, taking to the road to keep himself warm, he saw one like unto a monk standing on a hillock near to the church of St. Kenneth, with a flock of birds flying around him."Who art thou, stranger, and what thine errand?" asked the Clerk. "I am he whose name is on yonder church, and I am giving Communion to the birds before they die." "Please God, holy man, they shall not die. I myself will feed them." "And the song of the birds will be in thine own heart, good Clerk, and be it known unto thee that a full week before the lean barns are empty, the Good Being will send his soft wind from the West to put growth and greenness on the Skīr of St. Kenneth."

KENNETH MACLEOD.

---

* Gaelic Sgīr, Parish.

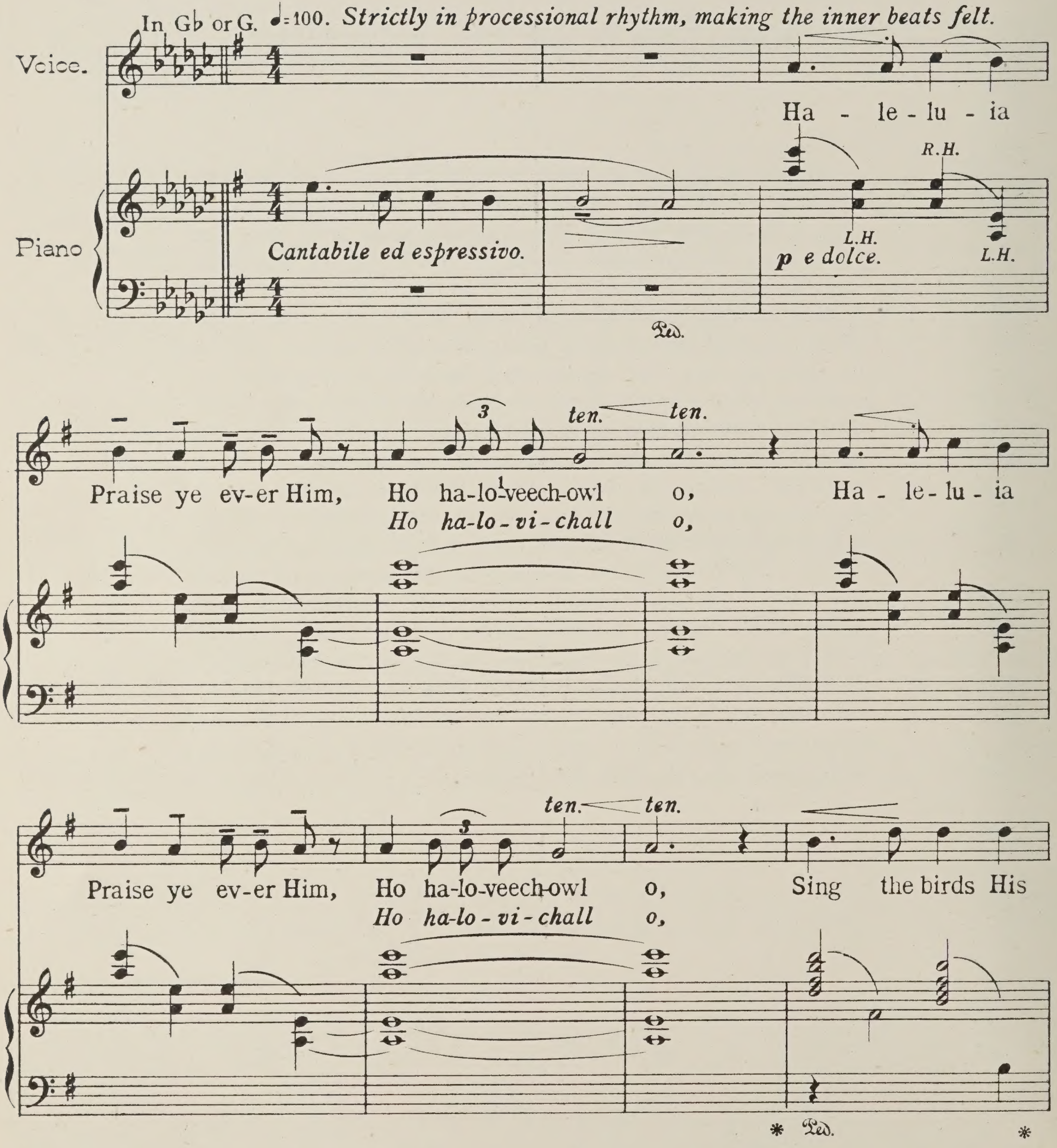
H. 10220.

*VOW SONG OF THE BIRDS.

Processional.

Words by
KENNETH MACLEOD.

Air noted from CALUM MACLEAN,
Lochmaddy, N. Uist.
Arr. for Voice and Piano by
M. KENNEDY-FRASER.

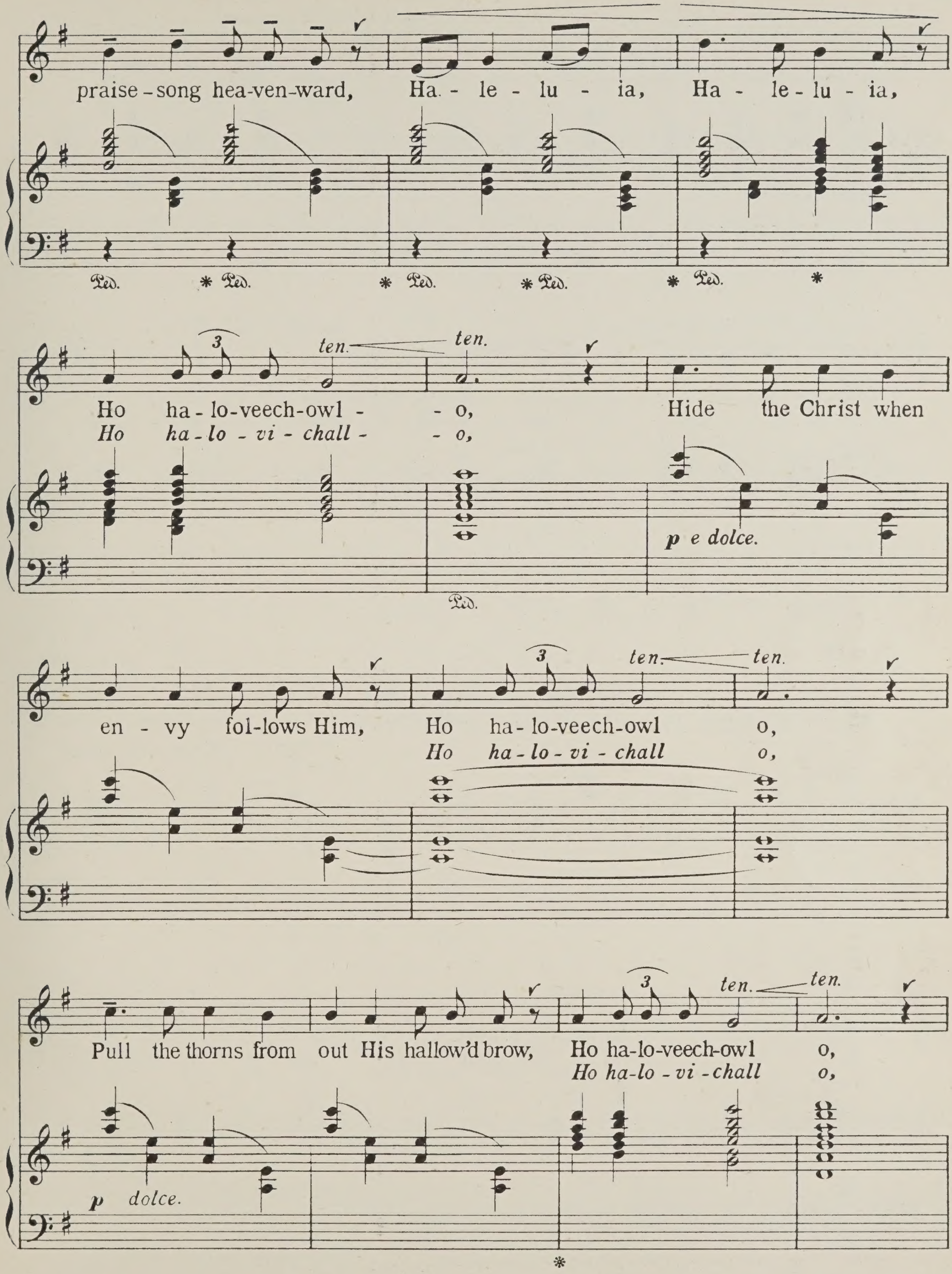

In G♭ or G. ♩=100. Strictly in processional rhythm, making the inner beats felt.
Voice.
Piano
Cantabile ed espressivo.
p e dolce.
R.H.
L.H.
L.H.
Ped.
Ha - le - lu - ia
Praise ye ev-er Him, Ho ha-lo-¹veech-owl o, Ha - le - lu - ia
Ho ha-lo - vi - chall o,
3
ten.
ten.
Praise ye ev-er Him, Ho ha-lo-veech-owl o, Sing the birds His
Ho ha-lo - vi - chall o,
3
ten.
ten.
* Ped.
*

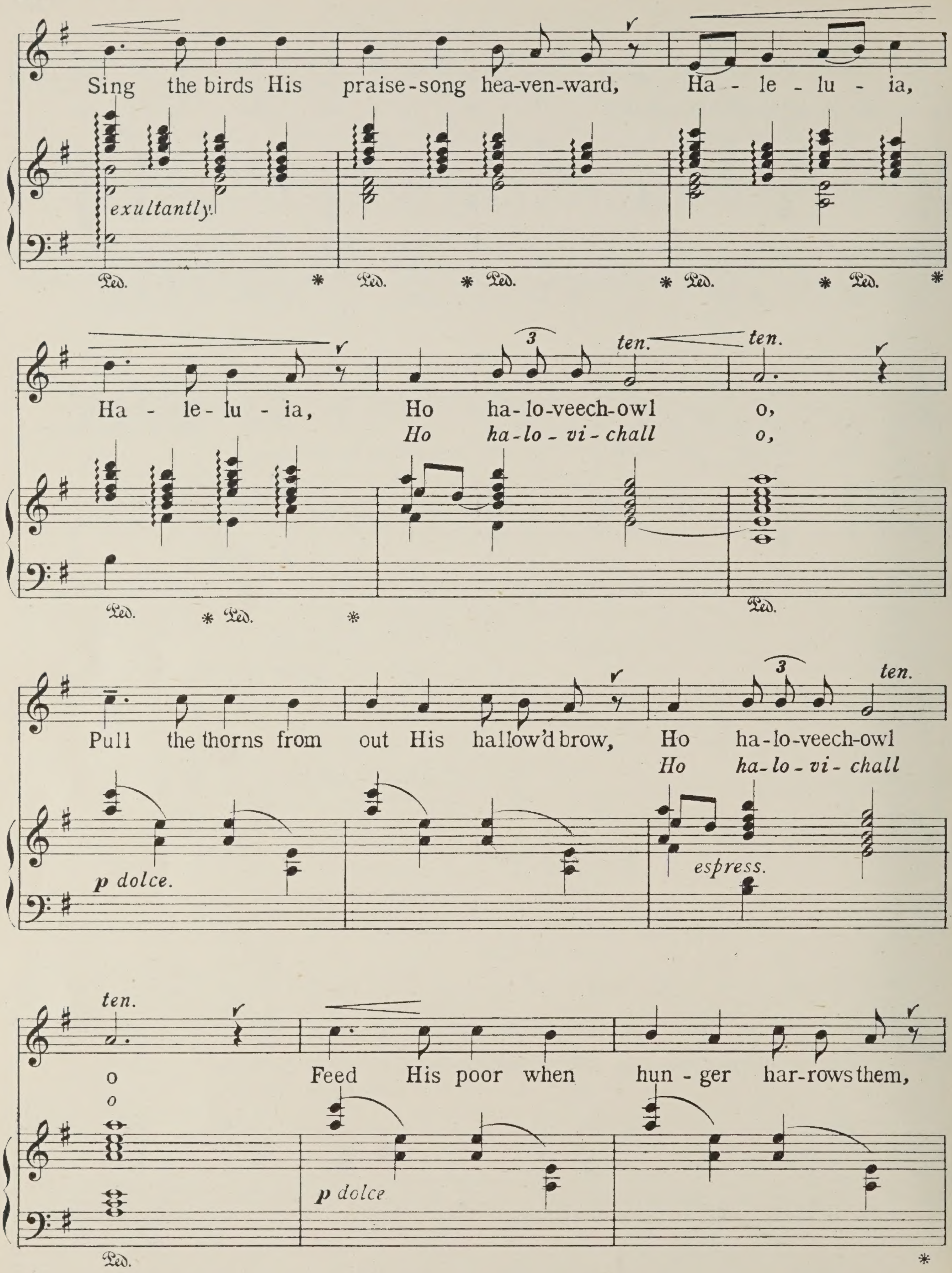
---

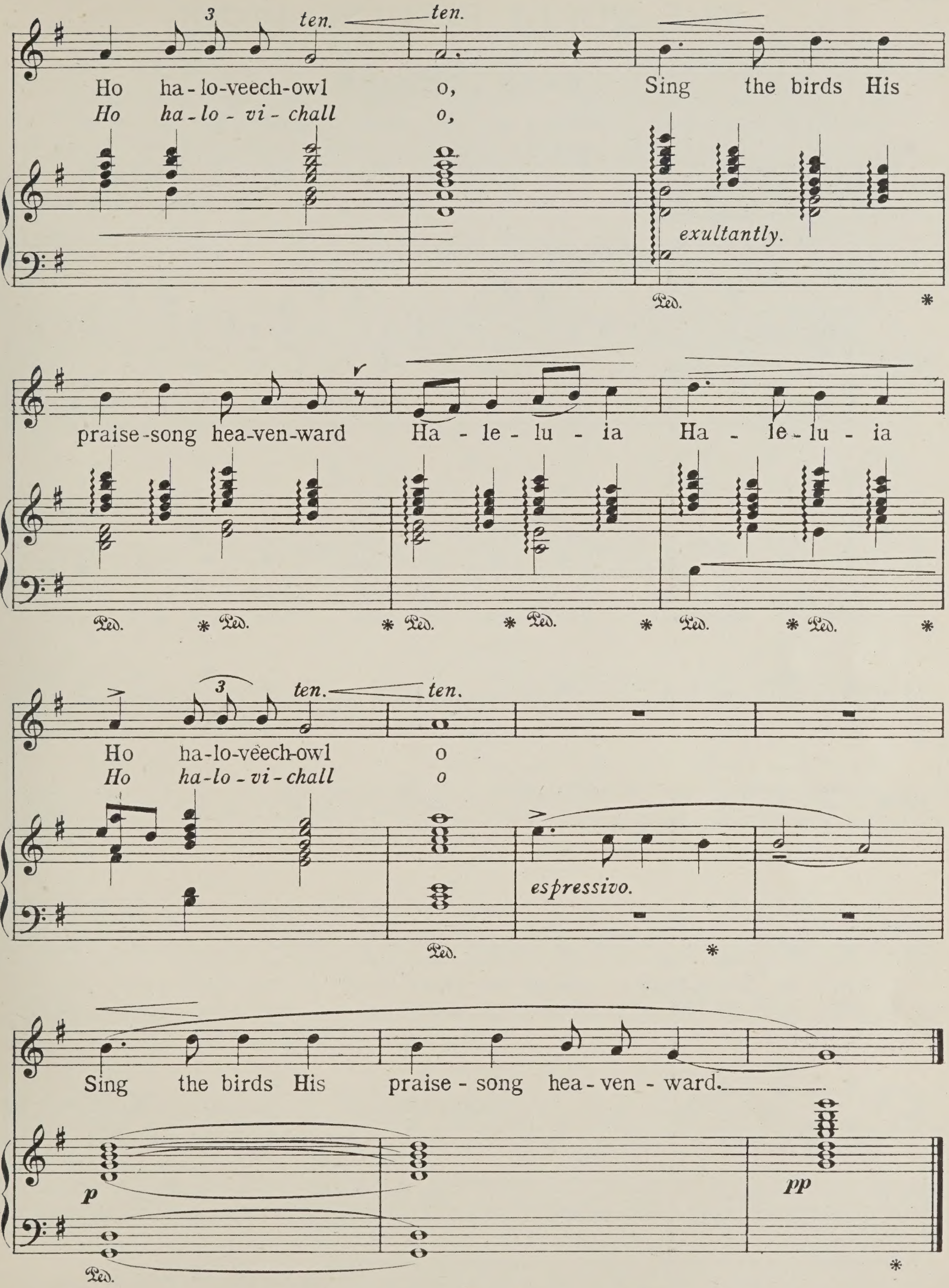
*This song may be sung unaccompanied as a unison processional.

[1] Ch pronounced here as in loch, a very soft slight guttural.

N. B. Not like veetch, think rather of Ho ha-lo-vee-"howl"-o


praise-song hea-ven-ward, Ha-le-lu-ia, Ha-le-lu-ia,
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
3
ten. ten.
Ho ha-lo-veech-owl - o, Hide the Christ when
Ho ha-lo-vi-chall - o,
p e dolce.
Ped.
3
ten. ten.
en-vy fol-lows Him, Ho ha-lo-veech-owl o,
Ho ha-lo-vi-chall o,
3
ten. ten.
Pull the thorns from out His hallow'd brow, Ho ha-lo-veech-owl o,
Ho ha-lo-vi-chall o,
p dolce.
*


Sing the birds His praise-song hea-ven-ward, Ha - le - lu - ia,
exultantly
Ha - le - lu - ia, Ho ha-lo-veech-owl o,
Ho ha-lo-vi-chall o,
ten.
ten.
3
Pull the thorns from out His hallow'd brow, Ho ha-lo-veech-owl
Ho ha-lo-vi-chall
p dolce.
espress.
ten.
o
o
Feed His poor when hun - ger har-rows them,
p dolce


ten.
ten.
Ho ha-lo-veech-owl o, Sing the birds His
Ho ha-lo-vi-chall o,
exultantly.
praise-song hea-ven-ward Ha-le-lu-ia Ha-le-lu-ia
ten.
ten.
Ho ha-lo-veech-owl o
Ho ha-lo-vi-chall o
espressivo.
Sing the birds His praise-song hea-ven-ward.
p
pp
Ped.
*

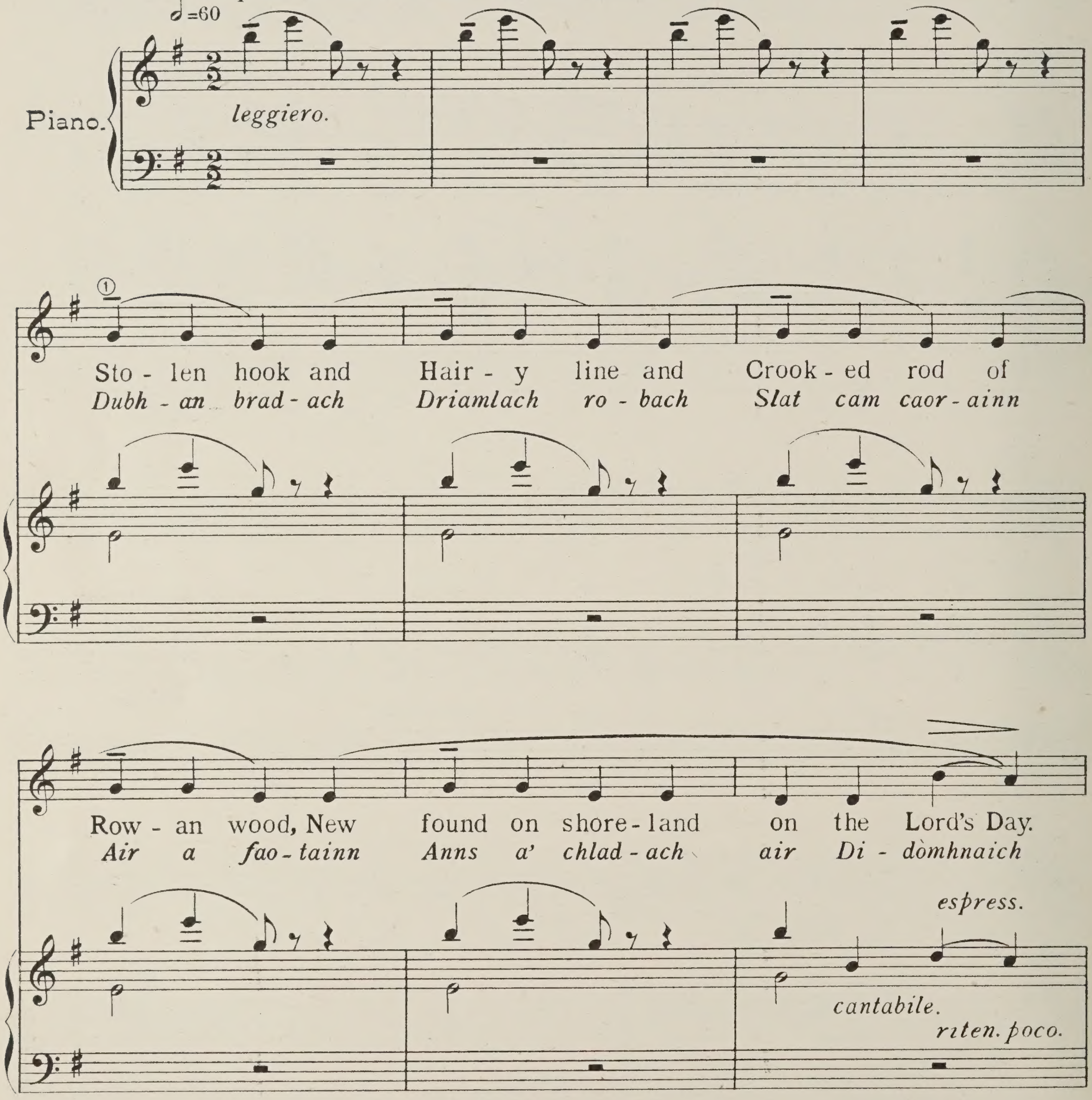
THE RŌDEL FISHING RUNE.

RANN IASGAICH.

Noted from the singing of
KENNETH MACLEOD
learned by him in boyhood in Eigg.

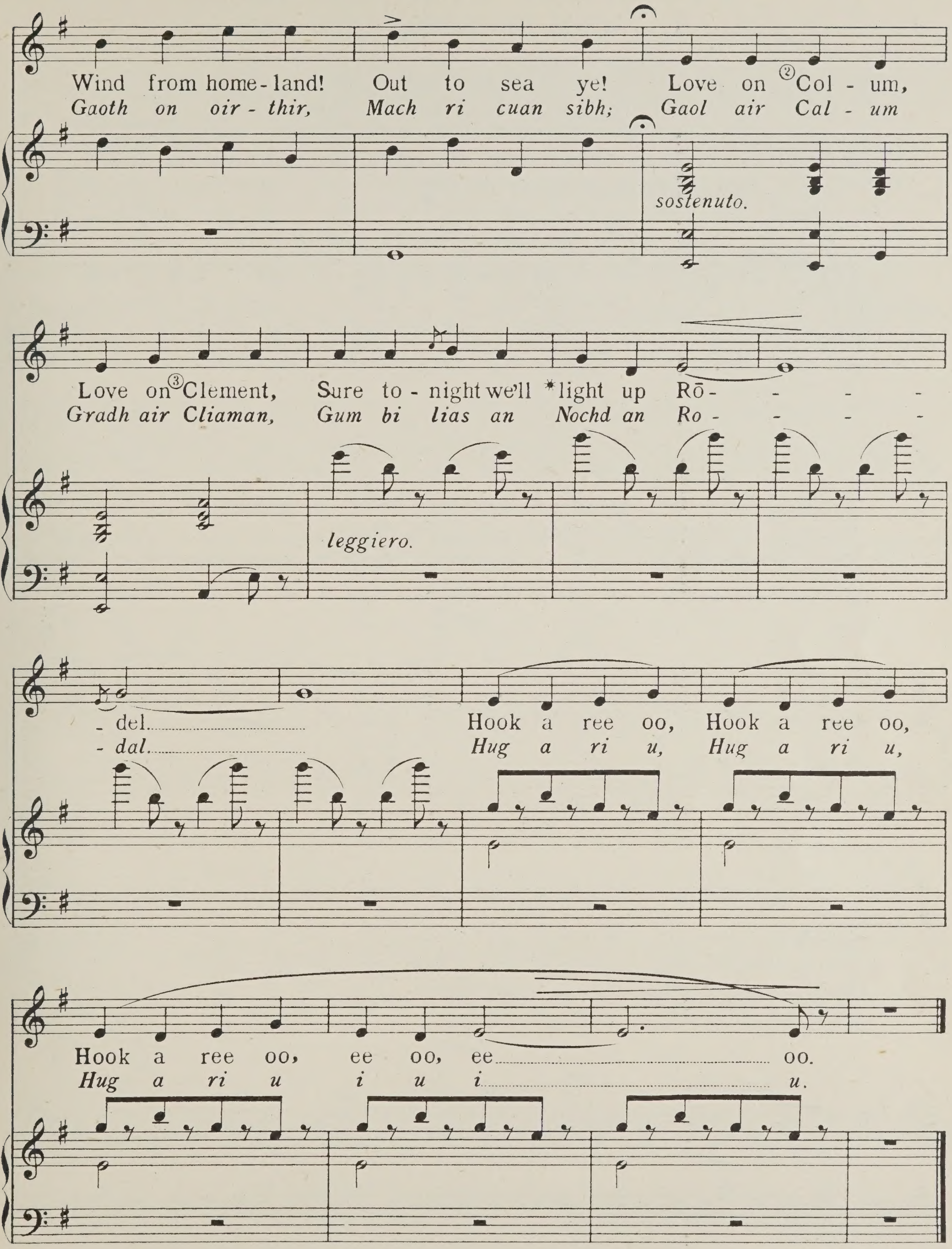
Arranged by
M. KENNEDY-FRASER.

Keep the lilt of the sing-song rhythm a-swinging.


𝅗𝅥 =60
Piano.
leggiero.
①
Sto - len hook and Hair - y line and Crook - ed rod of
Dubh - an brad - ach Driamlach ro - bach Slat cam caor - ainn
Row - an wood, New found on shore - land on the Lord's Day.
Air a fao - tainn Anns a' chlad - ach air Di - dòmhnaich
espress.
cantabile.
riten. poco.

---

① Give time values as noted– do not dot the crotchets and convert others into quavers.


Wind from home-land! Out to sea ye! Love on ②Col-um,
Gaoth on oir-thir, Mach ri cuan sibh; Gaol air Cal-um
sostenuto.
Love on ③Clement, Sure to-night we'll *light up Rō-
Gradh air Cliaman, Gum bi lias an Nochd an Ro-
leggiero.
-del
-dal
Hook a ree oo, Hook a ree oo,
Hug a ri u, Hug a ri u,
Hook a ree oo, ee oo, ee oo.
Hug a ri u i u i u.

② St. Columba of Iona. ③ St. Clement of Rōdel, Harris. * Fish oil for cruisies.

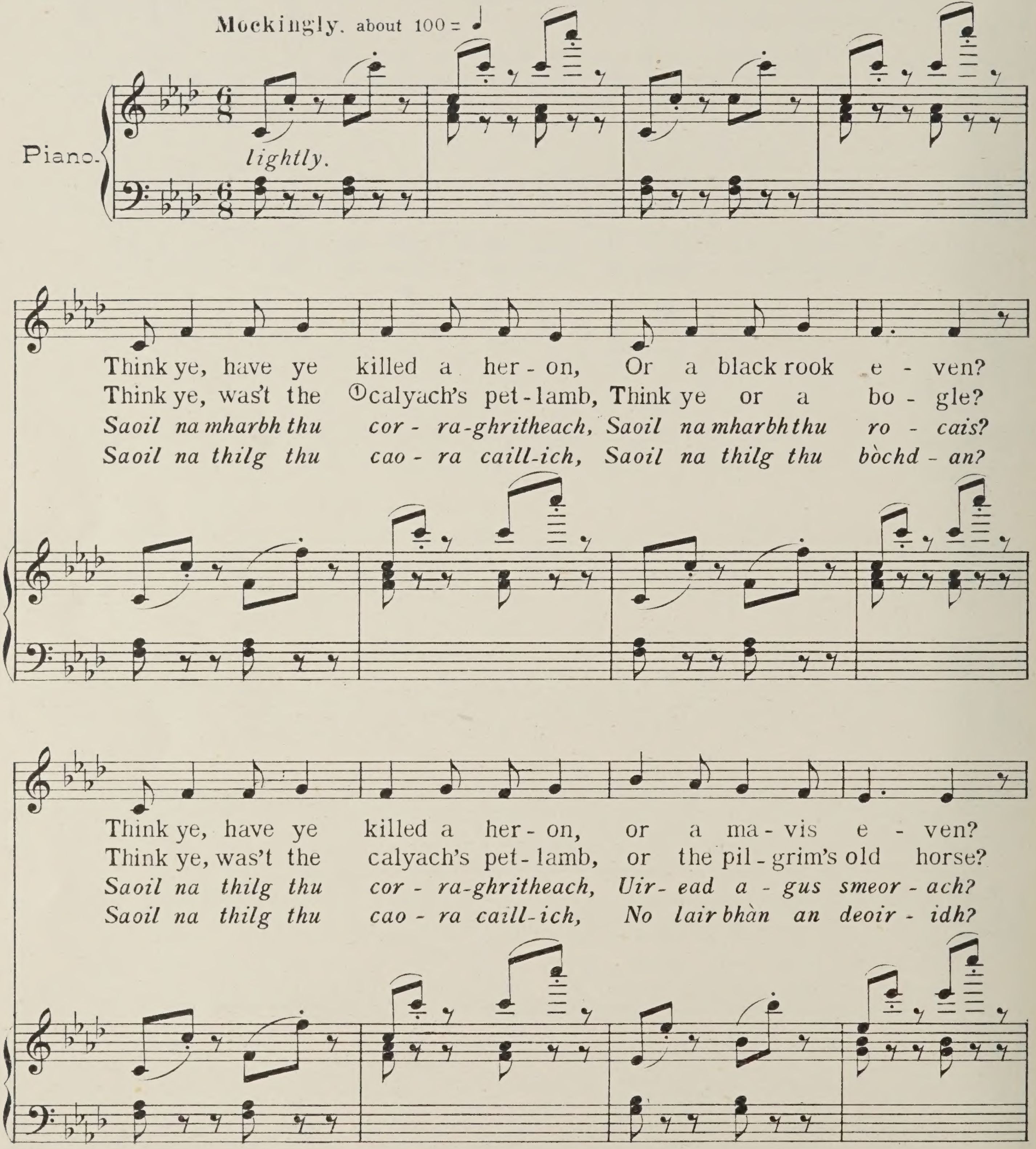
PUTTING THE TAUNT.
CUR NA TAMAILTE.

Isle Laddies' singing game.

Flung by one side at the other – a relic of
grown up ploys when folks lived by the chase

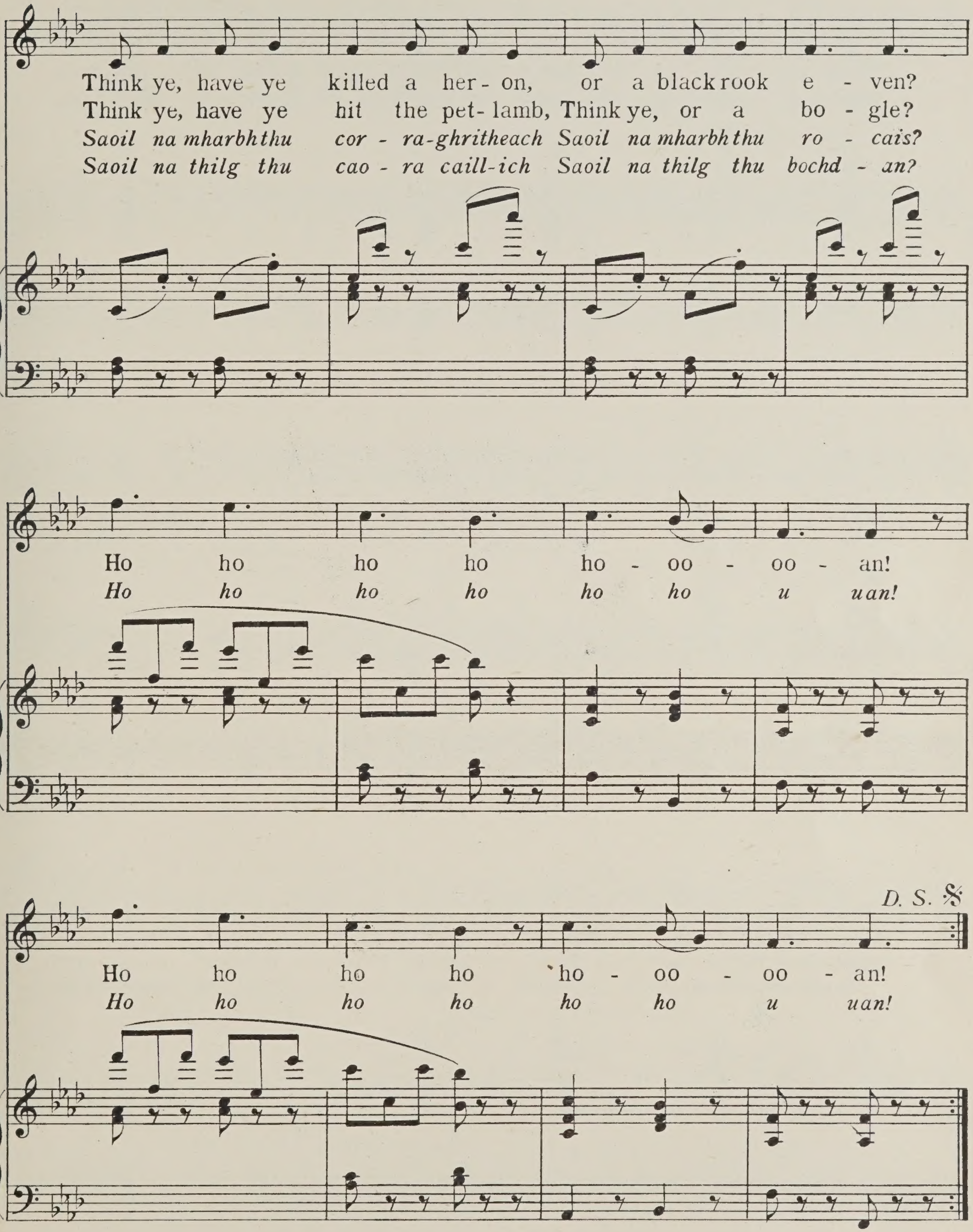
From KENNETH MACLEOD.

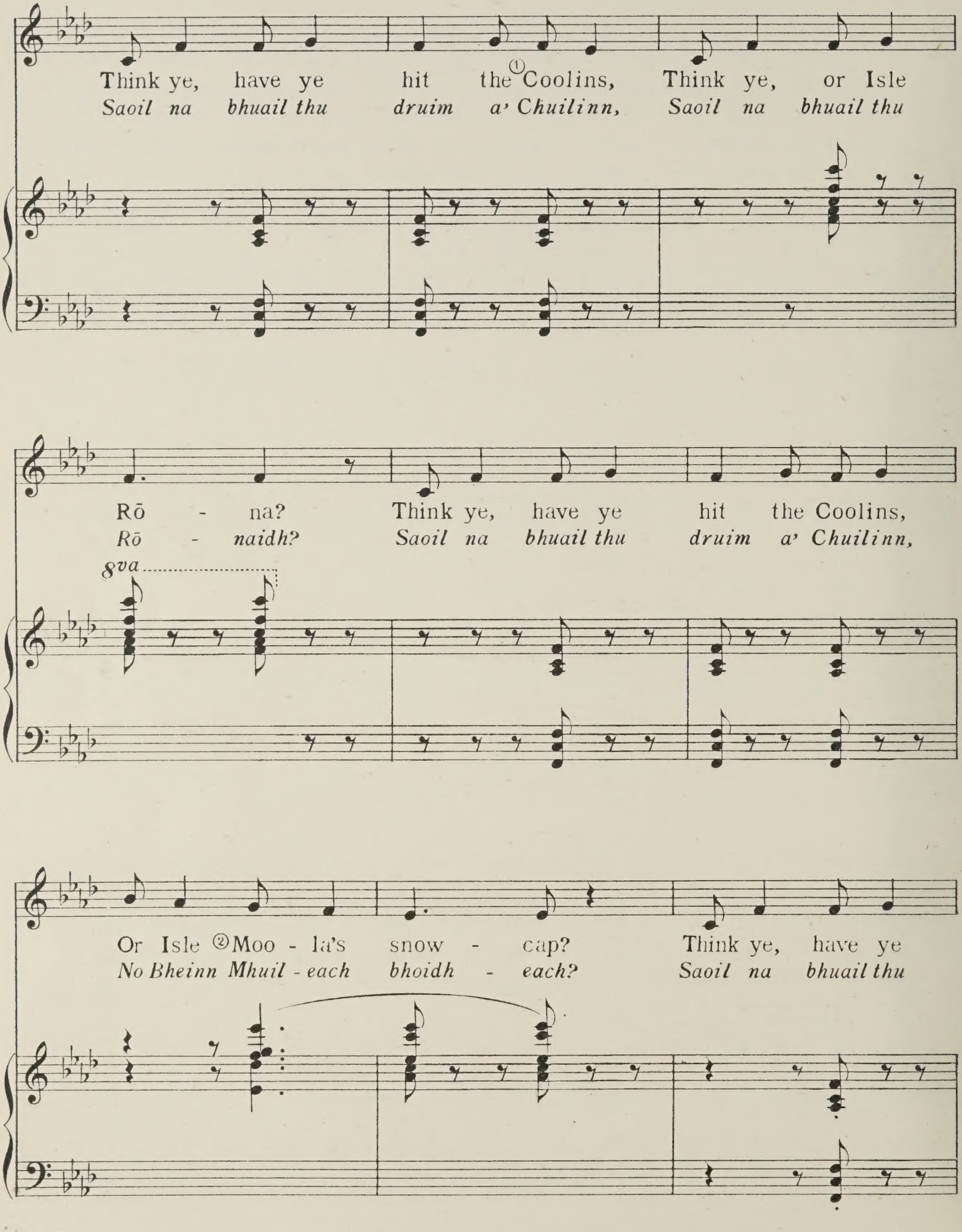
Arranged by
M. KENNEDY-FRASER.


Mockingly. about 100 = ♩
Piano.
lightly.
Think ye, have ye killed a her - on, Or a black rook e - ven?
Think ye, was't the ①calyach's pet - lamb, Think ye or a bo - gle?
Saoil na mharbh thu cor - ra-ghritheach, Saoil na mharbh thu ro - cais?
Saoil na thilg thu cao - ra caill-ich, Saoil na thilg thu bòchd - an?
Think ye, have ye killed a her - on, or a ma - vis e - ven?
Think ye, was't the calyach's pet - lamb, or the pil - grim's old horse?
Saoil na thilg thu cor - ra-ghritheach, Uir - ead a - gus smeor - ach?
Saoil na thilg thu cao - ra caill-ich, No lair bhàn an deoir - idh?

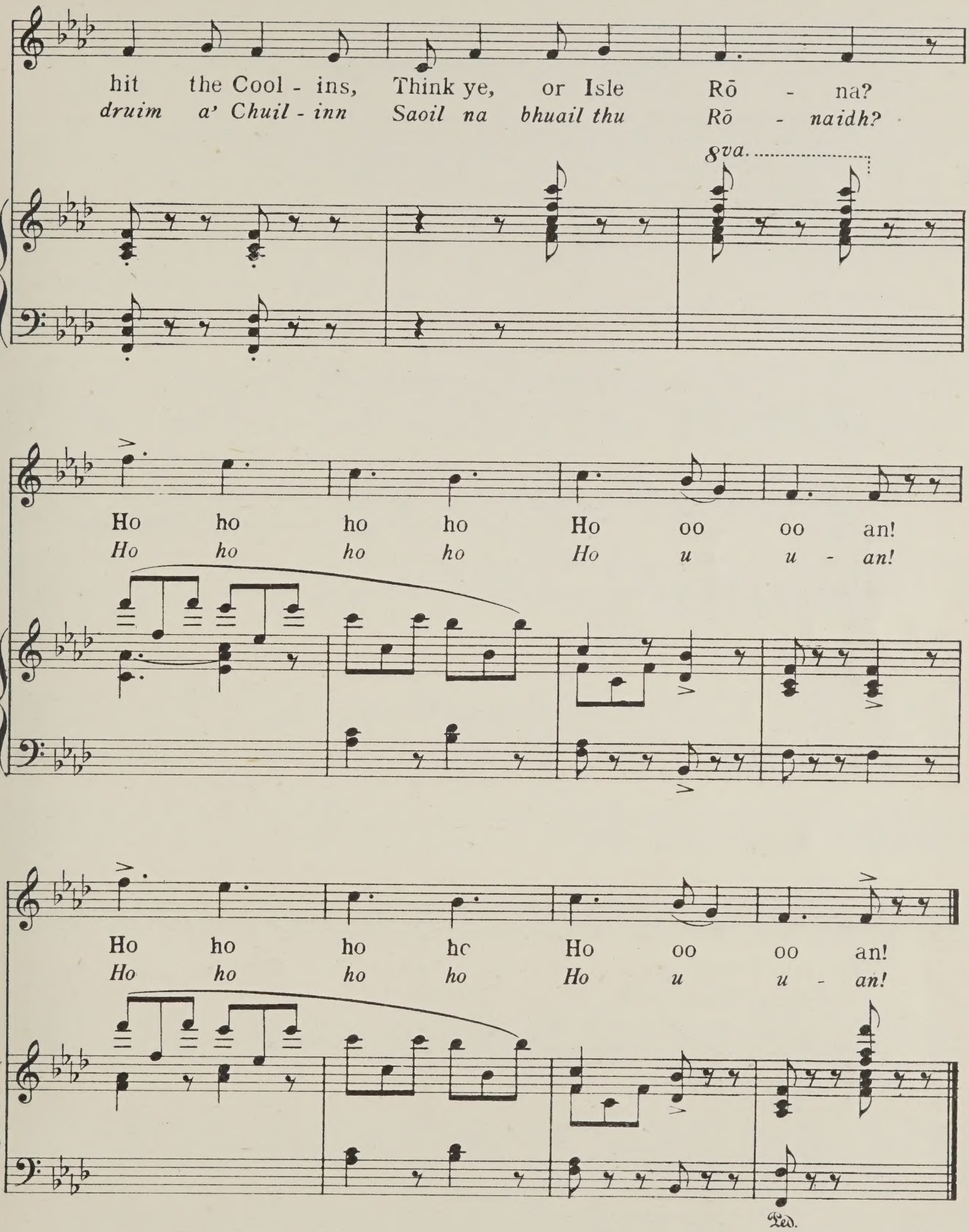
---

① cailleach = old wife.


Think ye, have ye killed a her- on, or a black rook e - ven?
Think ye, have ye hit the pet- lamb, Think ye, or a bo - gle?
Saoil na mharbh thu cor - ra-ghritheach Saoil na mharbh thu ro - caïs?
Saoil na thilg thu cao - ra caill-ich Saoil na thilg thu bochd - an?
Ho ho ho ho ho - oo - oo - an!
Ho ho ho ho ho ho u uan!
D. S. 𝄋
Ho ho ho ho ho - oo - oo - an!
Ho ho ho ho ho ho u uan!


Think ye, have ye hit the ①Coolins, Think ye, or Isle
Saoil na bhuail thu druim a' Chuilinn, Saoil na bhuail thu
Rō - na? Think ye, have ye hit the Coolins,
Rō - naidh? Saoil na bhuail thu druim a' Chuilinn,
8va
Or Isle ②Moo - la's snow - cap? Think ye, have ye
No Bheinn Mhuil - each bhoidh - each? Saoil na bhuail thu

① The hills of Skye and Rūm. ② Mull.


hit the Cool - ins, Think ye, or Isle Rō - na?
druim a' Chuil - inn Saoil na bhuail thu Rō - naidh?
8va.
Ho ho ho ho Ho oo oo an!
Ho ho ho ho Ho u u - an!
Ho ho ho ho Ho oo oo an!
Ho ho ho ho Ho u u - an!
Ped.

The Rune of the Weaver.

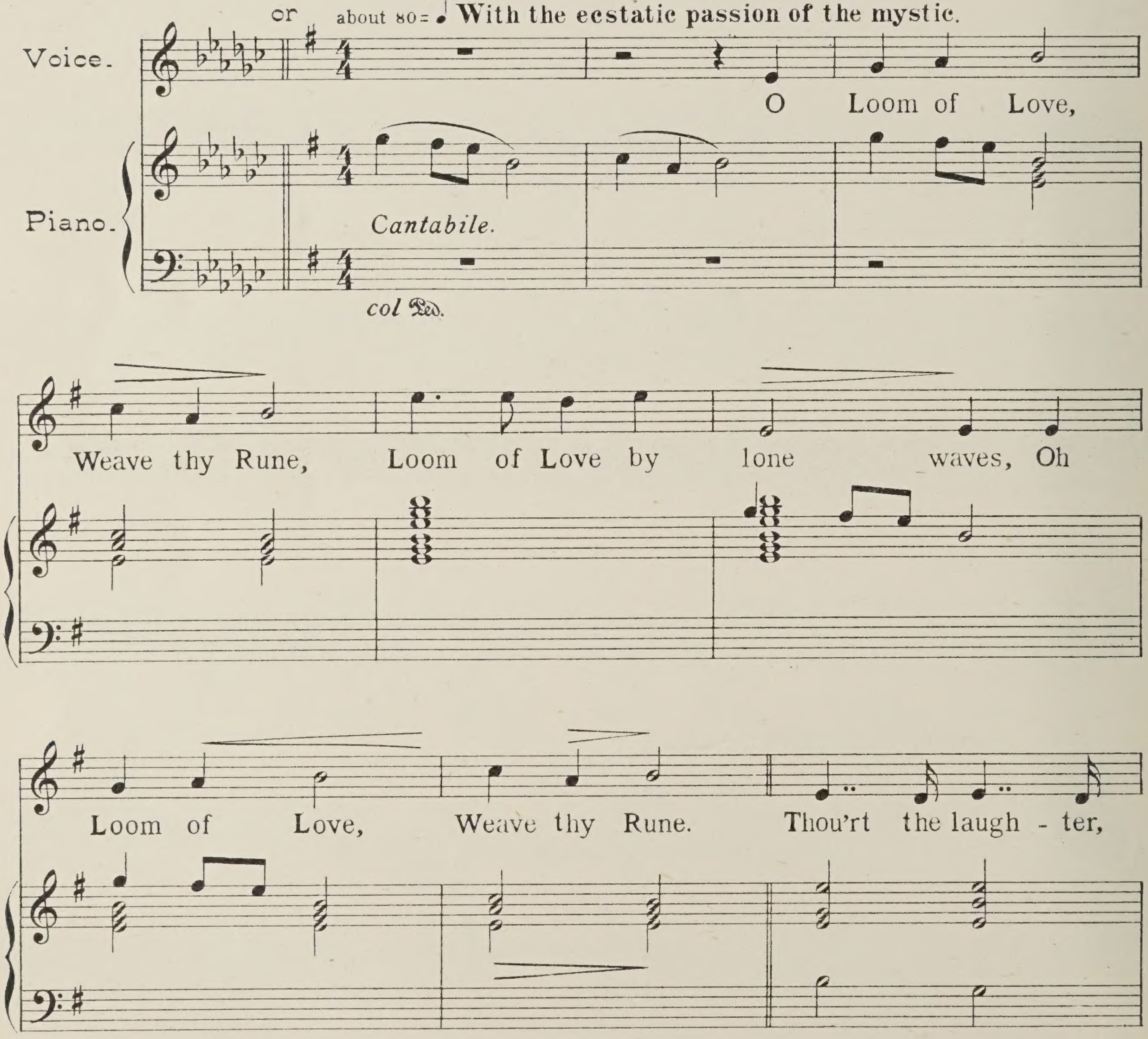
THE LIMPET GATHERER.

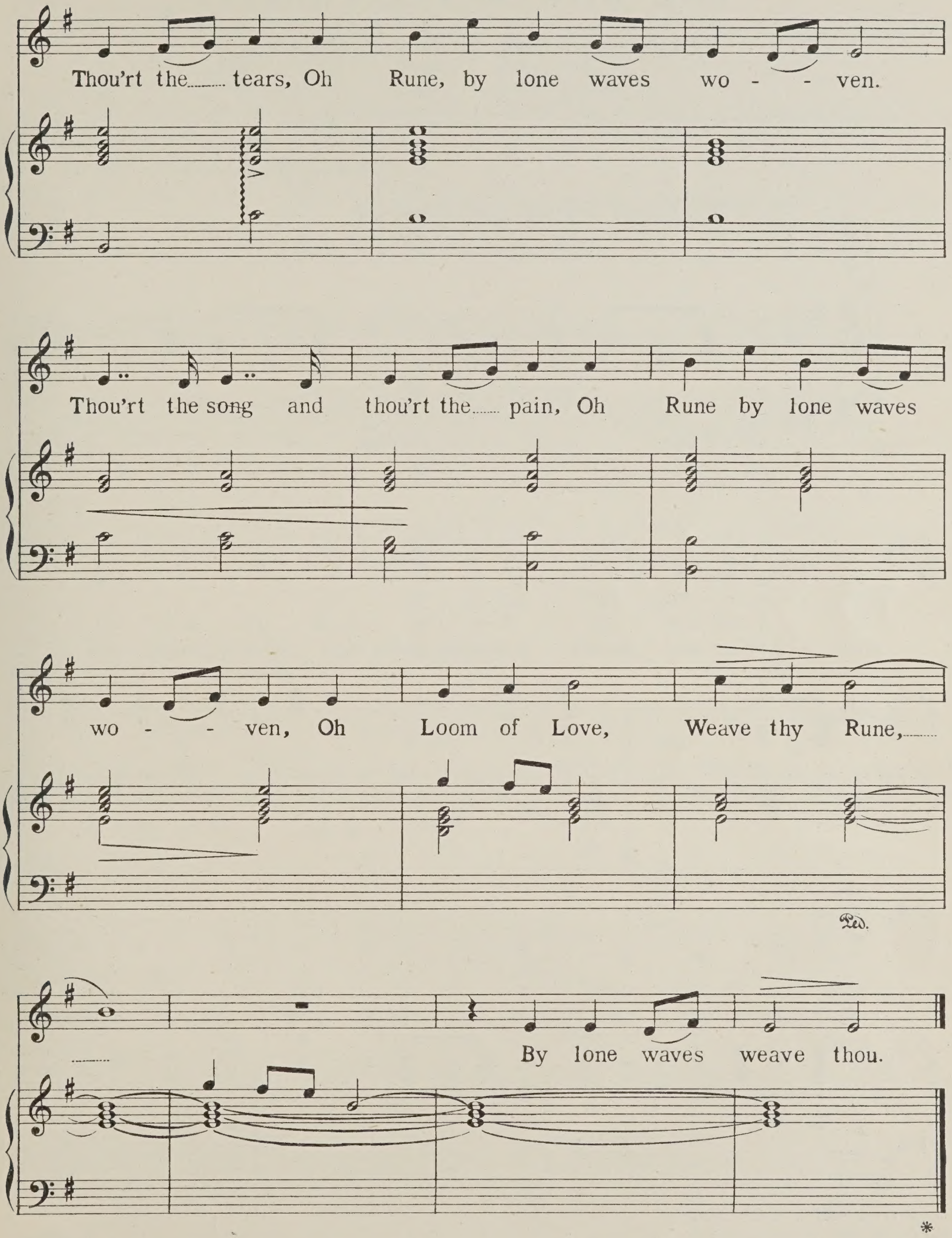
The woman was in the sea-shore pulling the limpets and what saw she but a wreath of mist, whiter than snow, gliding towards her from the far East. When she looked again, what saw she this time but a glow of light in the very centre of the wreath—and when she looked up the third time, who was in yonder glow of Light but the Weaver weaving his Rune. "O Mother of God, is it not the beautiful thing, the rune that is woven of the tears and the laughter."

Kenneth Macleod.

Words by
KENNETH MACLEOD.

Air noted from the singing of MARION MACLEOD, Eigg.
and arranged for voice and piano by
M. KENNEDY-FRASER.

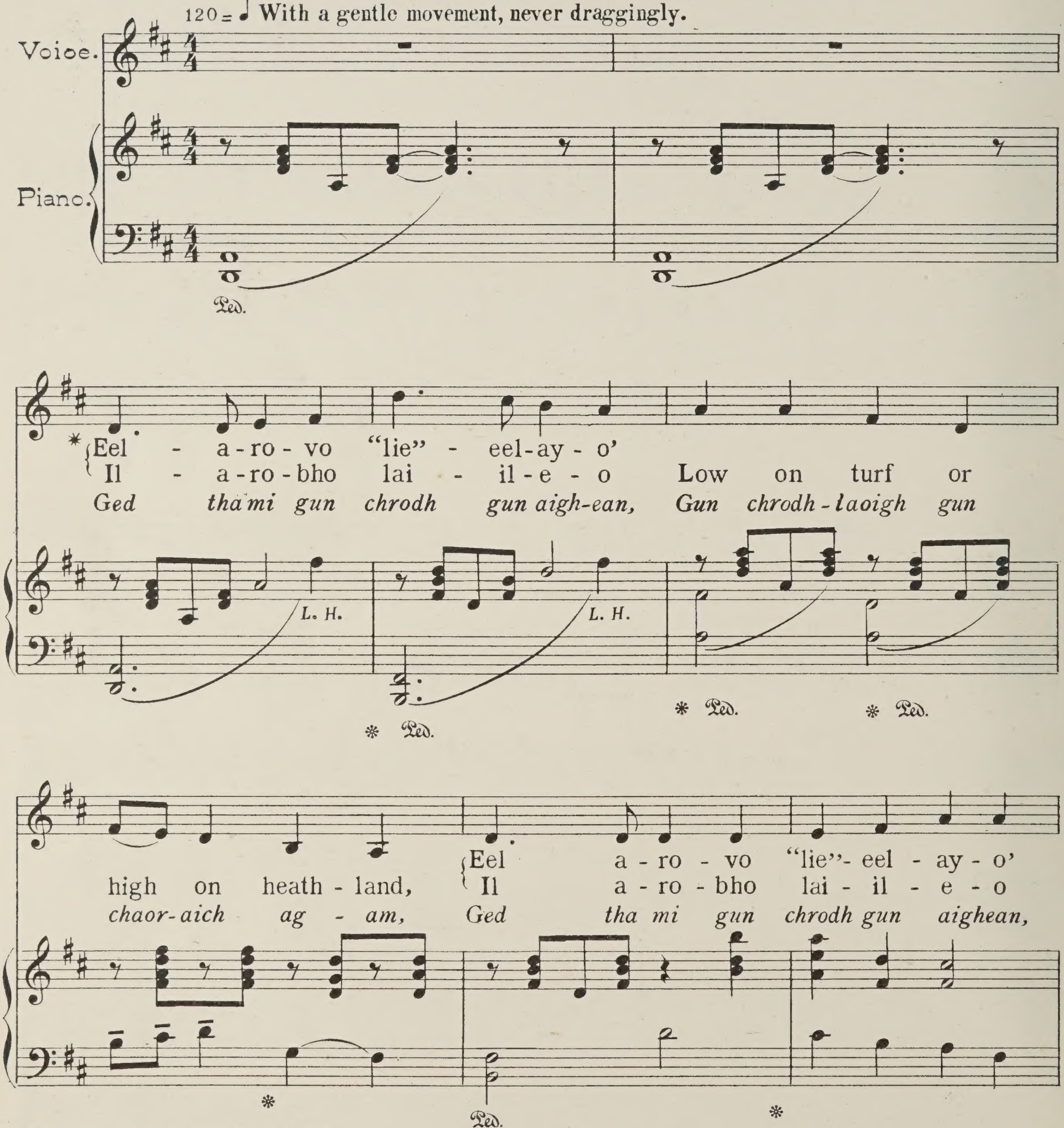

or about 80 = ♩ With the ecstatic passion of the mystic.
Voice.
Piano.
Cantabile.
col Ped.
O Loom of Love,
Weave thy Rune, Loom of Love by lone waves, Oh
Loom of Love, Weave thy Rune. Thou'rt the laugh - ter,


Thou'rt the........ tears, Oh Rune, by lone waves wo - - ven.
Thou'rt the song and thou'rt the....... pain, Oh Rune by lone waves
wo - - ven, Oh Loom of Love, Weave thy Rune,........
.... By lone waves weave thou.
Ped.
*

THE DOWERLESS MAIDEN.

GUN CHRODH, GUN AIGHEAN.

English adaption and pianoforte accompaniment by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.


120 = ♩ With a gentle movement, never draggingly.
Voice.
Piano.
Ped.
*Eel - a-ro-vo "lie" - eel-ay-o'
Il - a-ro-bho lai - il-e-o Low on turf or
Ged tha mi gun chrodh gun aigh-ean, Gun chrodh-laoigh gun
L. H.
L. H.
* Ped.
* Ped.
* Ped.
high on heath-land, Eel a-ro-vo "lie"- eel-ay-o'
Il a-ro-bho lai-il-e-o
chaor-aich ag-am, Ged tha mi gun chrodh gun aighean,
*
Ped.
*

*English sounds of Gaelic Syllables.

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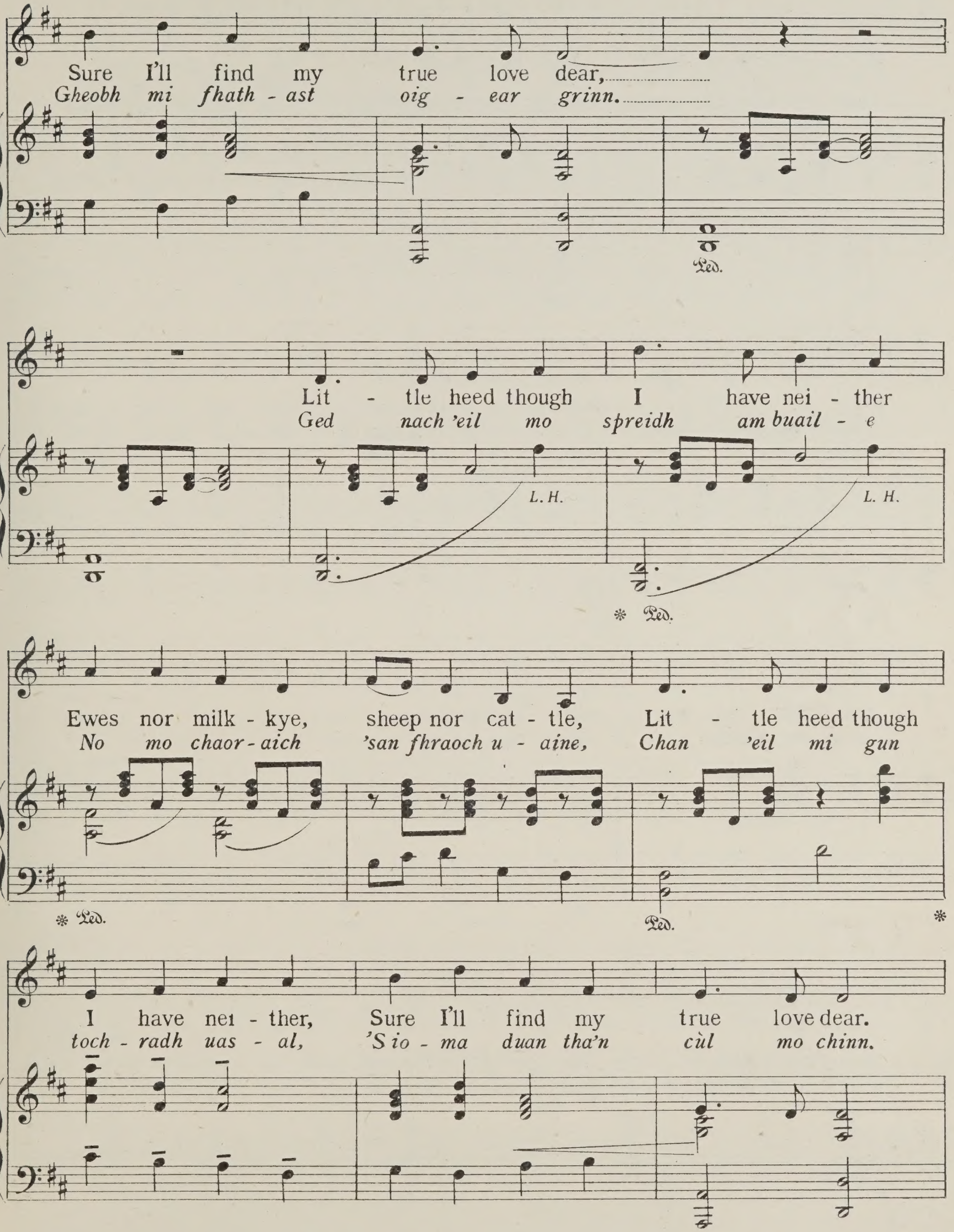
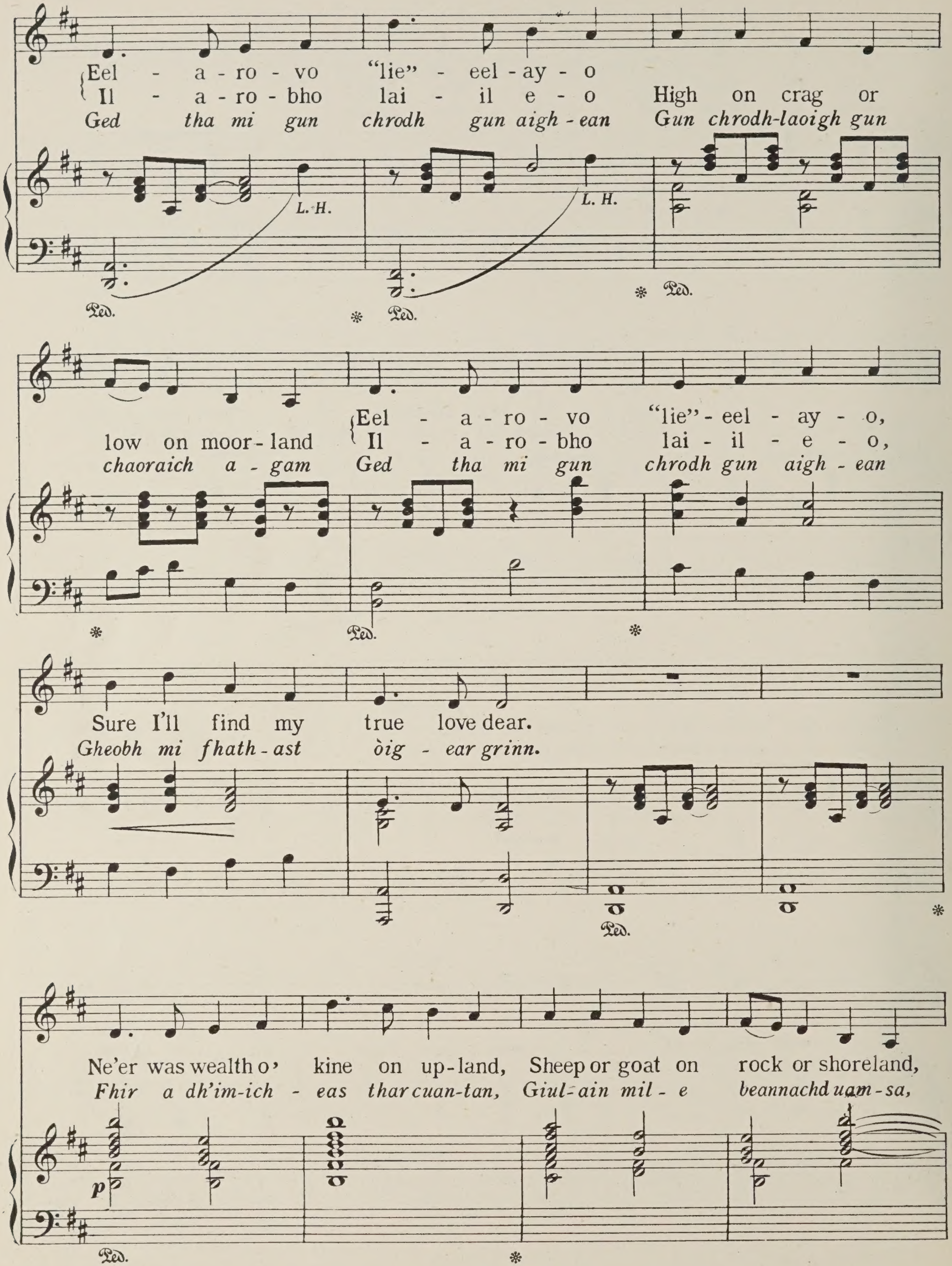
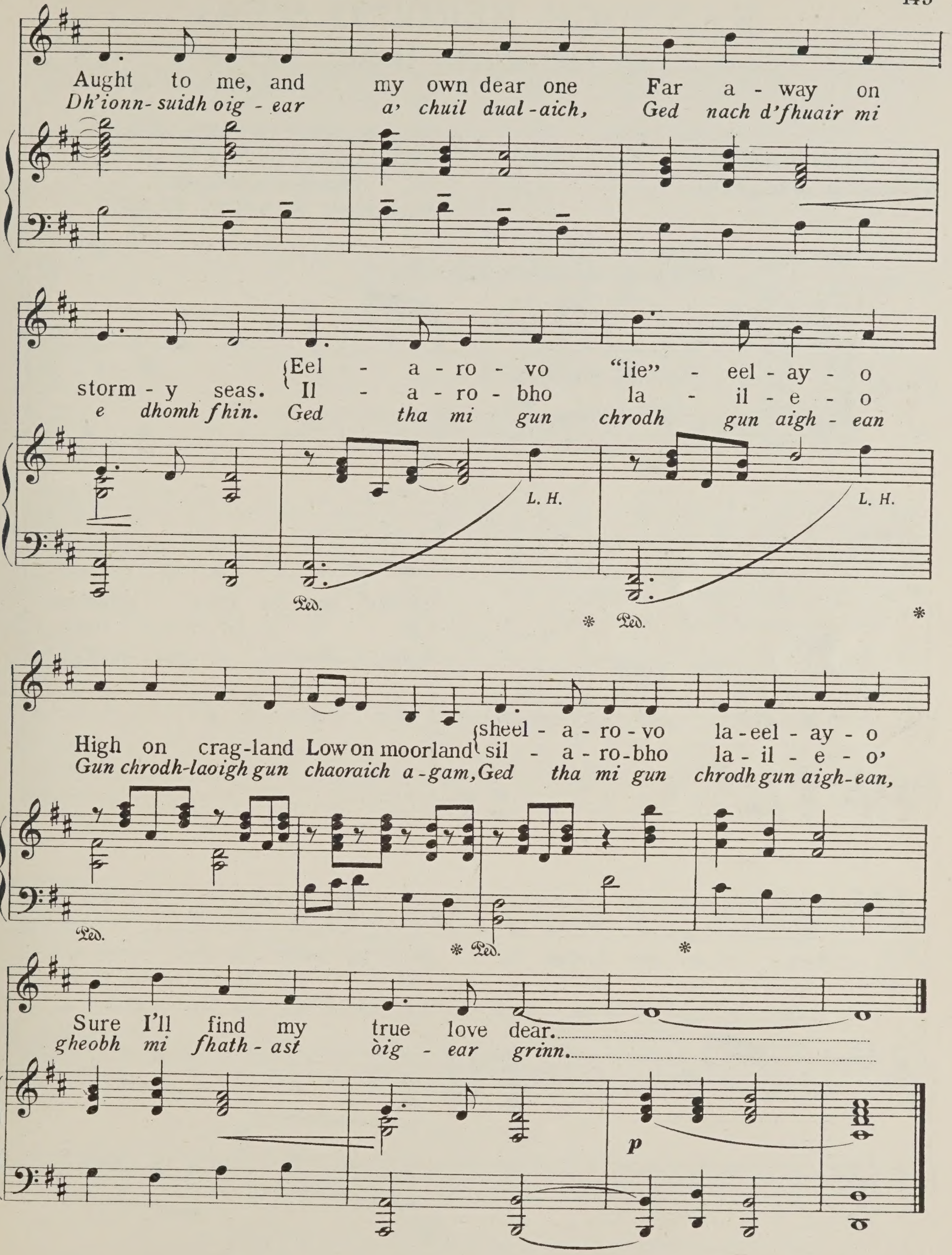

Sure I'll find my true love dear,
Gheobh mi fhath-ast oig-ear grinn.
Lit-tle heed though I have nei-ther
Ged nach 'eil mo spreidh am buail-e
L. H.
L. H.
Ewes nor milk-kye, sheep nor cat-tle, Lit-tle heed though
No mo chaor-aich 'san fhraoch u-aine, Chan 'eil mi gun
I have nei-ther, Sure I'll find my true love dear.
toch-radh uas-al, 'S io-ma duan tha'n cùl mo chinn.
Ped.
*


Eel - a - ro - vo "lie" - eel - ay - o
Il - a - ro - bho lai - il e - o High on crag or
Ged tha mi gun chrodh gun aigh - ean Gun chrodh-laoigh gun
L. H.
L. H.
Ped.
*
Ped.
*
Ped.
low on moor - land
chaoraich a - gam
Eel - a - ro - vo "lie" - eel - ay - o,
Il - a - ro - bho lai - il - e - o,
Ged tha mi gun chrodh gun aigh - ean
*
Ped.
*
Sure I'll find my true love dear.
Gheobh mi fhath - ast òig - ear grinn.
Ped.
*
Ne'er was wealth o' kine on up - land, Sheep or goat on rock or shoreland,
Fhir a dh'im-ich - eas thar cuan-tan, Giul-ain mil - e beannachd uam - sa,
p
Ped.
*

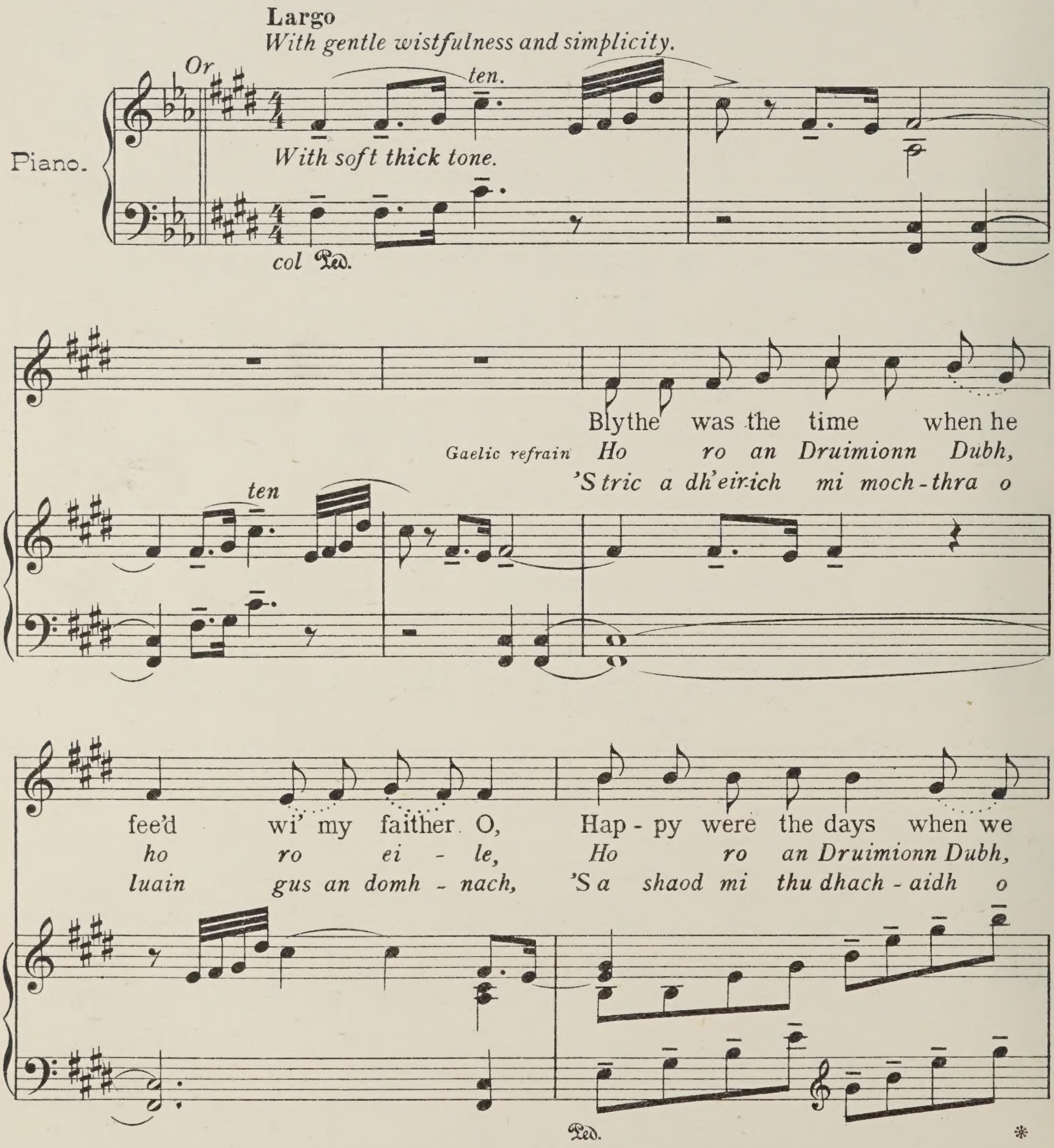

Aught to me, and my own dear one Far a - way on
Dh'ionn- suidh oig - ear a' chuil dual - aich, Ged nach d'fhuair mi
storm - y seas. {Eel - a - ro - vo "lie" - eel - ay - o
Il - a - ro - bho la - il - e - o
e dhomh fhin. Ged tha mi gun chrodh gun aigh - ean
L. H.
L. H.
Ped.
* Ped.
*
High on crag-land Low on moorland {sheel - a - ro - vo la - eel - ay - o
sil - a - ro-bho la - il - e - o'
Gun chrodh-laoigh gun chaoraich a - gam, Ged tha mi gun chrodh gun aigh-ean,
Ped.
* Ped.
*
Sure I'll find my true love dear.
gheobh mi fhath - ast òig - ear grinn.
p

RANNOCH HERDING SONG.

"AN DRUIMIONN DUBH."

Gaelic words restored by
KENNETH MACLEOD.

Argyllshire air, from Patrick Macdonald's collection,
set to lowland words by Tannahill.
Pianoforte setting by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.


Largo
With gentle wistfulness and simplicity.
Or
ten.
Piano.
With soft thick tone.
col Ped.
Blythe was the time when he
Gaelic refrain Ho ro an Druimionn Dubh,
'S tric a dh'eir-ich mi moch-thra o
ten
feed wi' my faither O, Hap-py were the days when we
ho ro ei - le, Ho ro an Druimionn Dubh,
luain gus an domh - nach, 'S a shaod mi thu dhach-aidh o
Ped.
*

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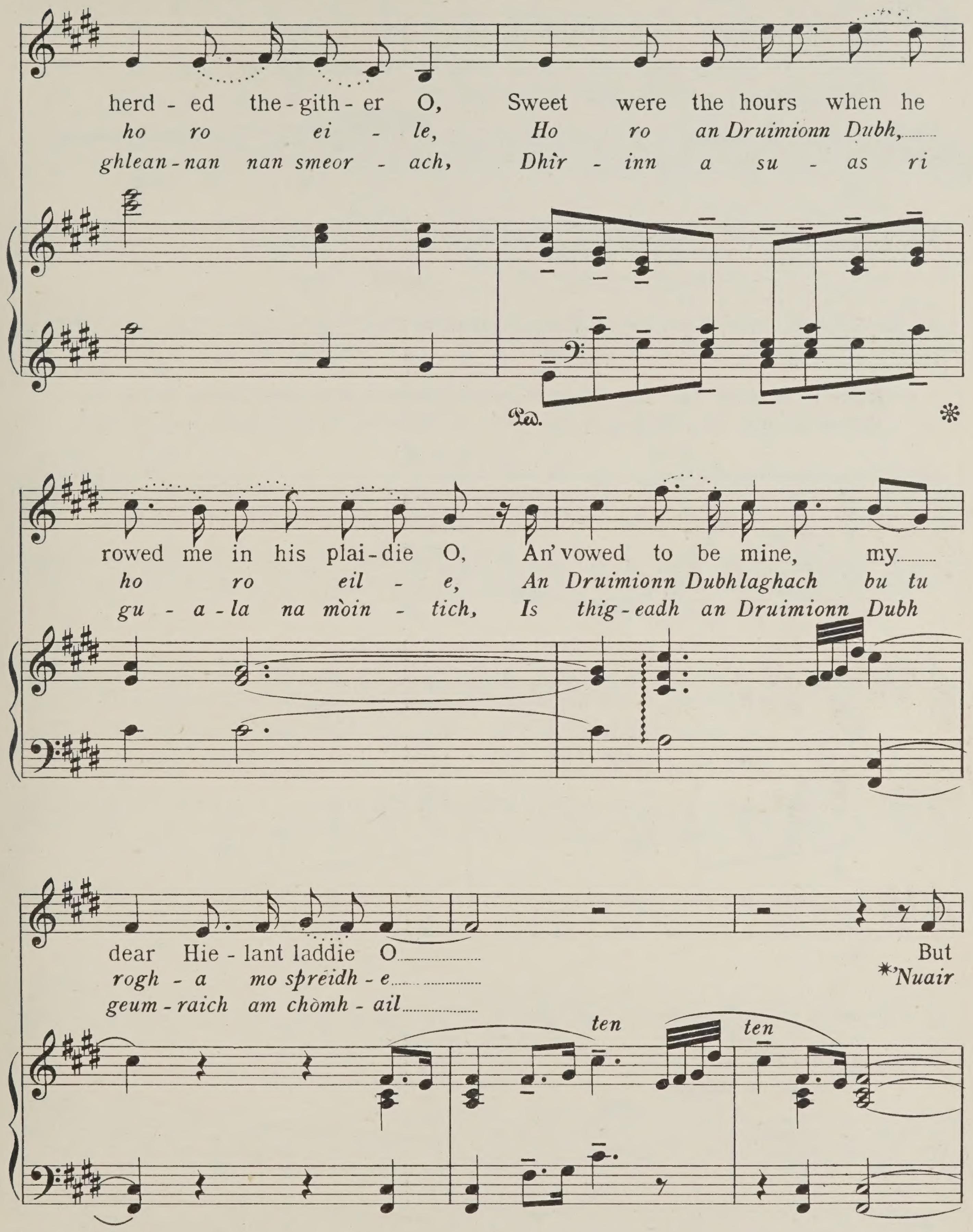
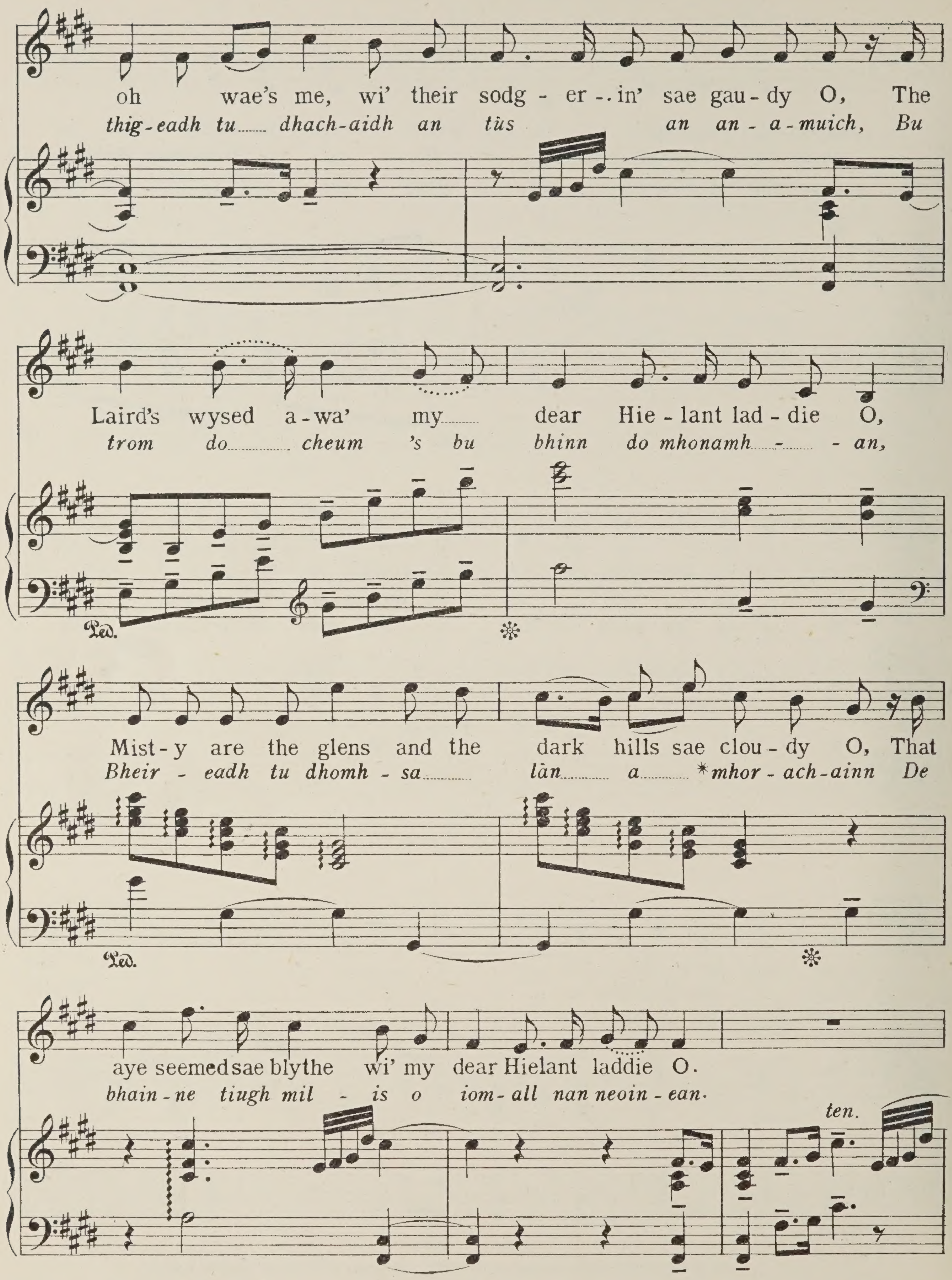
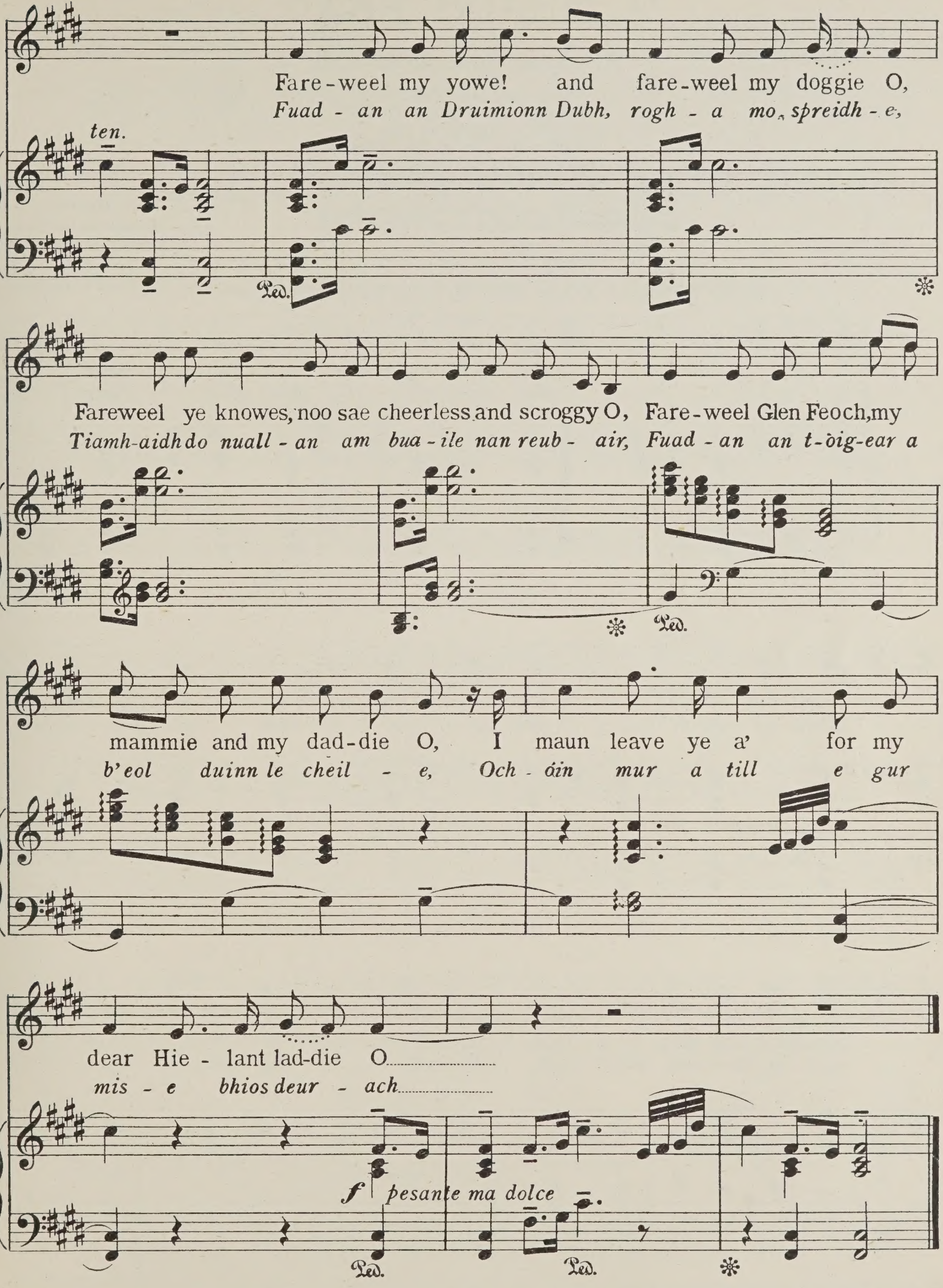

herd - ed the - gith - er O, Sweet were the hours when he
ho ro ei - le, Ho ro an Druimionn Dubh,
ghlean - nan nan smeor - ach, Dhìr - inn a su - as ri
Ped.
rowed me in his plai - die O, An' vowed to be mine, my
ho ro eil - e, An Druimionn Dubh laghach bu tu
gu - a - la na mòin - tich, Is thig - eadh an Druimionn Dubh
dear Hie - lant laddie O
rogh - a mo spreidh - e
geum - raich am chòmh - ail
But
*'Nuair
ten
ten

---

* All of the second verse and part of the first were orally collected by Kenneth Macleod from Ann Henderson, Lochaline, Morven in 1900


oh wae's me, wi' their sodg - er - - in' sae gau - dy O, The
thig - eadh tu dhach - aidh an tùs an an - a - muich, Bu
Laird's wysed a - wa' my dear Hie - lant lad - die O,
trom do cheum 's bu bhinn do mhonamh - - an,
Ped.
Mist - y are the glens and the dark hills sae clou - dy O, That
Bheir - eadh tu dhomh - sa làn a *mhor - ach - ainn De
Ped.
aye seemed sae blythe wi' my dear Hielant laddie O.
bhain - ne tiugh mil - is o iom - all nan neoin - ean.
ten.

* A milk-pail (Scots, cogue.)


Fare-weel my yowe! and fare-weel my doggie O,
Fuad - an an Druimionn Dubh, rogh - a mo spreidh - e,
ten.
Ped.
Fareweel ye knowes, noo sae cheerless and scroggy O, Fare-weel Glen Feoch, my
Tiamh-aidh do nuall - an am bua - ile nan reub - air, Fuad - an an t-òig-ear a
Ped.
mammie and my dad-die O, I maun leave ye a' for my
b'eol duinn le cheil - e, Och - óin mur a till e gur
dear Hie - lant lad-die O
mis - e bhios deur - ach
f pesante ma dolce
Ped.
Ped.

*A MHAIRI BHAN.

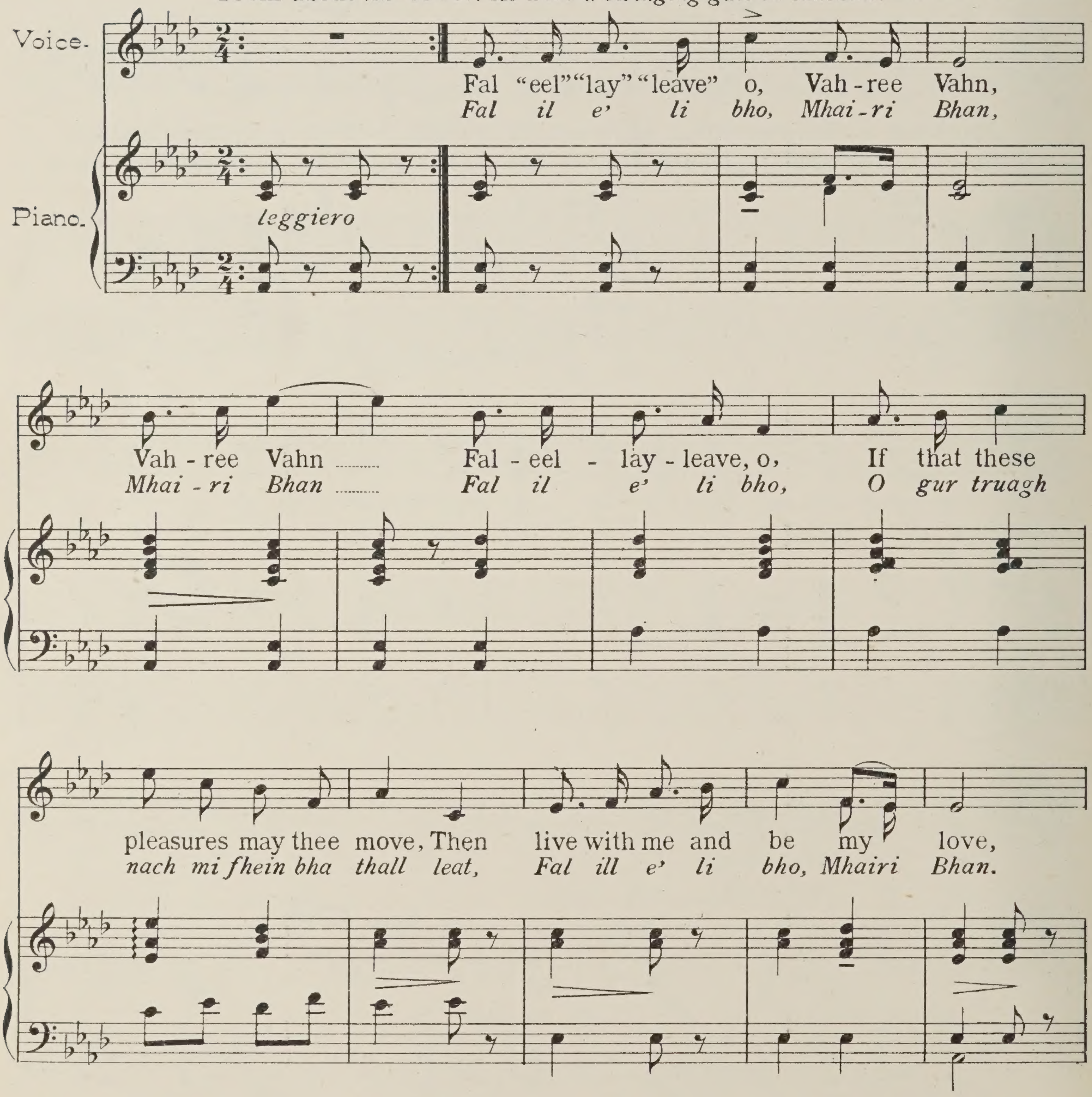
A Clyde-Side Love Lilt.

Live with me and be my love
And we will all the pleasures prove
That the hills, valleys, dales and fields
And all the craggy mountains yields.

These lines said (by tradition in the Western Highlands) to have been written by Shakespeare (or Marlowe?) to this air.

**Air from
Campbell's "Language
Literature and Music
of the
Highland Clans." 1862.**

From about (72-66 = ♩). *As with a swinging gait in sunshine.*


Voice.
Piano.
leggiero
Fal "eel" "lay" "leave" o, Vah-ree Vahn,
Fal il e' li bho, Mhai-ri Bhan,
Vah-ree Vahn .... Fal-eel-lay-leave, o, If that these
Mhai-ri Bhan .... Fal il e' li bho, O gur truagh
pleasures may thee move, Then live with me and be my love,
nach mi fhein bha thall leat, Fal ill e' li bho, Mhairi Bhan.

---

* Mary Fair, *pronounced* A Vahree Vahn.

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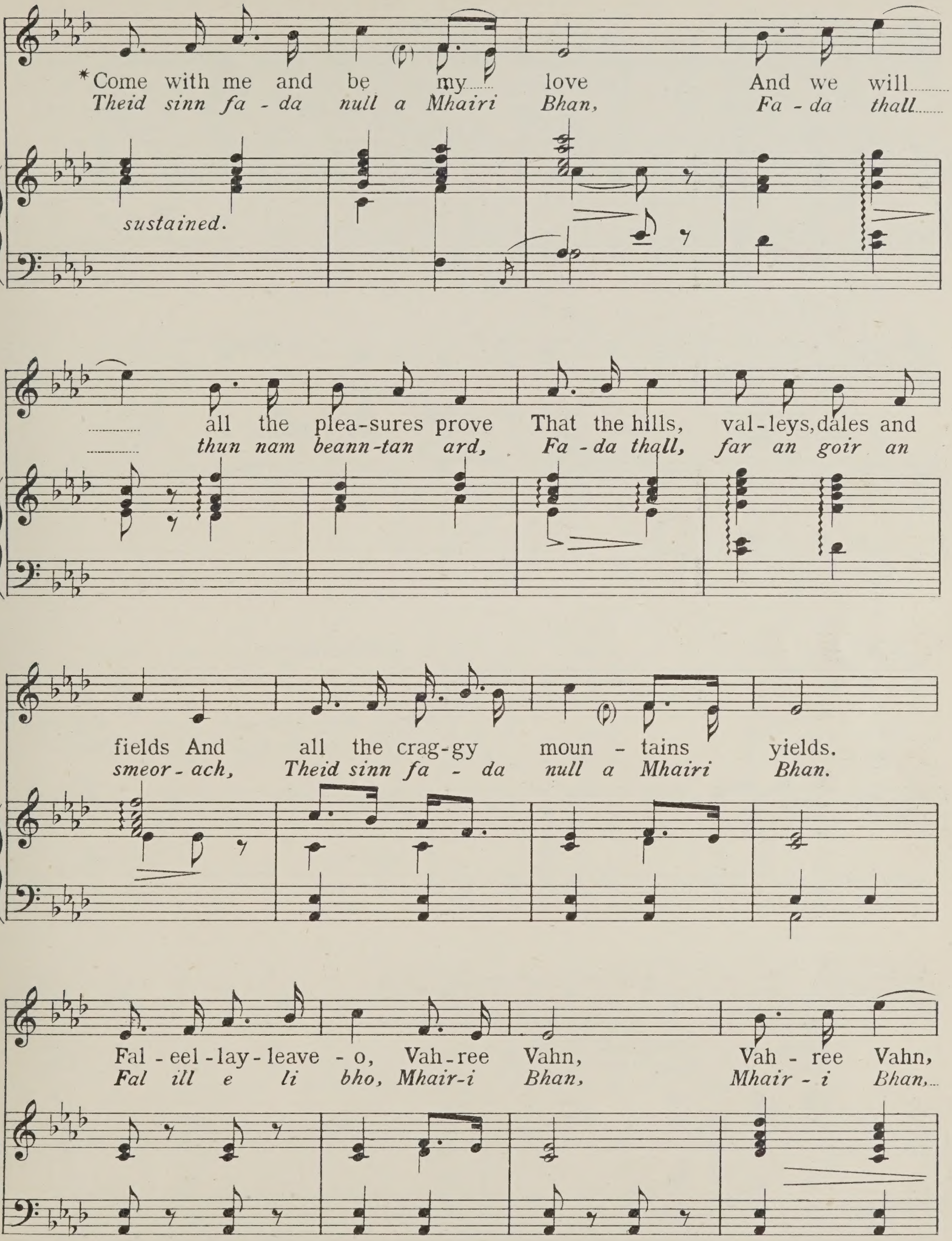
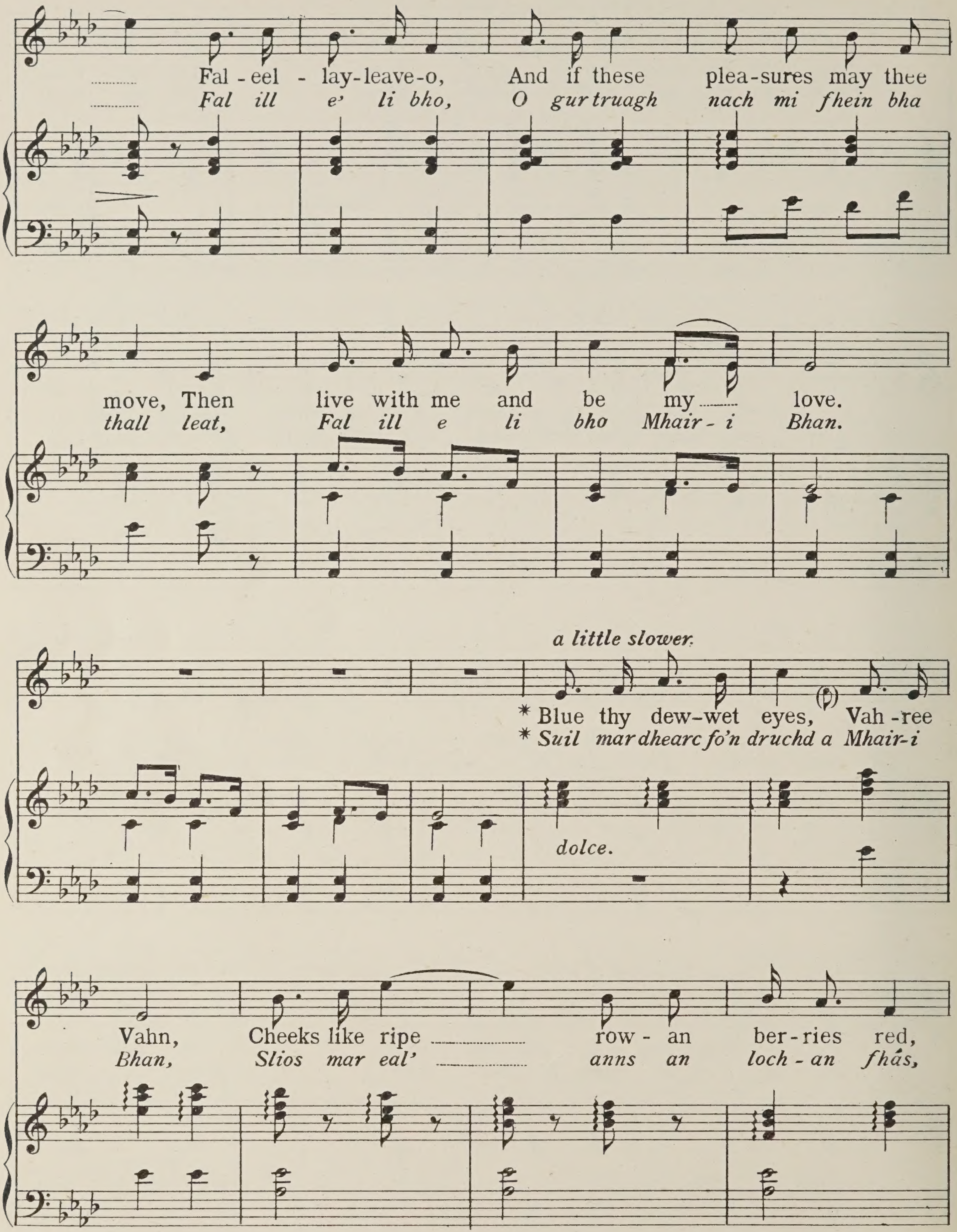

*Come with me and be my love And we will
Theid sinn fa - da null a Mhairi Bhan, Fa - da thall
sustained.
all the plea-sures prove That the hills, val-leys, dales and
thun nam beann-tan ard, Fa - da thall, far an goir an
fields And all the crag-gy moun - tains yields.
smeor - ach, Theid sinn fa - da null a Mhairi Bhan.
Fal - eel - lay - leave - o, Vah-ree Vahn, Vah - ree Vahn,
Fal ill e li bho, Mhair-i Bhan, Mhair - i Bhan,

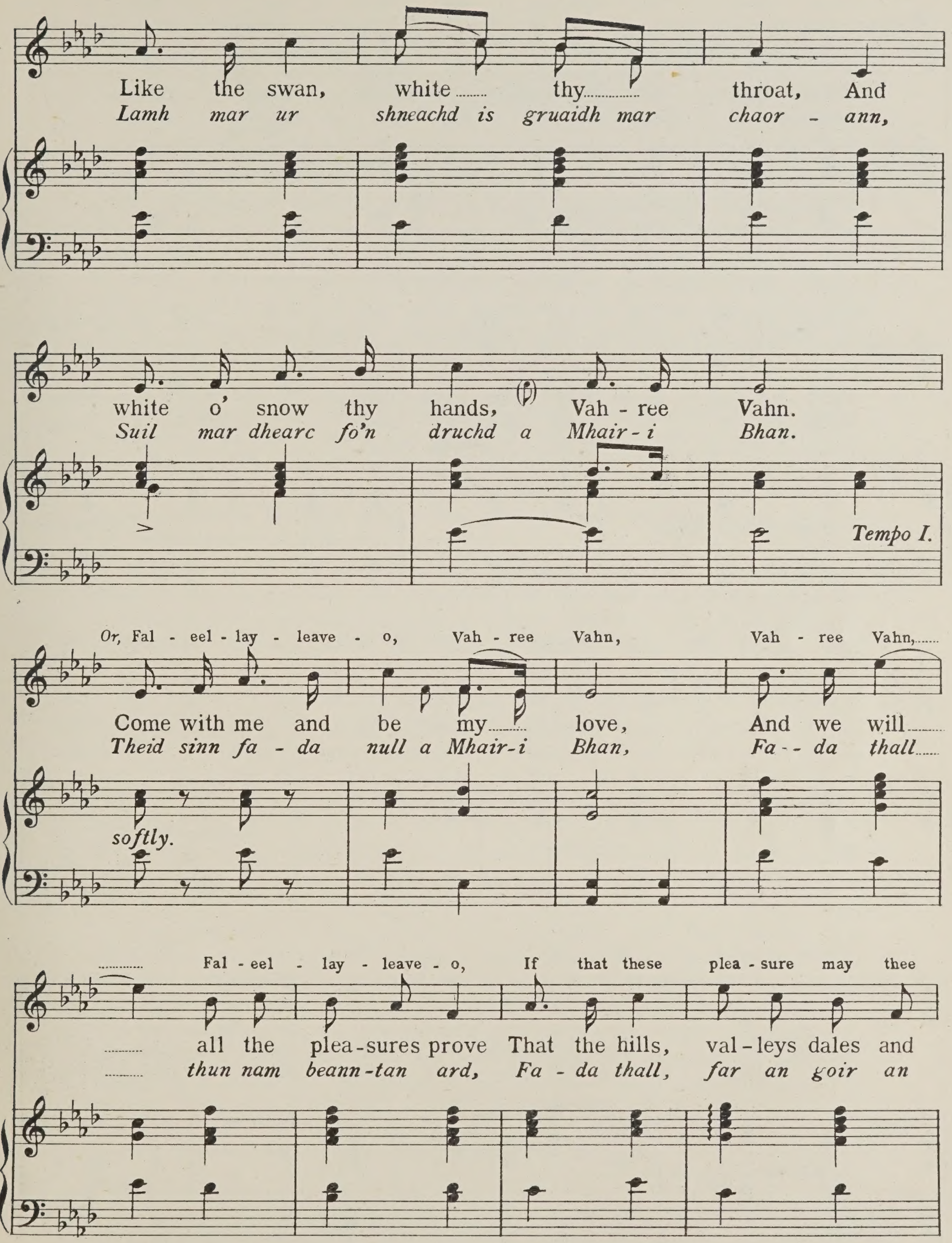
---

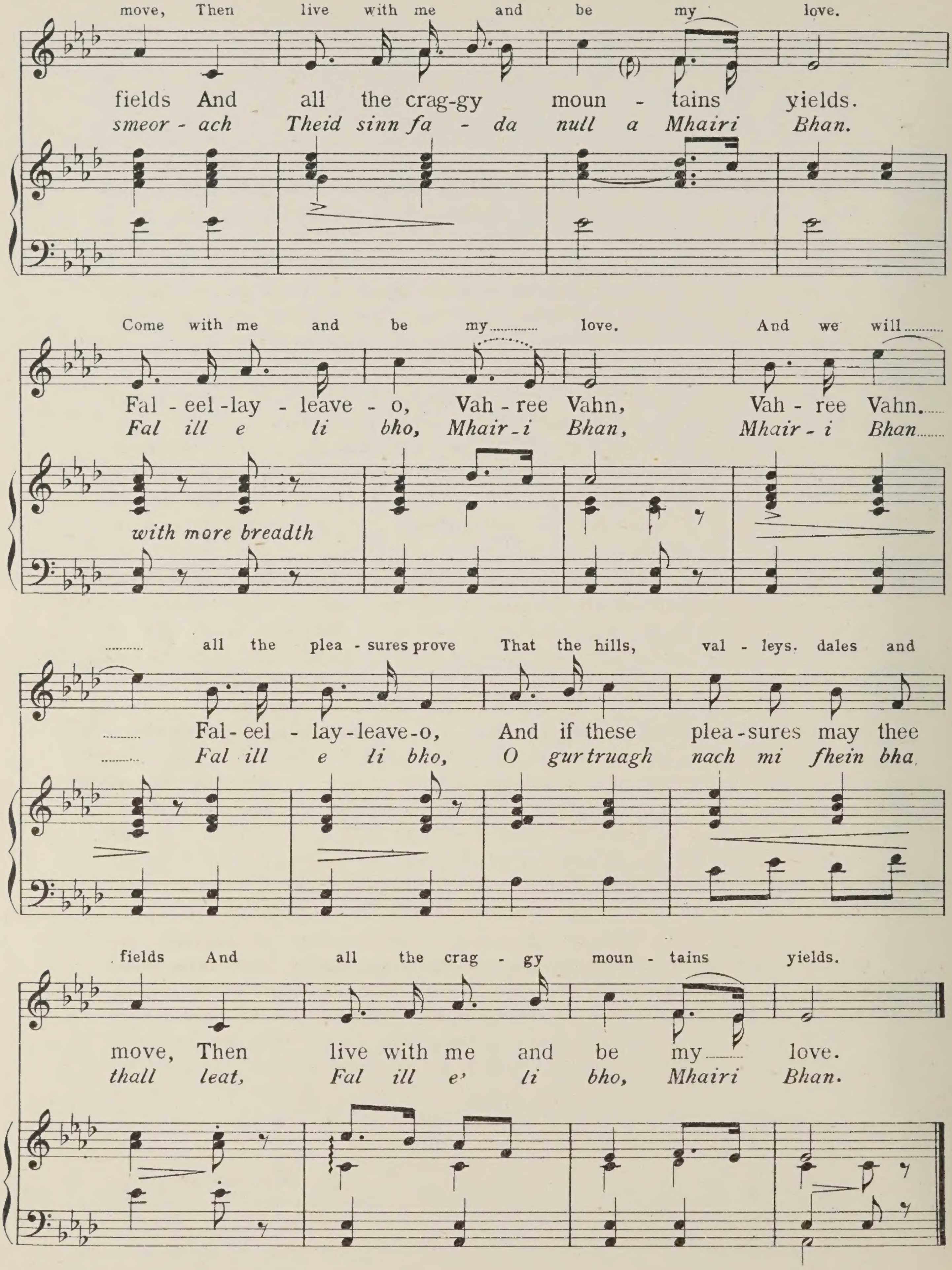
*An old woman in Dumbartonshire, over 150 years ago, was wont to sing to this air these lines from "The Passionate Pilgrim".


Fal - eel - lay-leave-o, And if these plea-sures may thee
Fal ill e' li bho, O gur truagh nach mi fhein bha
move, Then live with me and be my love.
thall leat, Fal ill e li bho Mhair - i Bhan.
a little slower.
* Blue thy dew-wet eyes, Vah-ree
* Suil mar dhearc fo'n druchd a Mhair-i
dolce.
Vahn, Cheeks like ripe row - an ber-ries red,
Bhan, Slios mar eal' anns an loch - an fhâs,

---

* This verse, English by M. Kennedy-Fraser and Gaelic by Kenneth Macleod, is based on the Gaelic misfit words found with the tune.


Like the swan, white .... thy .... throat, And
Lamh mar ur shneachd is gruaidh mar chaor - ann,
white o' snow thy hands, Vah - ree Vahn.
Suil mar dhearc fo'n druchd a Mhair - i Bhan.
Tempo I.
Or, Fal - eel - lay - leave - o, Vah - ree Vahn, Vah - ree Vahn,.......
Come with me and be my......... love, And we will.........
Theid sinn fa - da null a Mhair - i Bhan, Fa - - da thall.......
softly.
.... Fal - eel - lay - leave - o, If that these plea - sure may thee
.... all the plea - sures prove That the hills, val - leys dales and
.... thun nam beann - tan ard, Fa - da thall, far an goir an


move, Then live with me and be my love.
fields And all the crag-gy moun - tains yields.
smeor - ach Theid sinn fa - da null a Mhairi Bhan.
Come with me and be my........... love. And we will..........
Fal - eel - lay - leave - o, Vah - ree Vahn, Vah - ree Vahn.......
Fal ill e li bho, Mhair - i Bhan, Mhair - i Bhan.......
with more breadth
.... all the plea - sures prove That the hills, val - leys, dales and
.... Fal - eel - lay - leave - o, And if these plea - sures may thee
.... Fal ill e li bho, O gur truagh nach mi fhein bha
fields And all the crag - gy moun - tains yields.
move, Then live with me and be my....... love.
thall leat, Fal ill e' li bho, Mhairi Bhan.

THE WITCHERY.

("THE BIG SEVEN.")

SUCH as wish to understand the Scottish Gael, what he is and what he is not, should study our witches as well as our saints. The responsible witches of Gaeldom were not of the weaklings who are merely bad-hearted, or are tricksters in self-defence. They were rather highly-gifted women who loved being alive, and who won their place by force of character, and by right of service. That supernatural powers were attributed to them by the people, makes one envy them; if they really possessed those powers, one envies them still more. The only vice in them which would, perhaps, have shocked the saints was their keen sense of humour.

As the recognised guardians of the home-parish, the witches had a solemn sense of responsibility. Each would fight the other, and sometimes all the others, in defence of parochial rights and privileges. Each, too, made full use of all the arts, whether conventional or unconventional, to bring the luck of milk to her own sheilings, or the luck of fish to her own shores. And if the old tales can be trusted, the cows did give milk in the sheilings, and the herring did come to the shores, sooner or later.

But the witches were racial as well as parochial patriots. If the kiltless armies sometimes wondered why the mist was so thick and the rock so unexpected in Gaelic territory, there was a woman in a place called Moy who knew. And as likely as not, she was at that very moment handing round silver goblets, with something in them, to the six guests who jested and laughed around the fire, serious business being over. Many a time, too, did those same seven big ones, standing on the headland of Knoydart, hurl winds and waves against such sloops of war as carried intentions that might not be good for Gaeldom. "It would not irk my great ship," said a foreign princess, "to carry the little Isle of Barra on her bow." But Barra was somewhat bigger than she knew, and behind Barra and the rest of Gaeldom stood Gormshuil of Moy and Doideag of Mull and Laorag of Tiree and Maol-odhar of Kintyre and Luideag of the Bens and Corrag, Daughter of Iain the Fair, and Cas a'Mhogain Riabhaich from Glencoe. The very names strike terror into one, even though the tub is not there.

The witches were, however, more companionable than their names. An evening with them in a certain ale-house on the Morar side of Loch Nevis, would have been a lesson in the joy of living to such as could forget to be genteel. One would cross many a ferry to see the seven old crones, dancing hand-in-hand their circular dance, to the rhythm of a maddening tune. Only, one could not merely look on; it is in the circle one would be, between Gormshuil and Doideag. Greatly to be envied was the keeper of that ale-house. And there is at least one Gael who thinks hungrily of these witchery graces:

> Put I clearness in their head,
> Honey softness in their speech.

KENNETH MACLEOD.

(H. 10220).

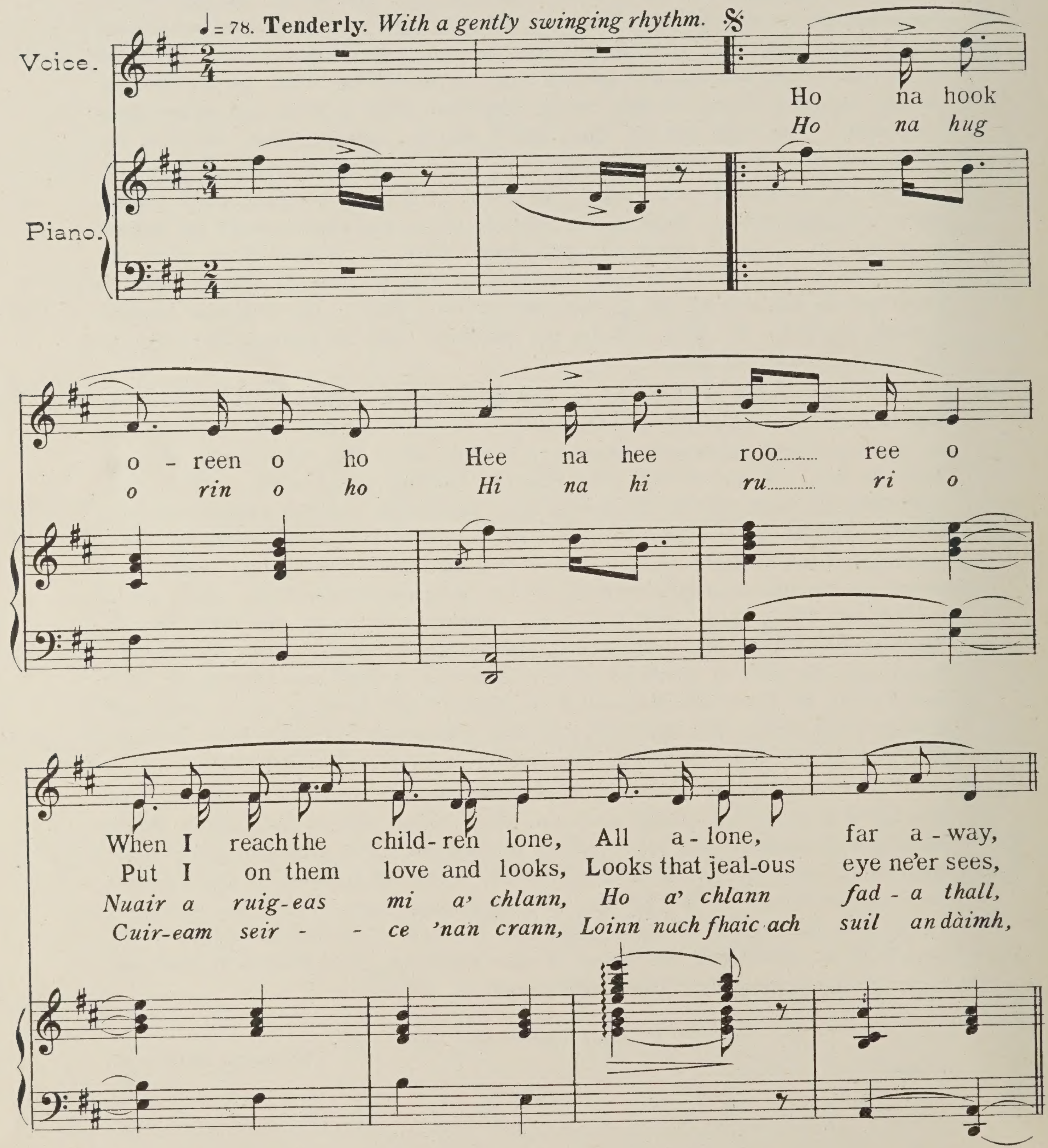
WITCHERY GRACES.

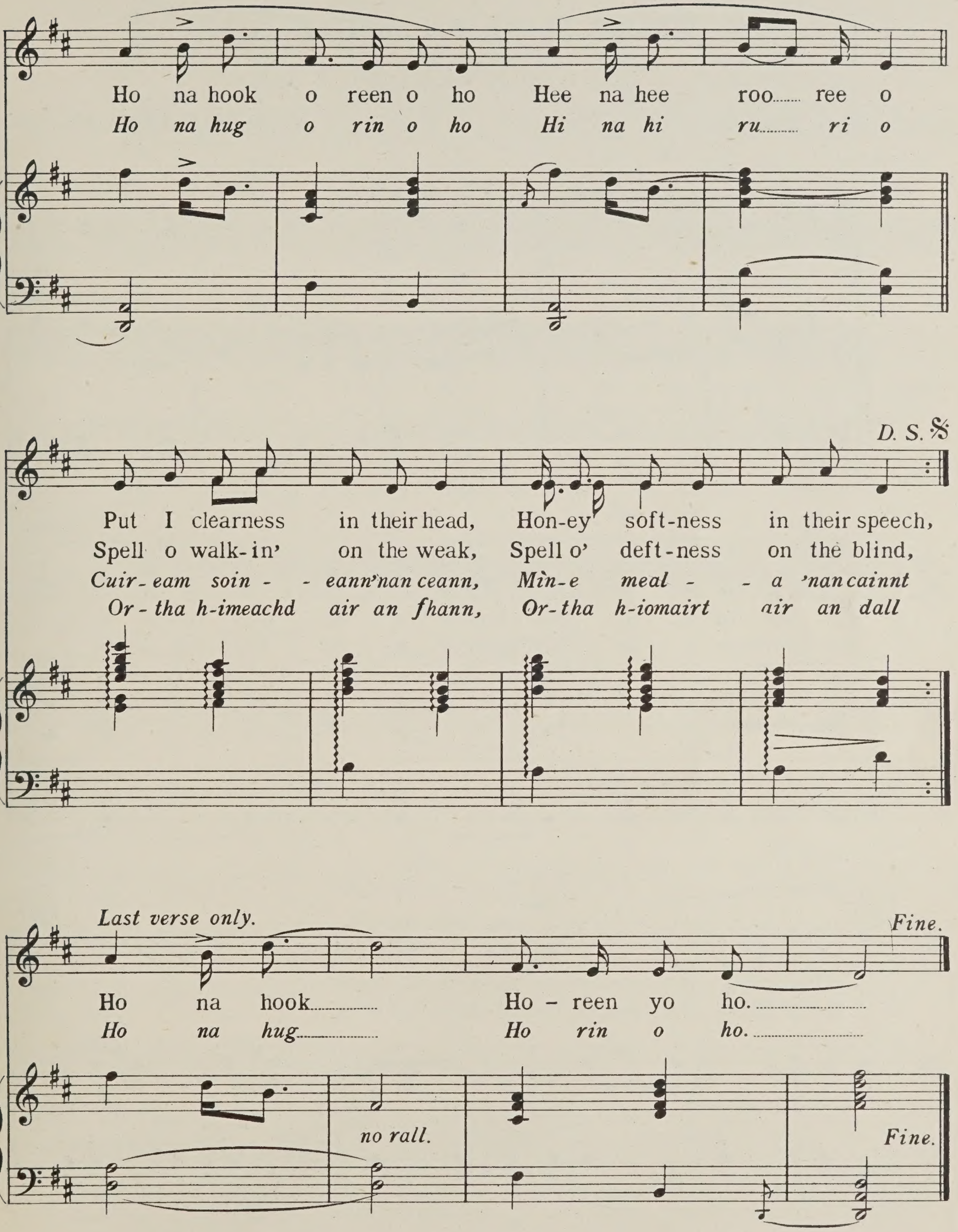
OBAIDH NA CLOINNE.

To children, orphans, whose father had married again, the Witch here gives such graces as would protect them from a jealous step-mother, if jealous she should be.

from KENNETH MACLEOD.

Arranged by
M. KENNEDY-FRASER.


♩= 78. Tenderly. With a gently swinging rhythm.
Voice.
Piano.
Ho na hook o - reen o ho Hee na hee roo........ ree o
Ho na hug o rin o ho Hi na hi ru........ ri o
When I reach the child - ren lone, All a - lone, far a - way,
Put I on them love and looks, Looks that jeal-ous eye ne'er sees,
Nuair a ruig-eas mi a' chlann, Ho a' chlann fad - a thall,
Cuir-eam seir - - ce 'nan crann, Loinn nach fhaic ach suil an dàimh,

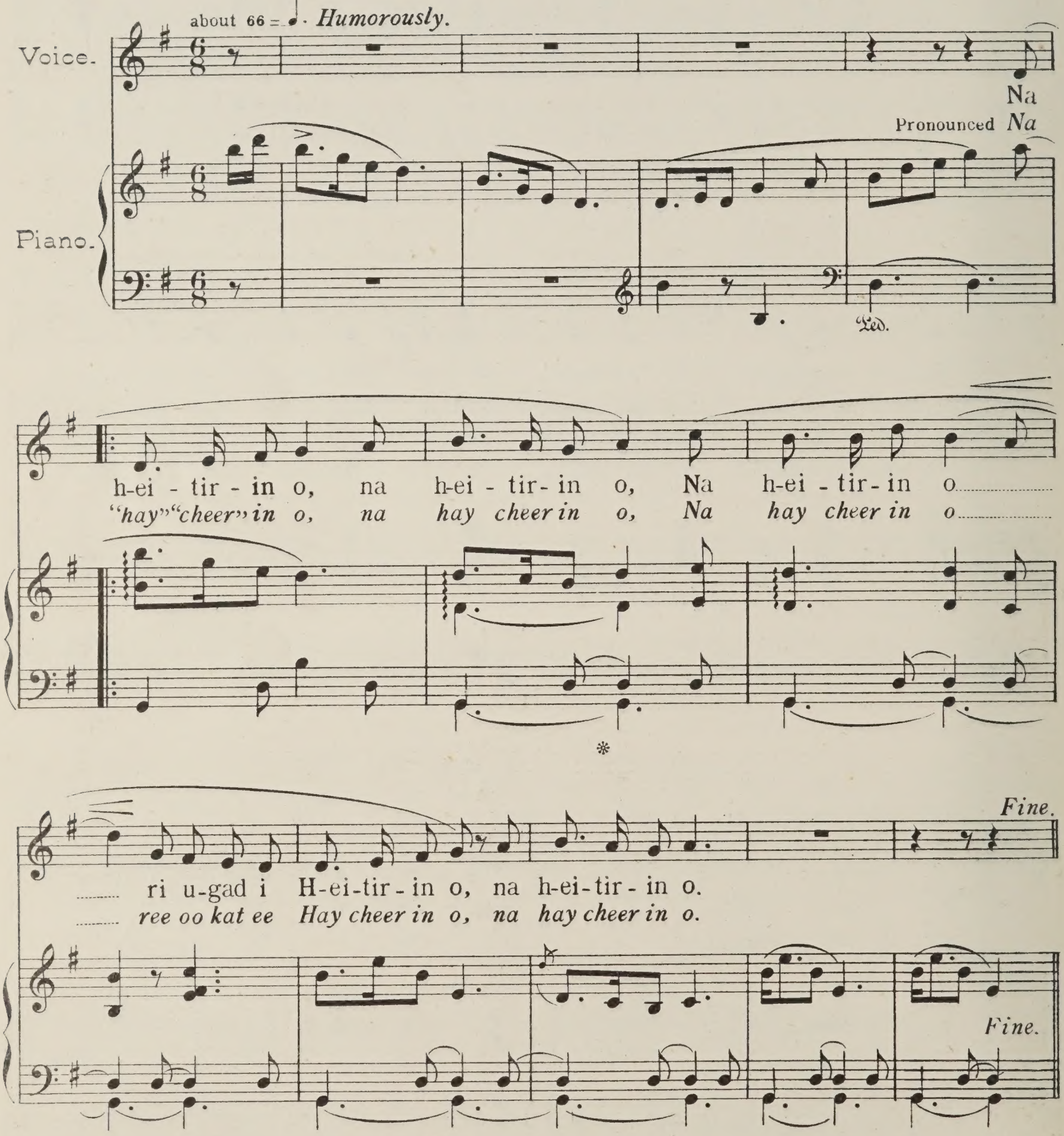

Ho na hook o reen o ho Hee na hee roo...... ree o
Ho na hug o rin o ho Hi na hi ru...... ri o
D. S.
Put I clearness in their head, Hon-ey soft-ness in their speech,
Spell o walk-in' on the weak, Spell o' deft-ness on the blind,
Cuir-eam soin - - eann'nan ceann, Min-e meal - - a 'nan caintt
Or-tha h-imeachd air an fhann, Or-tha h-iomairt air an dall
Last verse only.
Fine.
Ho na hook...... Ho – reen yo ho. ......
Ho na hug...... Ho rin o ho. ......
no rall.
Fine.

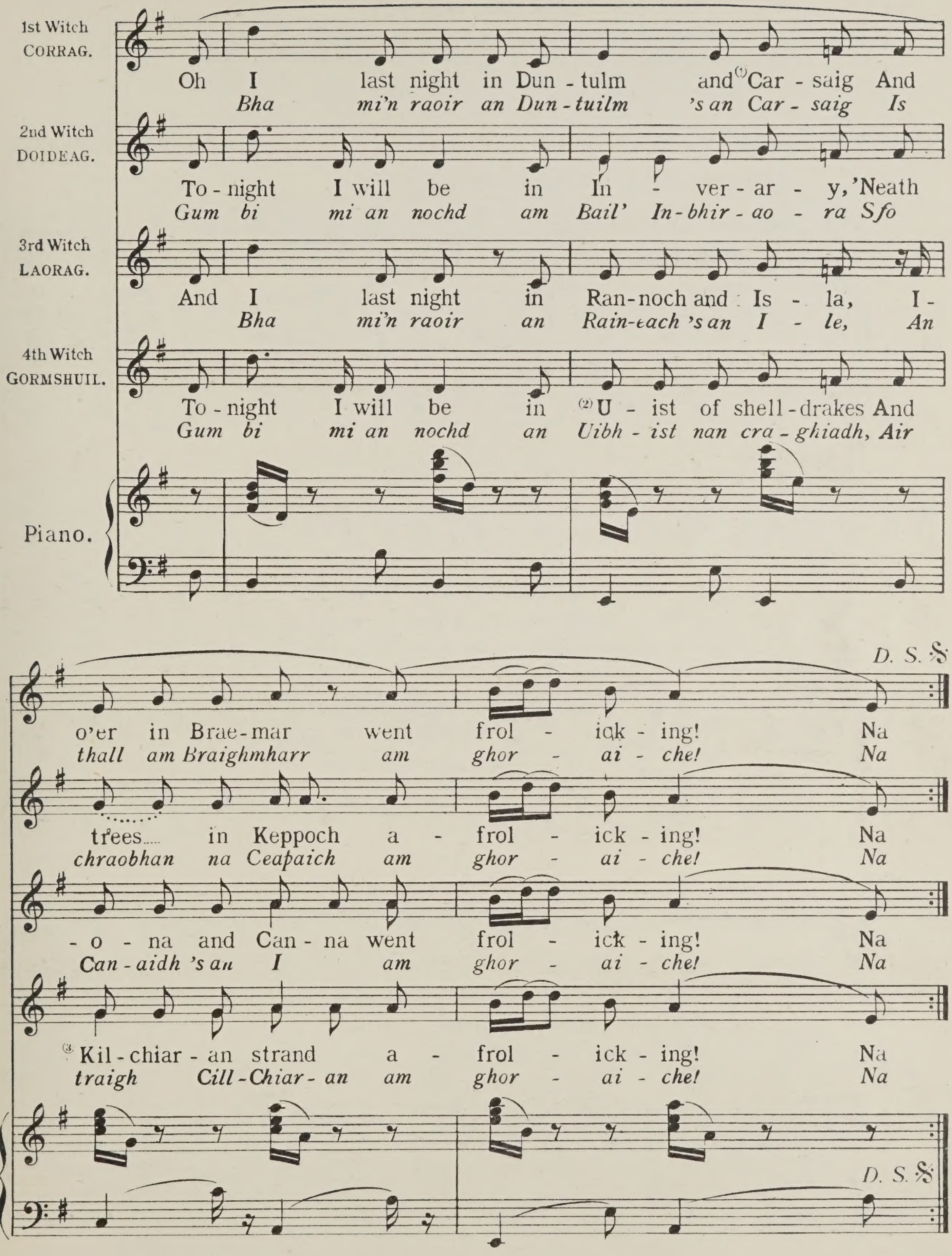
WITCHERY CANTRIPS.

BÒILICH NAM BANA-BHUIDSEACH.

From KENNETH MACLEOD.

Arr. by M. KENNEDY-FRASER.


about 66 = ♩. Humorously.
Voice.
Piano.
Na
Pronounced Na
Ped.
h-ei - tir - in o, na h-ei - tir - in o, Na h-ei - tir - in o..........
"hay" "cheer" in o, na hay cheer in o, Na hay cheer in o..........
*
.... ri u-gad i H-ei-tir-in o, na h-ei-tir-in o.
.... ree oo kat ee Hay cheer in o, na hay cheer in o.
Fine.
Fine.


1st Witch
CORRAG.
Oh I last night in Dun - tulm and ⁽¹⁾Car - saig And
Bha mi'n raoir an Dun - tuilm 's an Car - saig Is
2nd Witch
DOIDEAG.
To - night I will be in In - ver - ar - y, 'Neath
Gum bi mi an nochd am Bail' In - bhir - ao - ra Sfo
3rd Witch
LAORAG.
And I last night in Ran - noch and Is - la, I -
Bha mi'n raoir an Rain - each 's an I - le, An
4th Witch
GORMSHUIL.
To - night I will be in ⁽²⁾U - ist of shell - drakes And
Gum bi mi an nochd an Uibh - ist nan cra - ghiadh, Air
Piano.
o'er in Brae - mar went frol - ick - ing! Na
thall am Braighmharr am ghor - ai - che! Na
trees..... in Keppoch a - frol - ick - ing! Na
chraobhan na Ceapaich am ghor - ai - che! Na
- o - na and Can - na went frol - ick - ing! Na
Can - aidh 's an I am ghor - ai - che! Na
⁽³⁾Kil - chiar - an strand a - frol - ick - ing! Na
traigh Cill - Chiar - an am ghor - ai - che! Na
D. S. 𝄋
D. S. 𝄋

Pronounced.– ① Karsik, ② yew-ist, ③ Keel-heer-an.

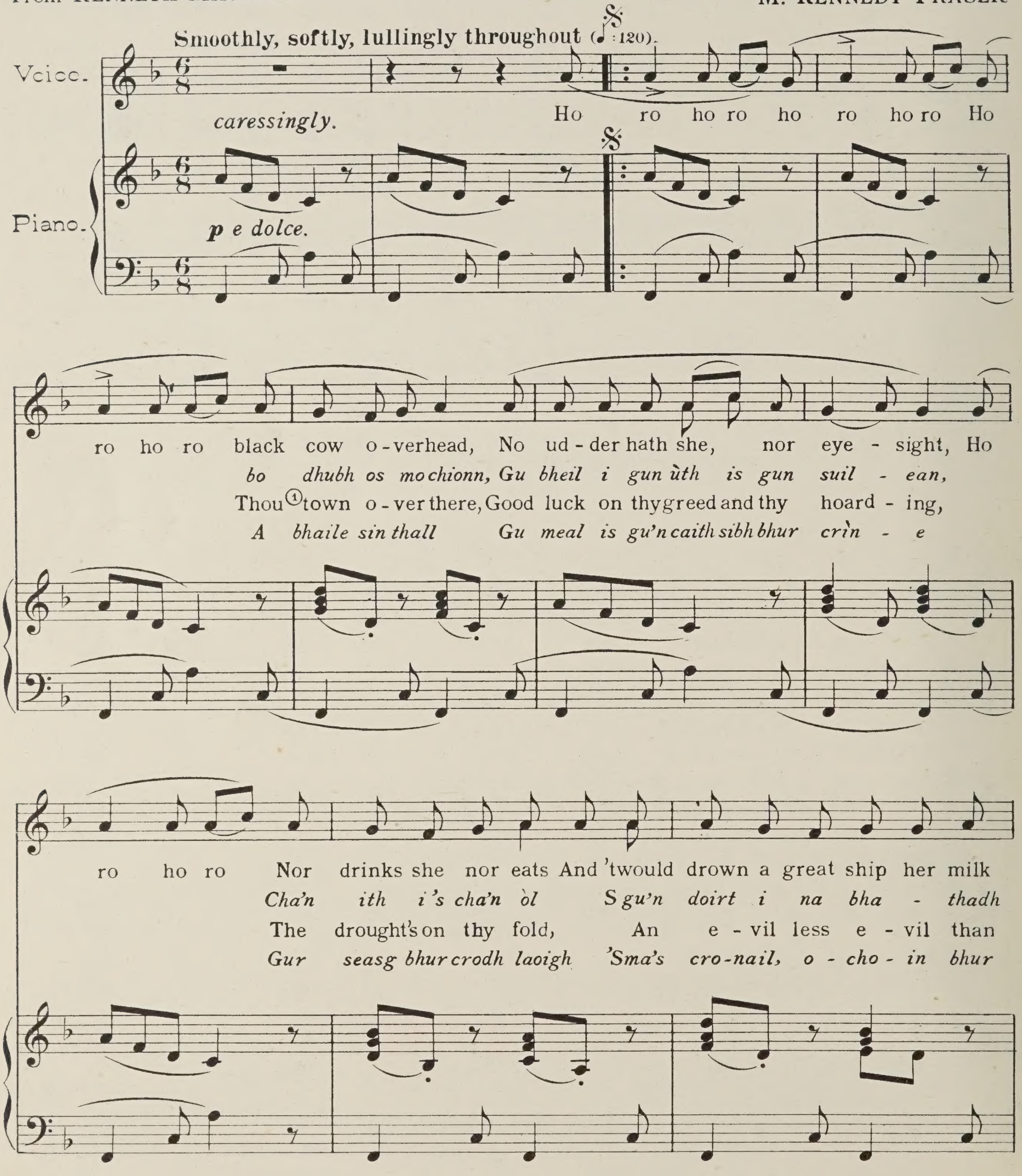
The Witchery Milking Croon.

OBAIDH BUAILE.

The tale has it that after a certain cattle lifting, which left never a cow to the raided ones, the good witch invited the raided women and children to her house with their cogues, and tying her apron to a black rafter above her, milked away all the milk from the greedy ones' fold.

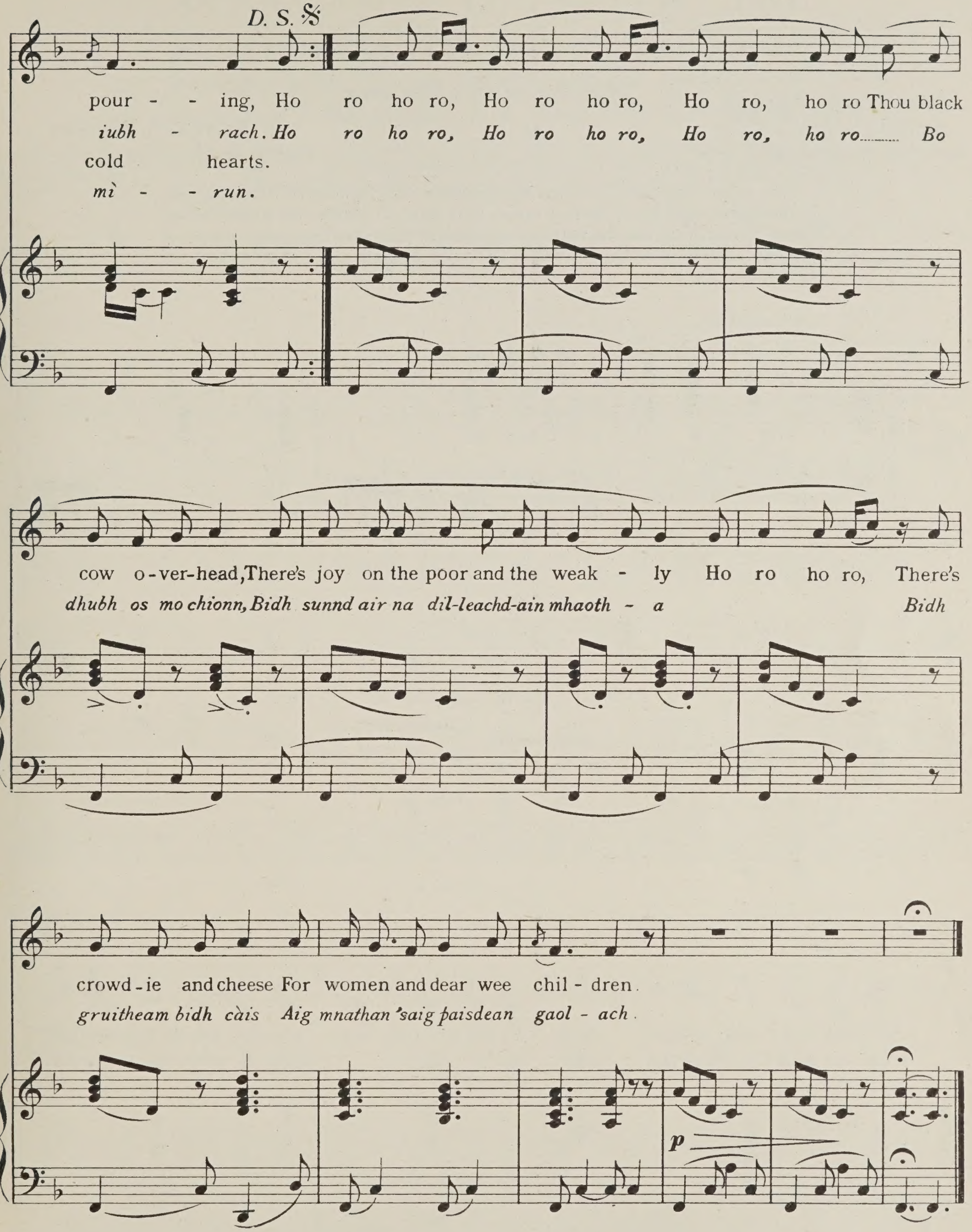
From KENNETH MACLEOD.

Arranged by
M. KENNEDY-FRASER


Smoothly, softly, lullingly throughout (♩. = 120).
Voice.
caressingly.
Piano.
p e dolce.
Ho ro ho ro ho ro ho ro Ho
ro ho ro black cow o-verhead, No ud-der hath she, nor eye-sight, Ho
bo dhubh os mo chionn, Gu bheil i gun ùth is gun suil - ean,
Thou① town o-ver there, Good luck on thy greed and thy hoard-ing,
A bhaile sin thall Gu meal is gu'n caith sibh bhur crìn - e
ro ho ro Nor drinks she nor eats And 'twould drown a great ship her milk
Cha'n ith i 's cha'n òl S gu'n doirt i na bha - thadh
The drought's on thy fold, An e-vil less e-vil than
Gur seasg bhur crodh laoigh 'Sma's cro-nail, o-cho-in bhur

---

① i.e. Crofting village.


D. S. 𝄋
pour - - ing, Ho ro ho ro, Ho ro ho ro, Ho ro, ho ro Thou black
iubh - rach. Ho ro ho ro, Ho ro ho ro, Ho ro, ho ro........ Bo
cold hearts.
mì - - run.
cow o-ver-head, There's joy on the poor and the weak - ly Ho ro ho ro, There's
dhubh os mo chionn, Bidh sunnd air na dil-leachd-ain mhaoth - a Bidh
crowd-ie and cheese For women and dear wee chil - dren.
gruitheam bidh càis Aig mnathan 'saig paisdean gaol - ach.
p

THE WITCHERY FATE SONG.

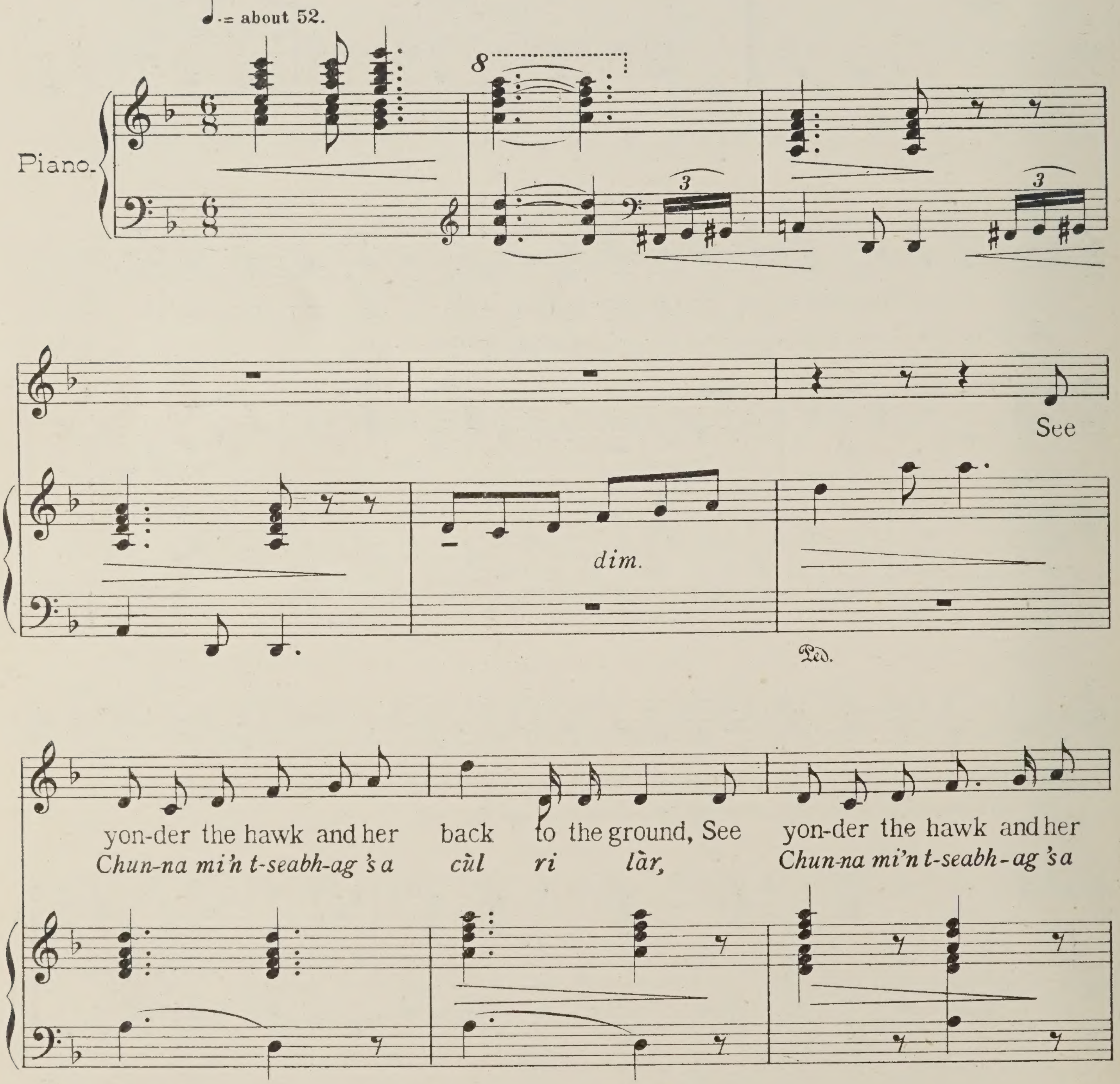
Down comes the Hawk and she flies no more.

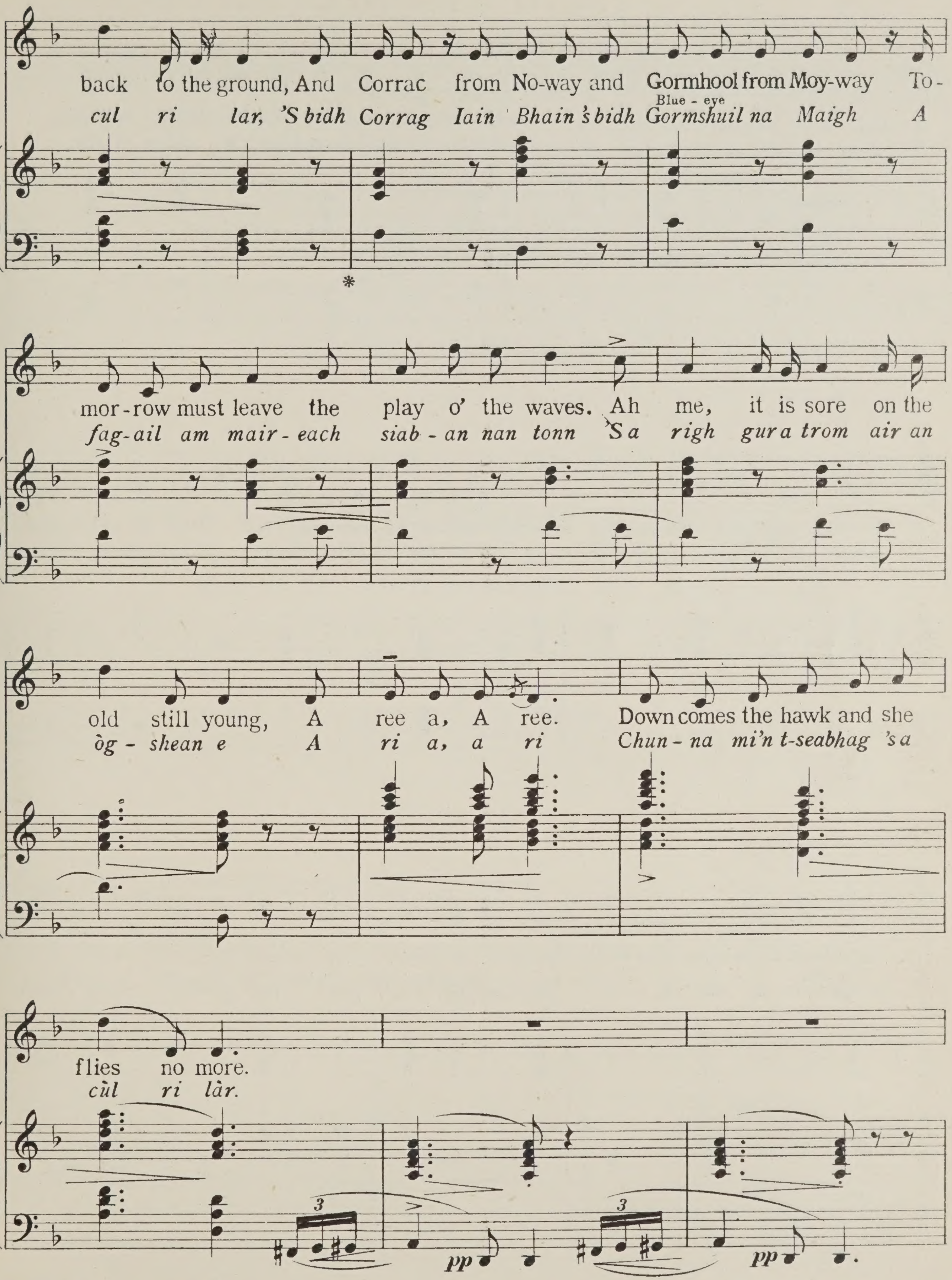
Chunna mi'n t-Seabhag.

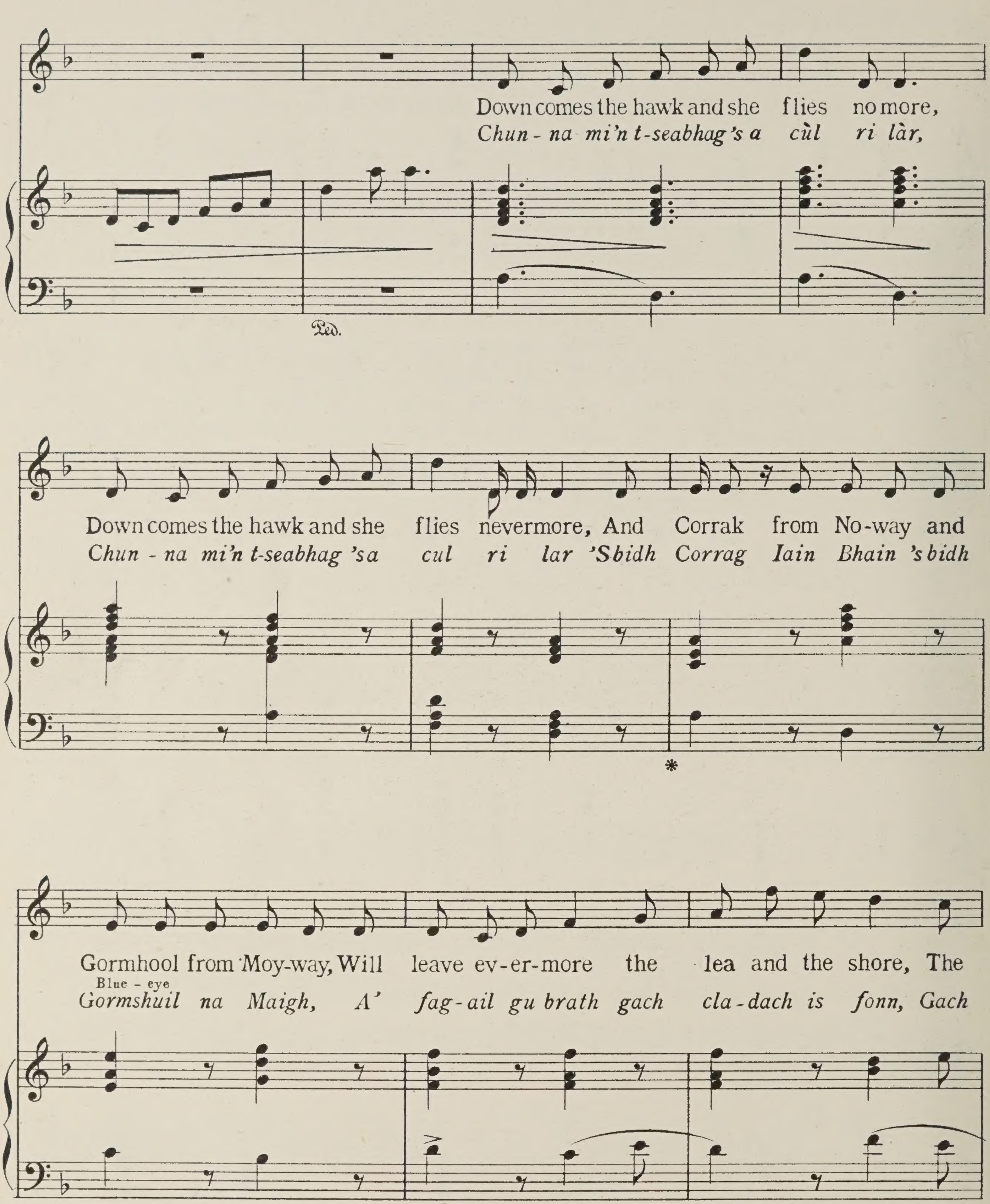
Noted from the singing of
KENNETH MACLEOD,
who learnt it in boyhood in Eigg.

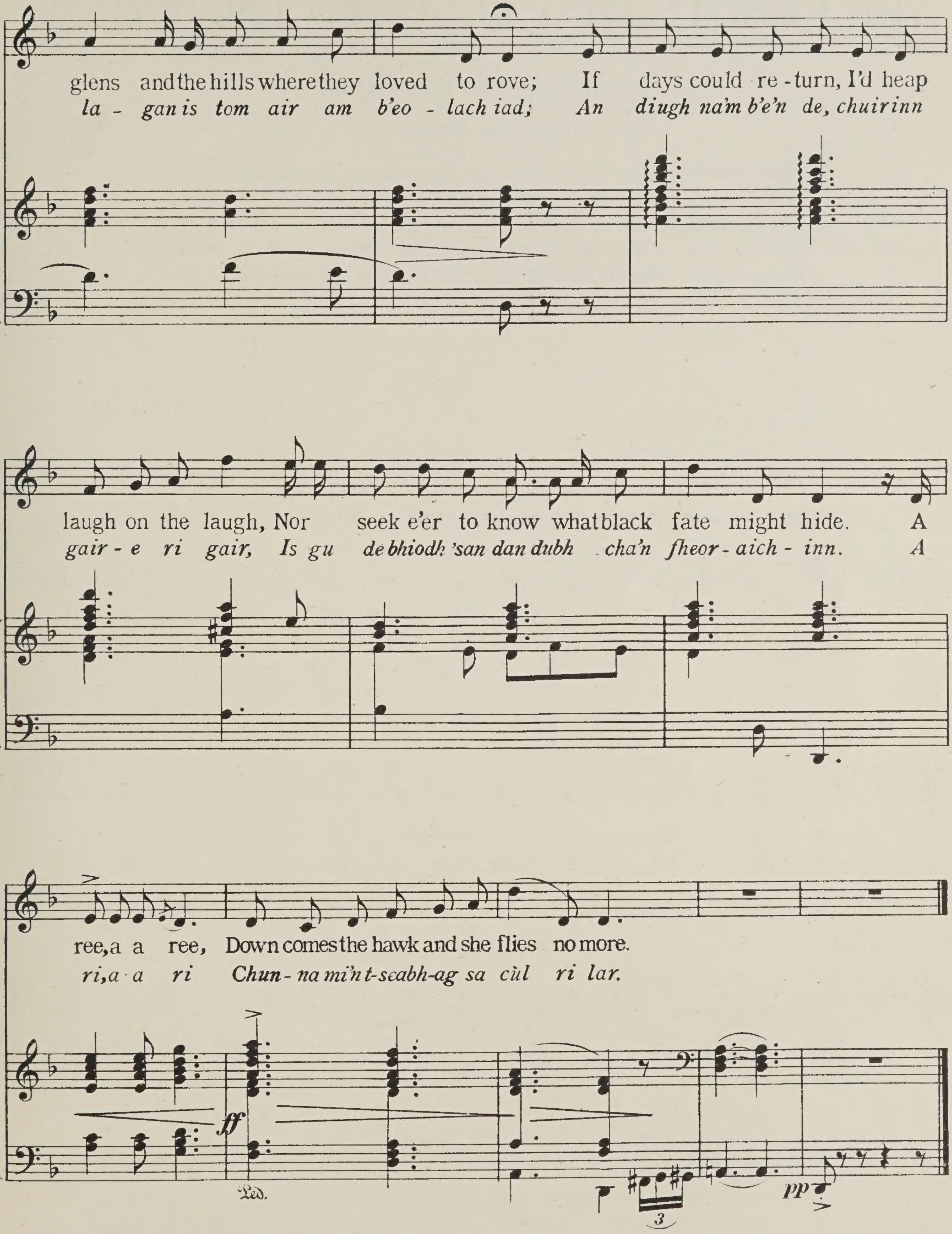
M. KENNEDY-FRASER.
English by KENNETH MACLEOD.

Two of the "Big Seven" (famous Witches) Gormshuil (Gorumhool) from Moy and Corrag Nighean Iain Bhain (Korrack nee-an Eean Vahn) or as she sometimes called herself, "Corrag from Nowhere," were talking old ploys on a sea-rock in Knoydart when a hawk which had been circling above them, suddenly dropped down with its back to the ground.


♩. = about 52.
Piano.
8
3
dim.
Ped.
See
yon-der the hawk and her back to the ground, See yon-der the hawk and her
Chun-na mi'n t-seabh-ag 's a cùl ri làr, Chun-na mi'n t-seabh-ag 's a


back to the ground, And Corrac from No-way and Gormhool from Moy-way To-
Blue - eye
cul ri lar, 'S bidh Corrag Iain Bhain 's bidh Gormshuil na Maigh A
mor-row must leave the play o' the waves. Ah me, it is sore on the
fag-ail am mair-each siab-an nan tonn 'S a righ gur a trom air an
old still young, A ree a, A ree. Down comes the hawk and she
òg-shean e A ri a, a ri Chun-na mi'n t-seabhag 's a
flies no more.
cùl ri làr.
pp
pp
3
3


Down comes the hawk and she flies no more,
Chun-na mi'n t-seabhag's a cùl ri làr,
Ped.
Down comes the hawk and she flies nevermore, And Corrak from No-way and
Chun-na mi'n t-seabhag 's a cul ri lar 'Sbidh Corrag Iain Bhain 's bidh
*
Gormhool from Moy-way, Will leave ev-er-more the lea and the shore, The
Blue-eye
Gormshuil na Maigh, A' fag-ail gu brath gach cla-dach is fonn, Gach


glens and the hills where they loved to rove; If days could re - turn, I'd heap
la - gan is tom air am b'eo - lach iad; An diugh na'm b'e'n de, chuirinn
laugh on the laugh, Nor seek e'er to know what black fate might hide. A
gair - e ri gair, Is gu de bhiodh 'san dan dubh cha'n fheor - aich - inn. A
ree, a a ree, Down comes the hawk and she flies no more.
ri, a a ri Chun - na mi'n t-seabh-ag sa cùl ri lar.
ff
Ped.
3
pp

THE CHANTY THAT BEGUILED THE WITCH

(1) Gormshuil the Blue-Eyed

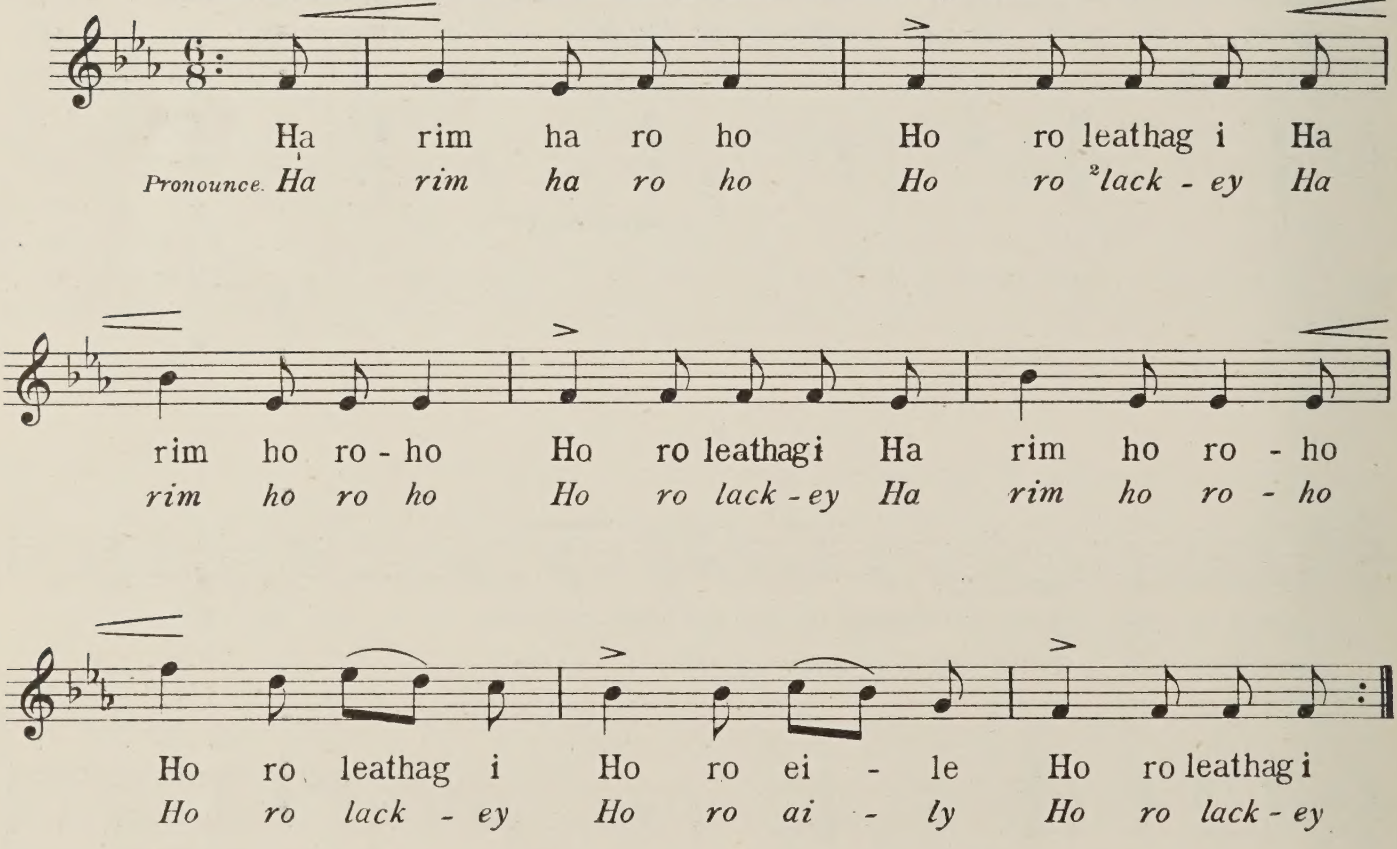
HA-RIM, HA-RÓ.

When the Skye witches were spell-fighting the mighty Gormshuil (Blue-Eye) of Moy, for a herring-shoal, a Dunvegan laddie was sent to beguile Gormshuil with this song. It did its work. Once she got into the fine swinging *"Hă rim"* chorus she could not get back to the verse and went on singing the chorus through a whole tide, six hours. By that time the shoal was safe in Loch Slapin, Skye.

From KENNETH MACLEOD.

Refrain.

With a somewhat slow and heavy unbroken swing (about ♩.=52)

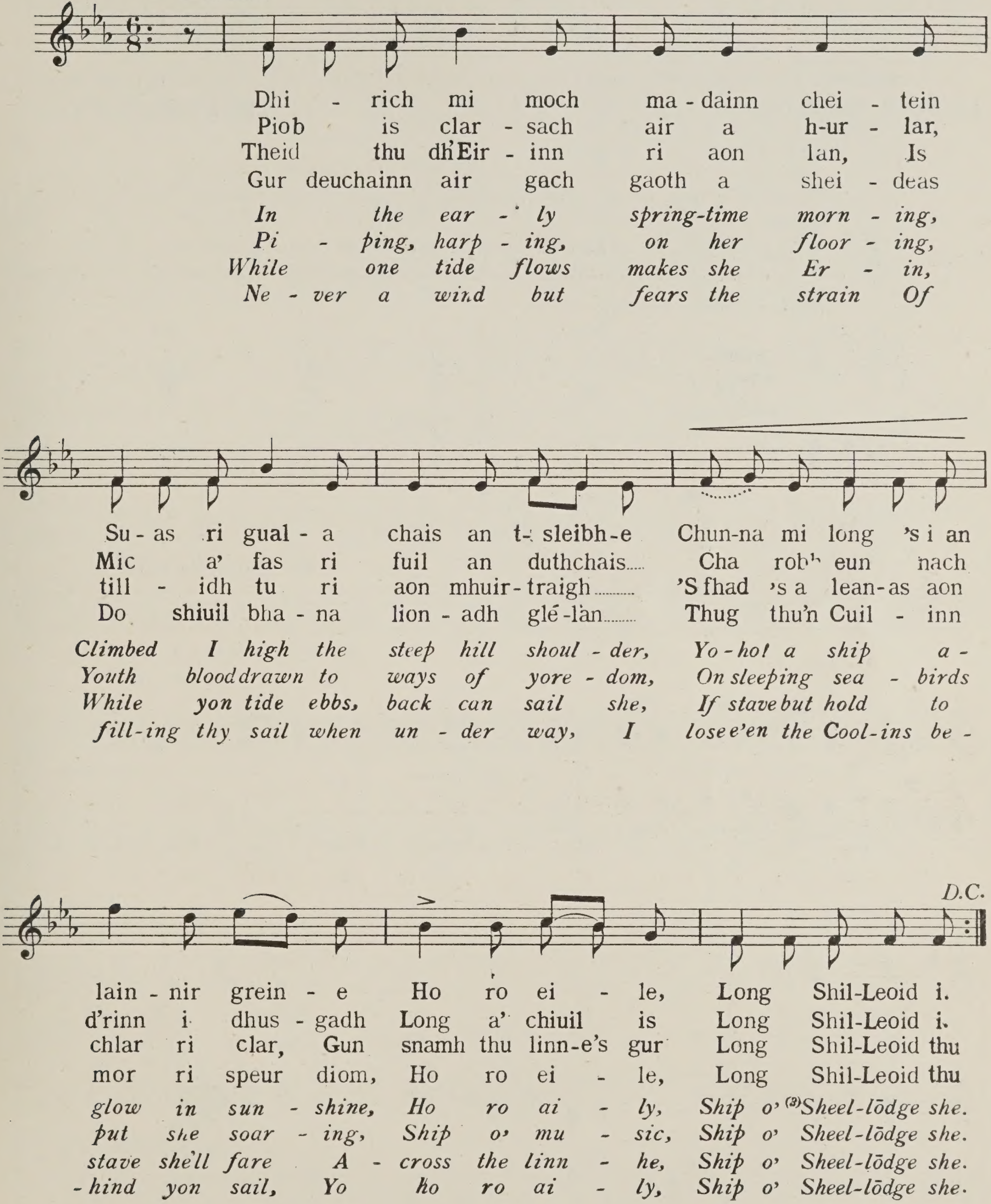

Ha rim ha ro ho Ho ro leathag i Ha
Pronounce. *Ha rim ha ro ho Ho ro ²lack - ey Ha*
rim ho ro - ho Ho ro leathagi Ha rim ho ro - ho
rim ho ro ho Ho ro lack - ey Ha rim ho ro - ho
Ho ro leathag i Ho ro ei - le Ho ro leathag i
Ho ro lack - ey Ho ro ai - ly Ho ro lack - ey

---

* To be sung by a number of voices in unison, unaccompanied.

(1) pronounced Gorumhool. (2) rather roll-yacky.

Verses.


Dhi - rich mi moch ma - dainn chei - tein
Piob is clar - sach air a h-ur - lar,
Theid thu dh'Eir - inn ri aon lan, Is
Gur deuchainn air gach gaoth a shei - deas
In the ear - ly spring-time morn - ing,
Pi - ping, harp - ing, on her floor - ing,
While one tide flows makes she Er - in,
Ne - ver a wind but fears the strain Of
Su - as ri gual - a chais an t- sleibh-e Chun-na mi long 's i an
Mic a' fas ri fuil an duthchais..... Cha robh eun nach
till - idh tu ri aon mhuir-traigh.......... 'S fhad 's a lean-as aon
Do shiuil bha - na lion - adh glé-làn........ Thug thu'n Cuil - inn
Climbed I high the steep hill shoul - der, Yo - ho! a ship a -
Youth blood drawn to ways of yore - dom, On sleeping sea - birds
While yon tide ebbs, back can sail she, If stave but hold to
fill-ing thy sail when un - der way, I lose e'en the Cool-ins be -
D.C.
lain - nir grein - e Ho ro ei - le, Long Shil-Leoid i.
d'rinn i dhus - gadh Long a' chiuil is Long Shil-Leoid i.
chlar ri clar, Gun snamh thu linn-e's gur Long Shil-Leoid thu
mor ri speur diom, Ho ro ei - le, Long Shil-Leoid thu
glow in sun - shine, Ho ro ai - ly, Ship o' (3)Sheel-lōdge she.
put she soar - ing, Ship o' mu - sic, Ship o' Sheel-lōdge she.
stave she'll fare A - cross the linn - he, Ship o' Sheel-lōdge she.
- hind yon sail, Yo ho ro ai - ly, Ship o' Sheel-lōdge she.

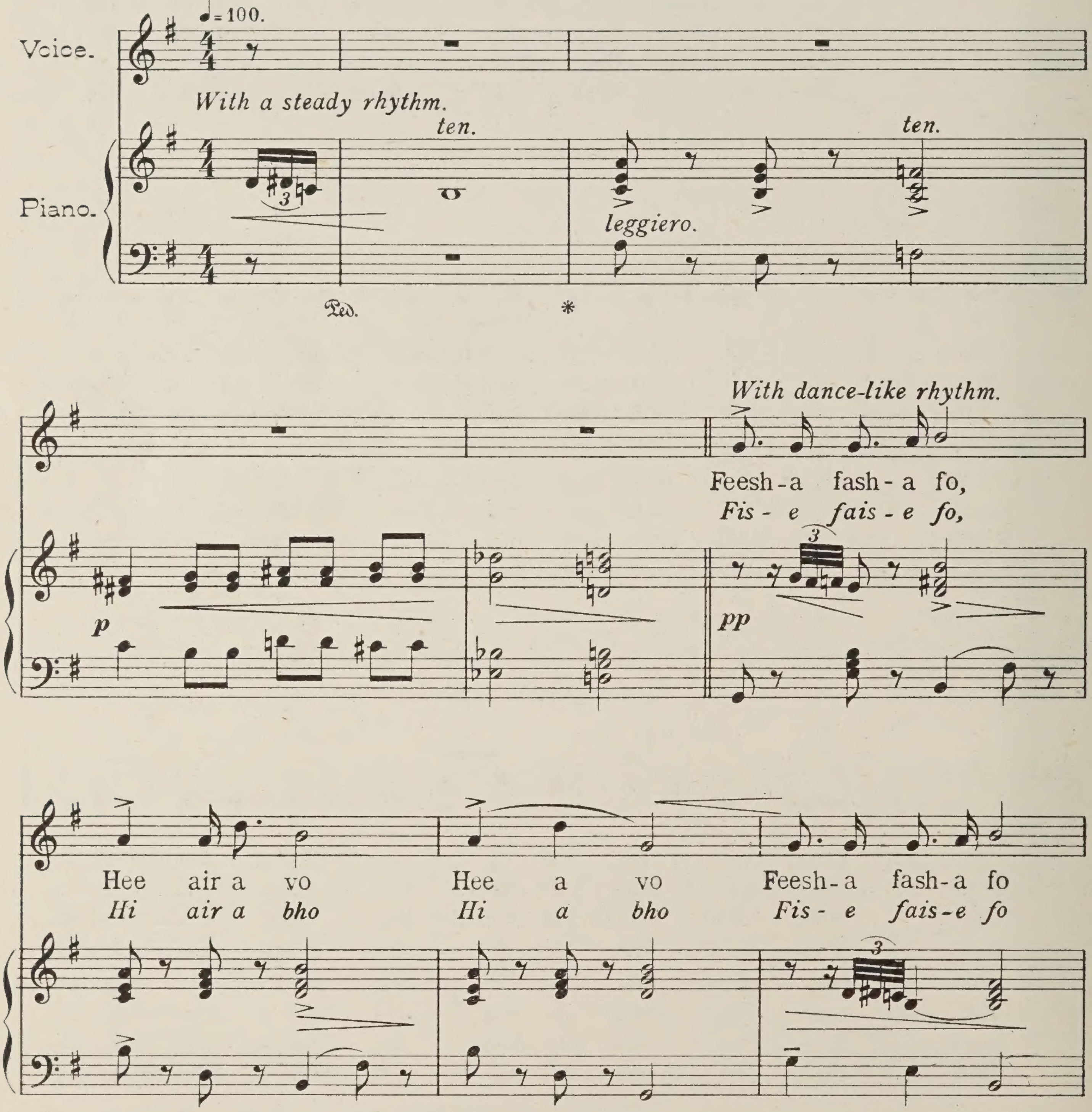
(3) Sil Leod = the seed or Clan of Macleod.

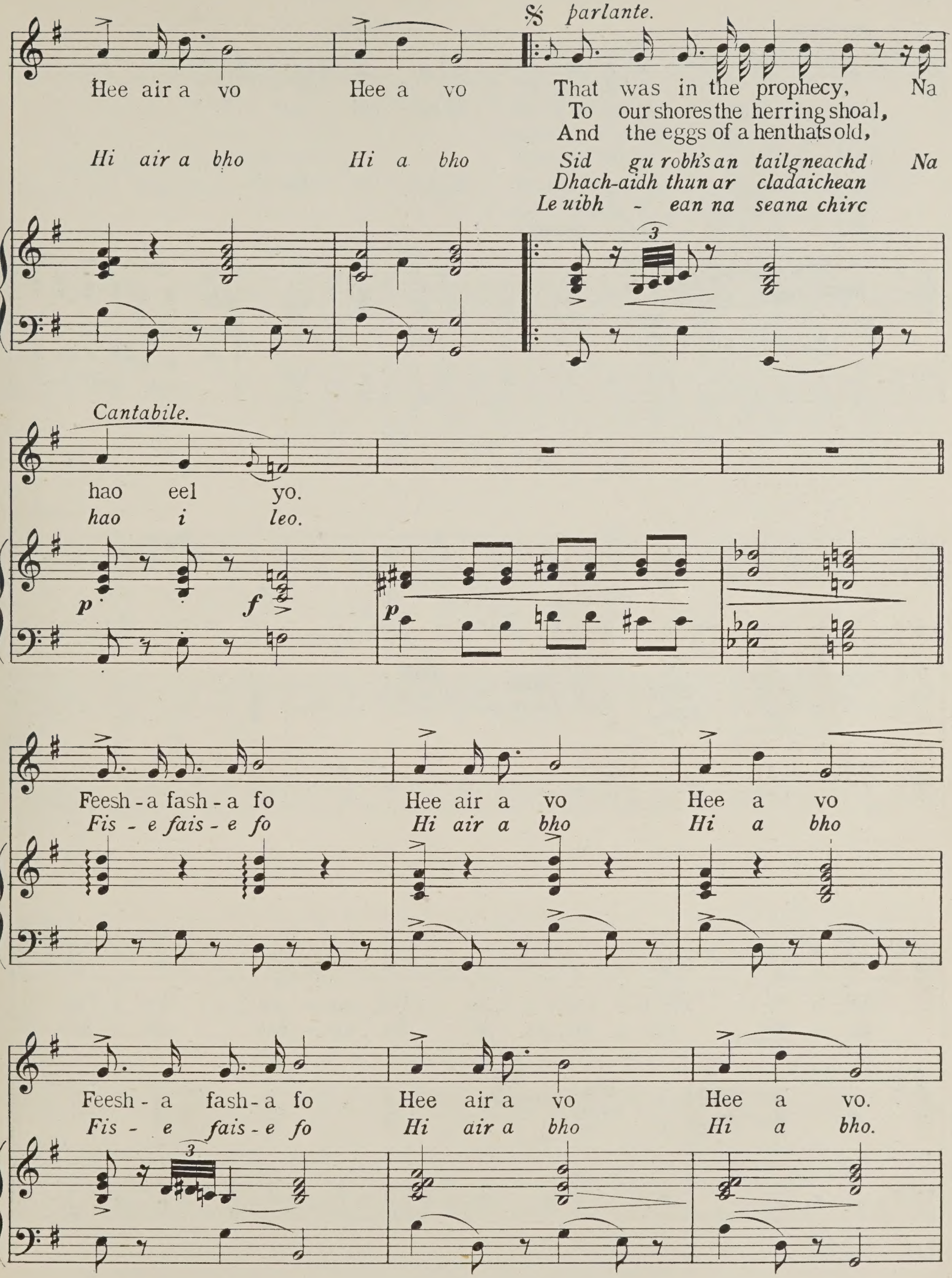
WITCHERY CROON.

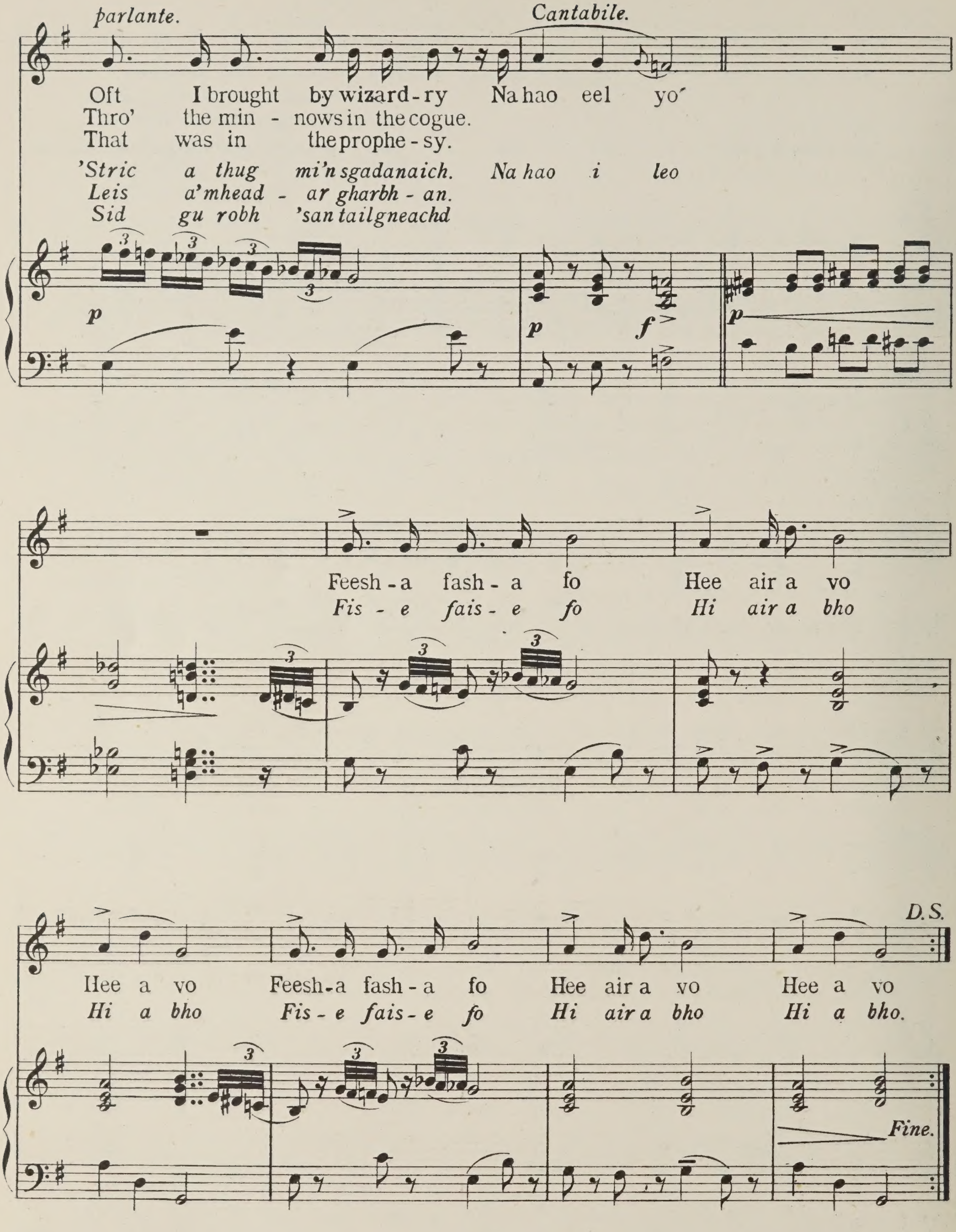
Fise Faise Fó.

From
KENNETH MACLEOD.

Arr. for Voice and Piano by
M. KENNEDY-FRASER.




parlante.
Hee air a vo
Hee a vo
That was in the prophecy, Na
To our shores the herring shoal,
And the eggs of a hen thats old,
Hi air a bho
Hi a bho
Sid gu robh's an tailgneachd Na
Dhach-aidh thun ar cladaichean
Le uibh - ean na seana chirc
Cantabile.
hao eel yo.
hao i leo.
p
f
p
Feesh - a fash - a fo
Hee air a vo
Hee a vo
Fis - e fais - e fo
Hi air a bho
Hi a bho
Feesh - a fash - a fo
Hee air a vo
Hee a vo.
Fis - e fais - e fo
Hi air a bho
Hi a bho.


parlante.
Cantabile.
Oft I brought by wizard-ry Na hao eel yo'
Thro' the min - nows in the cogue.
That was in the prophe - sy.
'Stric a thug mi'n sgadanaich. Na hao i leo
Leis a'mhead - ar gharbh - an.
Sid gu robh 'san tailgneachd
p
p
f
p
Feesh - a fash - a fo Hee air a vo
Fis - e fais - e fo Hi air a bho
Hee a vo Feesh-a fash - a fo Hee air a vo Hee a vo
Hi a bho Fis - e fais - e fo Hi air a bho Hi a bho.
D.S.
Fine.
3

THE SEA-QUEST.

OR

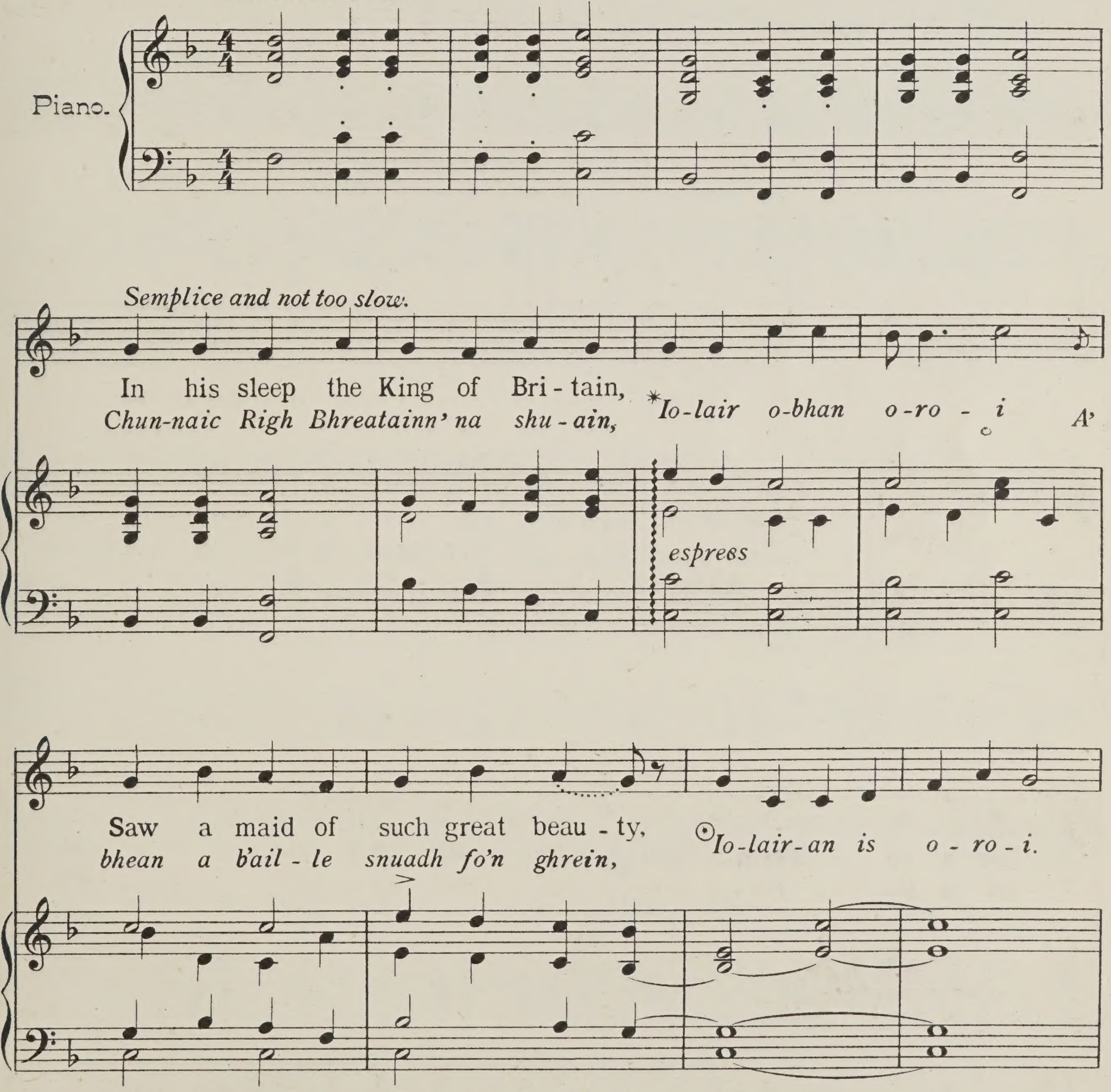
THE HARP-SORROW.

Am Bròn Binn.

The melodies collected by
MISS FRANCES TOLMIE, Skye
& MISS ANNIE JOHNSON, Barra.
Words collected and collated by
KENNETH MACLEOD.

Arranged for Voice and Piano by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER

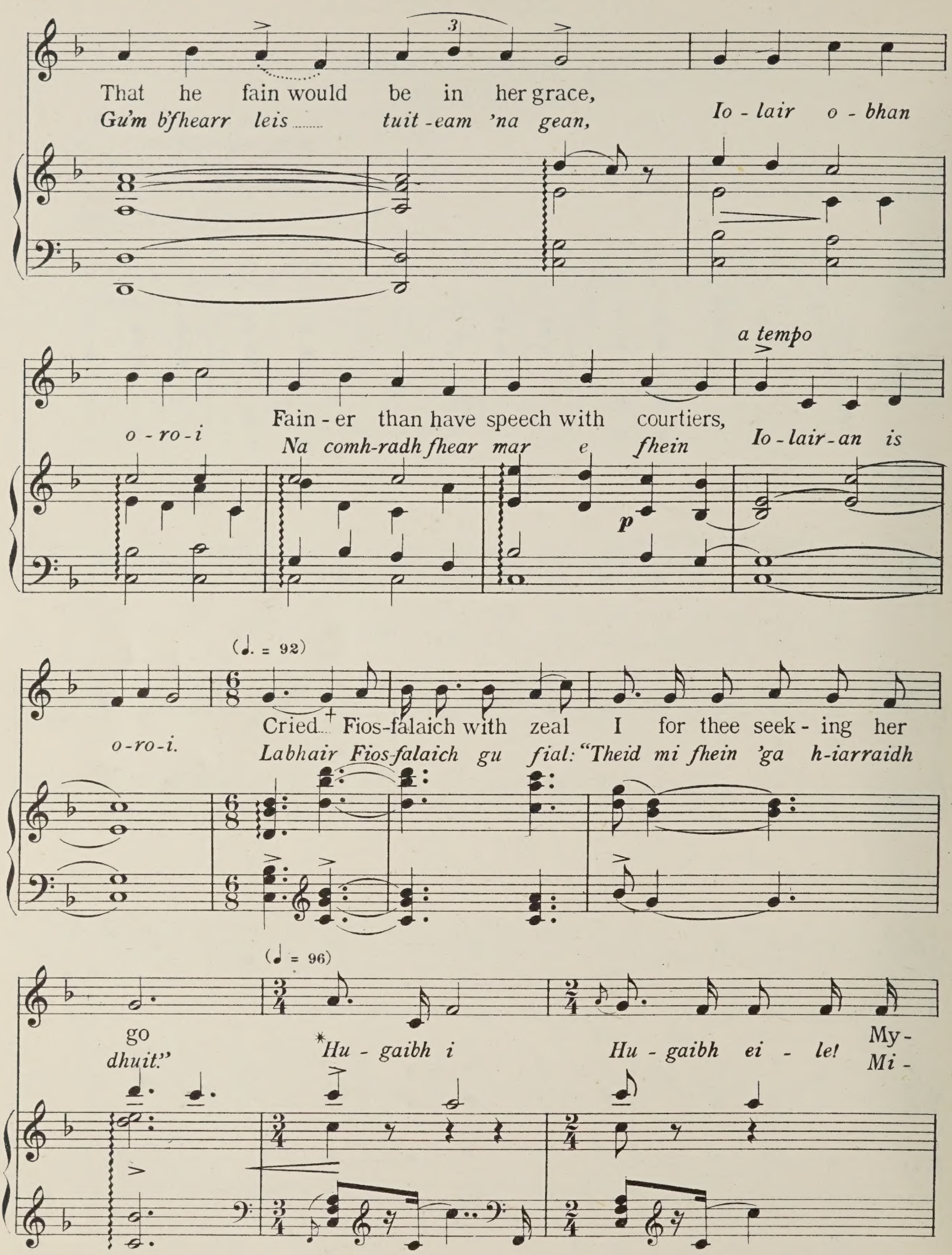
An ancient Arthurian tale.


Con moto (♩=126)
Piano.
Semplice and not too slow.
In his sleep the King of Bri-tain, *Io-lair o-bhan o-ro - i A'
Chun-naic Righ Bhreatainn' na shu-ain,
espress
Saw a maid of such great beau-ty, ⊙Io-lair-an is o-ro-i.
bhean a b'ail-le snuadh fo'n ghrein,

---

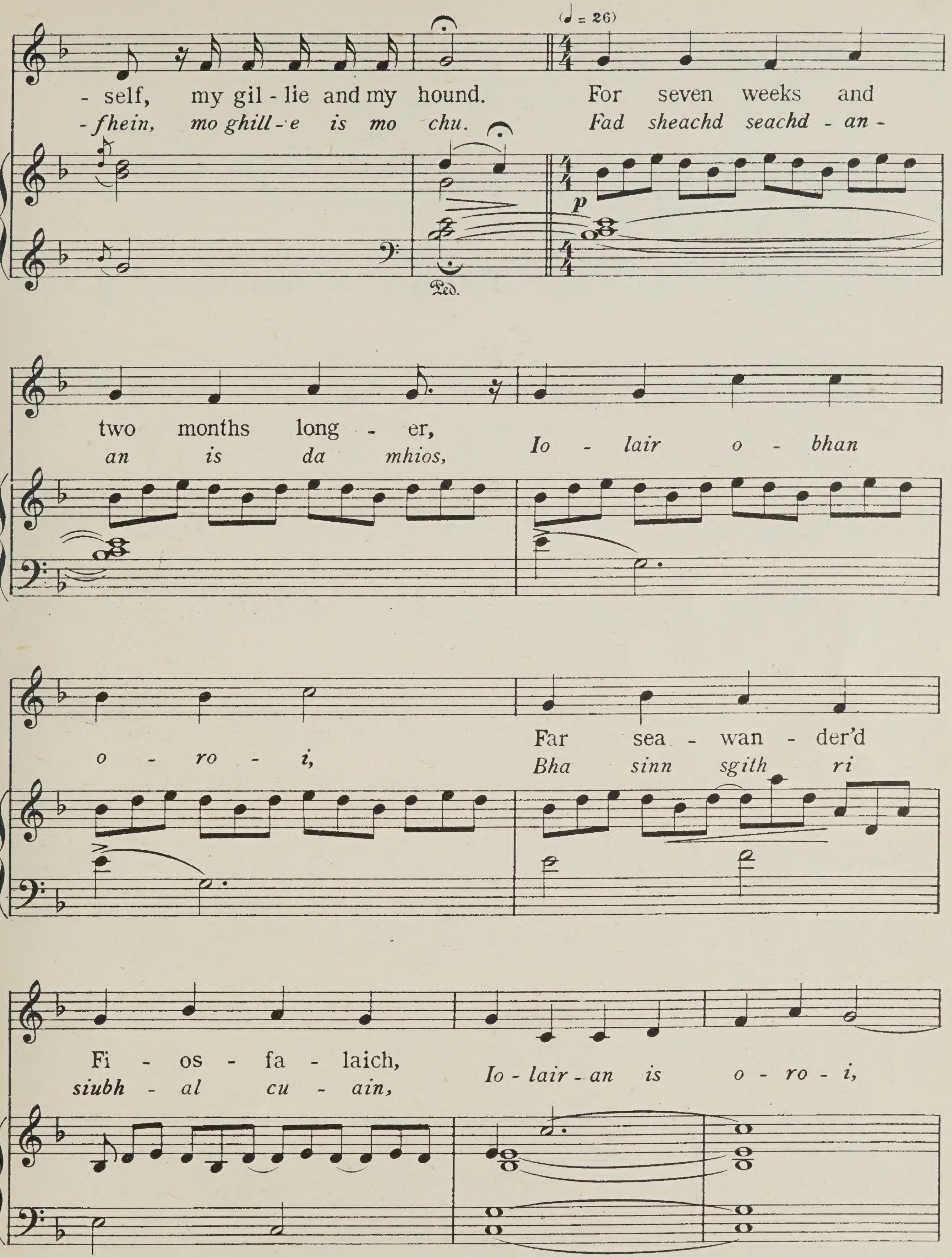
* Pronounce, eeolar ovan o-ro-ee.
⊙ „ eeolaran iss o-ro-ee.

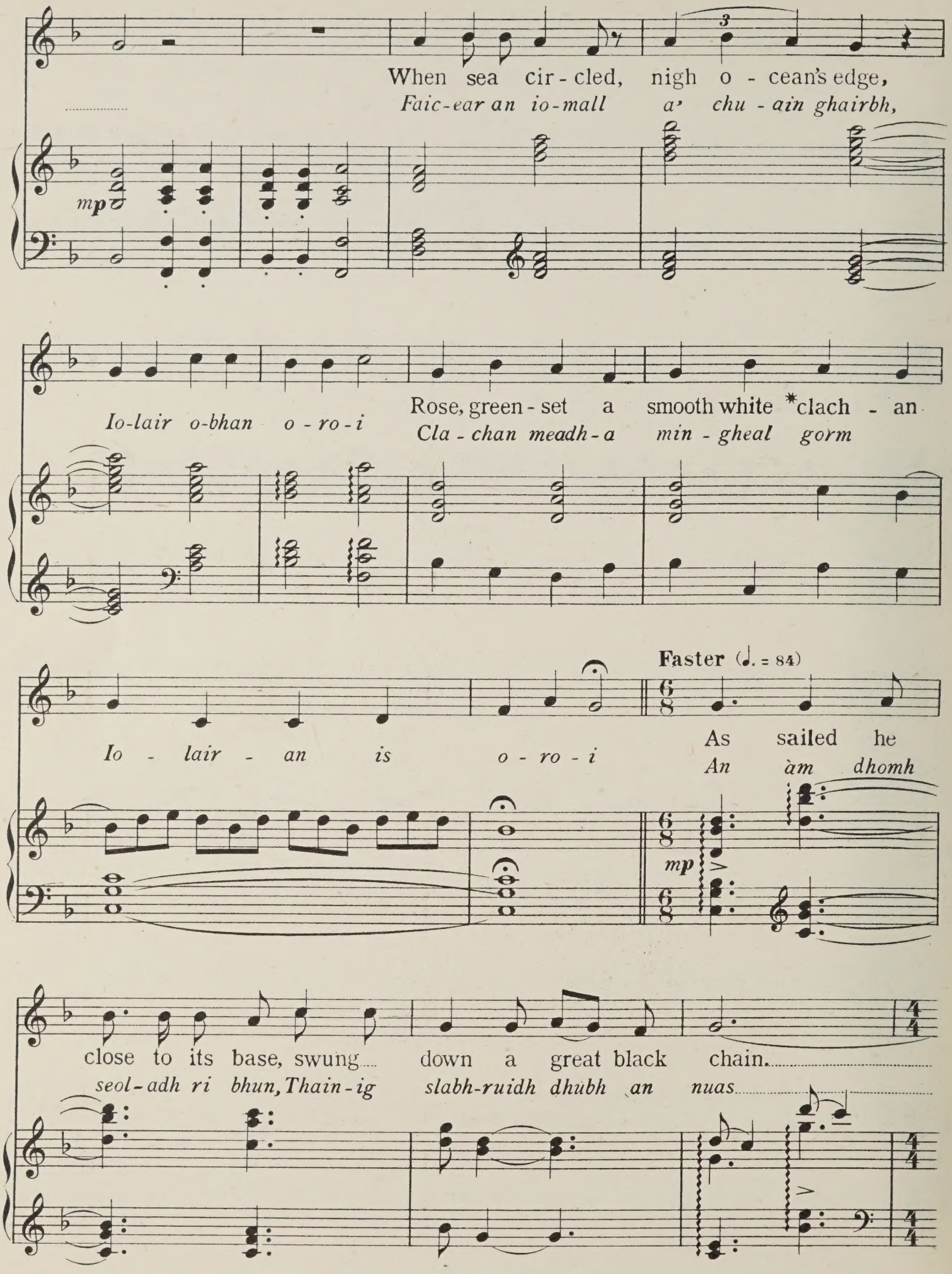
N.B. The metronome marks given throughout are merely an attempted approximate notation of the elastic time swerving adopted by any good singer of a dramatic ballad


That he fain would be in her grace,
Gu'm b'fhearr leis .... tuit-eam 'na gean,
Io - lair o - bhan
a tempo
o - ro - i
Fain - er than have speech with courtiers,
Na comh-radh fhear mar e fhein
Io - lair - an is
p
(♩. = 92)
o - ro - i.
Cried.... + Fios-falaich with zeal I for thee seek - ing her
Labhair Fios-falaich gu fial: "Theid mi fhein 'ga h-iarraidh
(♩ = 96)
go
dhuit."
*Hu - gaibh i
Hu - gaibh ei - le!
My -
Mi -

+ Sir Galahad pronounced Fees fahlich.

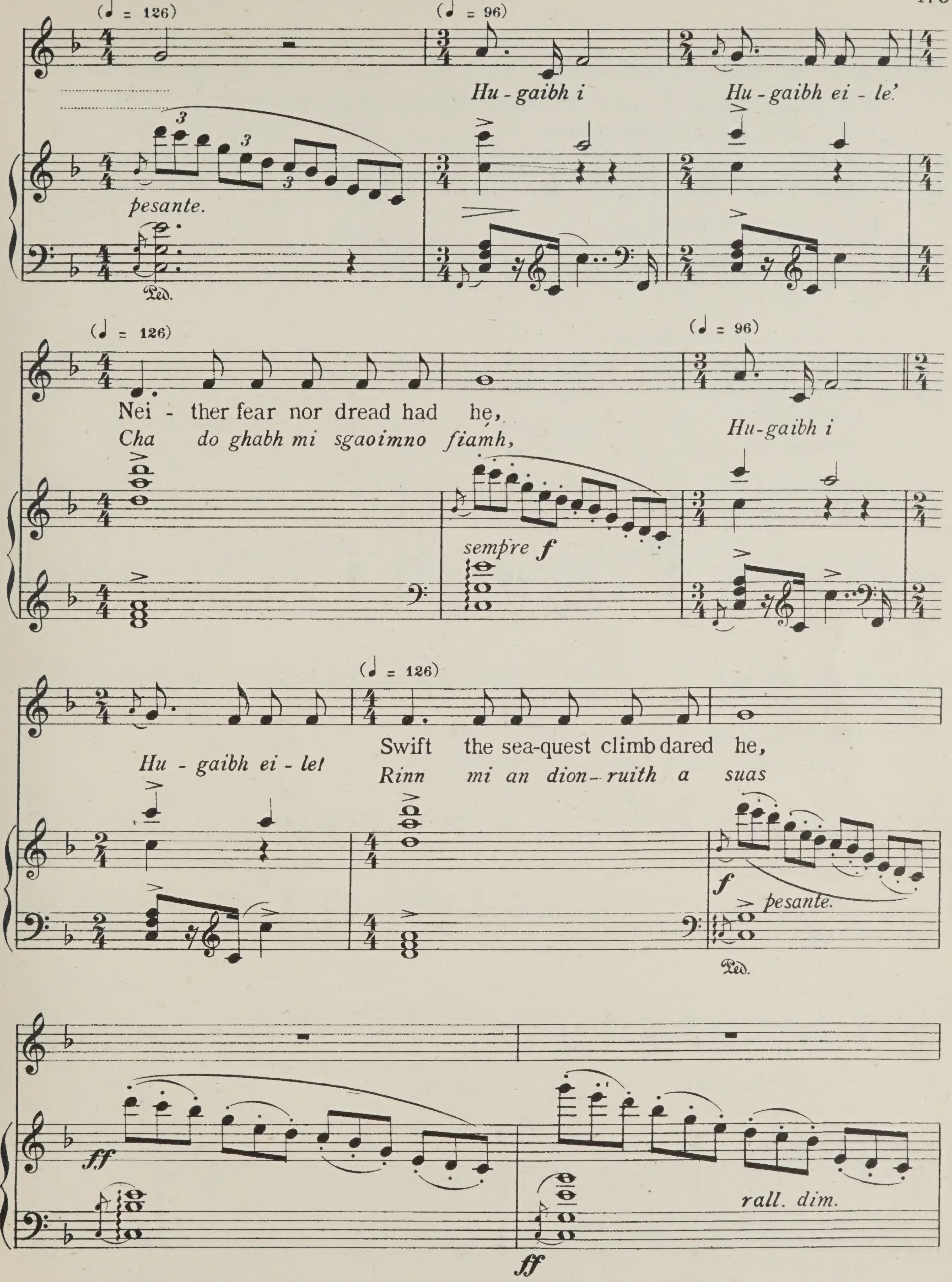
* Pronounce Hookavee Hookavaily, (to rhyme with "Daily.")

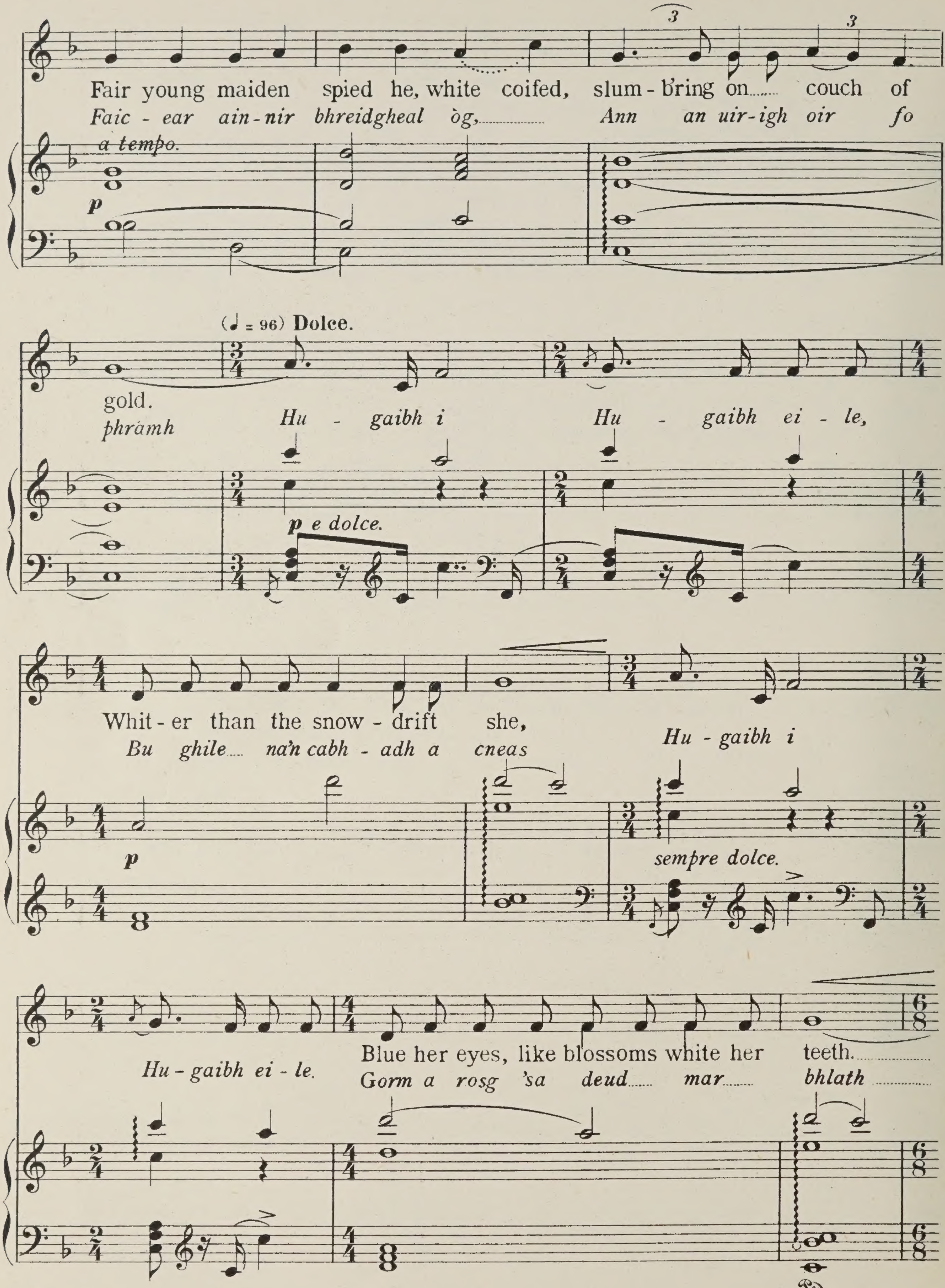

(♩ = 26)
- self, my gil - lie and my hound. For seven weeks and
- fhein, mo ghill - e is mo chu. Fad sheachd seachd - an -
p
Ped.
two months long - - er,
an is da mhios,
Io - lair o - bhan
o - ro - i,
Far sea - wan - der'd
Bha sinn sgith ri
Fi - os - fa - laich,
siubh - al cu - ain,
Io - lair - an is o - ro - i,

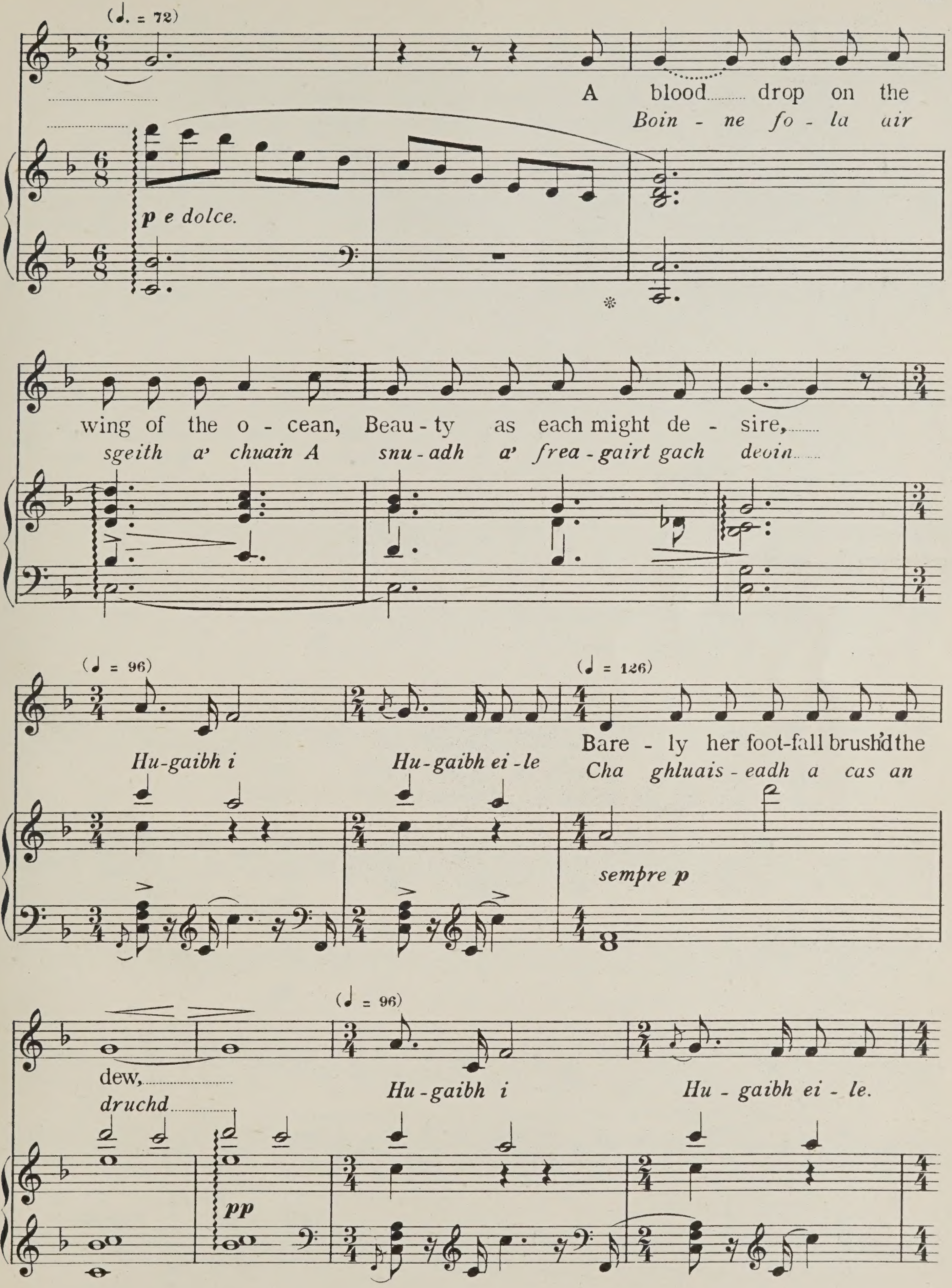

mp
When sea cir-cled, nigh o-cean's edge,
Faic-ear an io-mall a' chu-ain ghairbh,
Io-lair o-bhan o-ro-i
Rose, green-set a smooth white *clach-an
Cla-chan meadh-a min-gheal gorm
Io-lair-an is o-ro-i
Faster (♩. = 84)
As sailed he
An àm dhomh
mp
close to its base, swung down a great black chain.
seol-adh ri bhun, Thain-ig slabh-ruidh dhubh an nuas

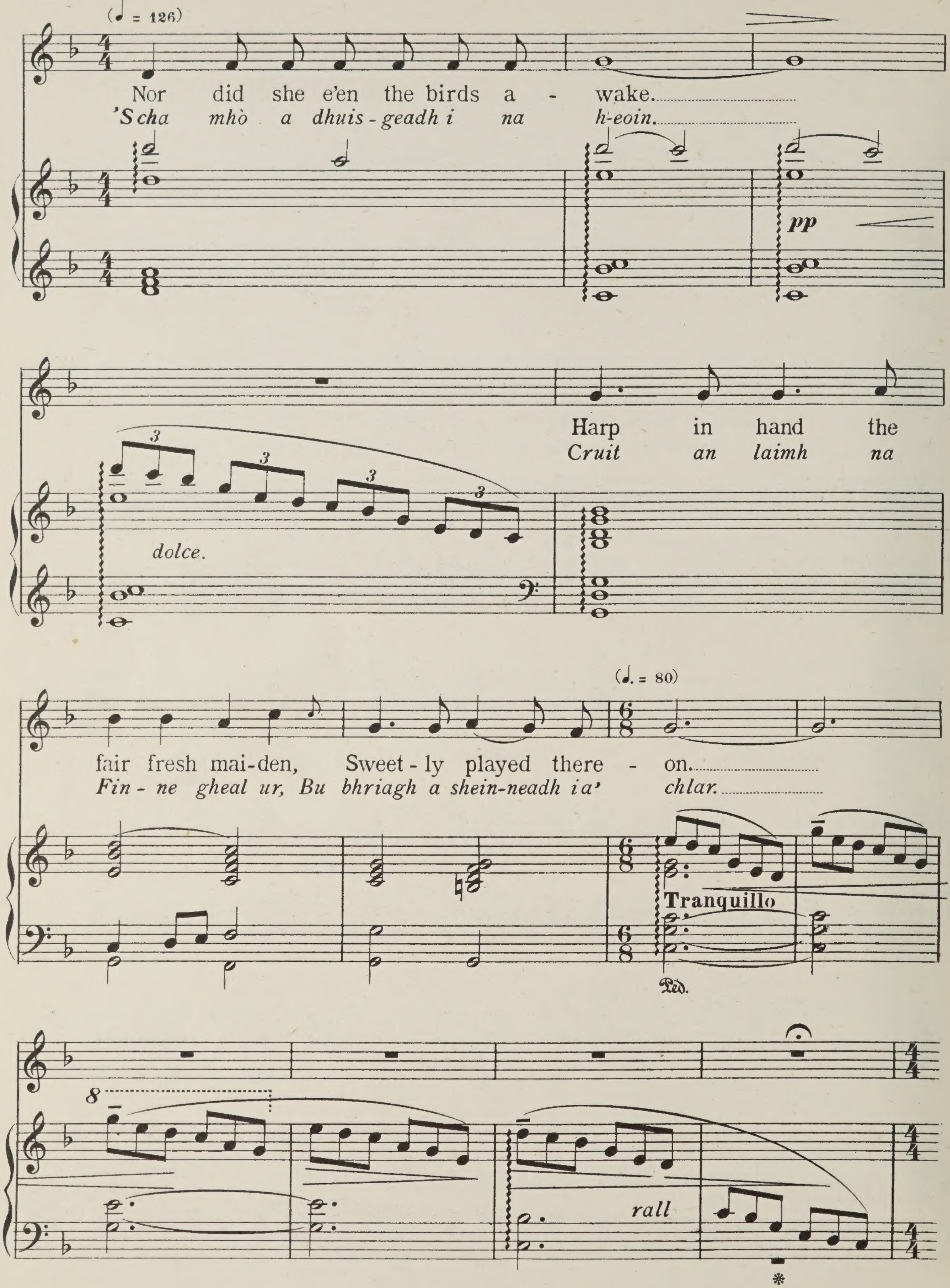
---

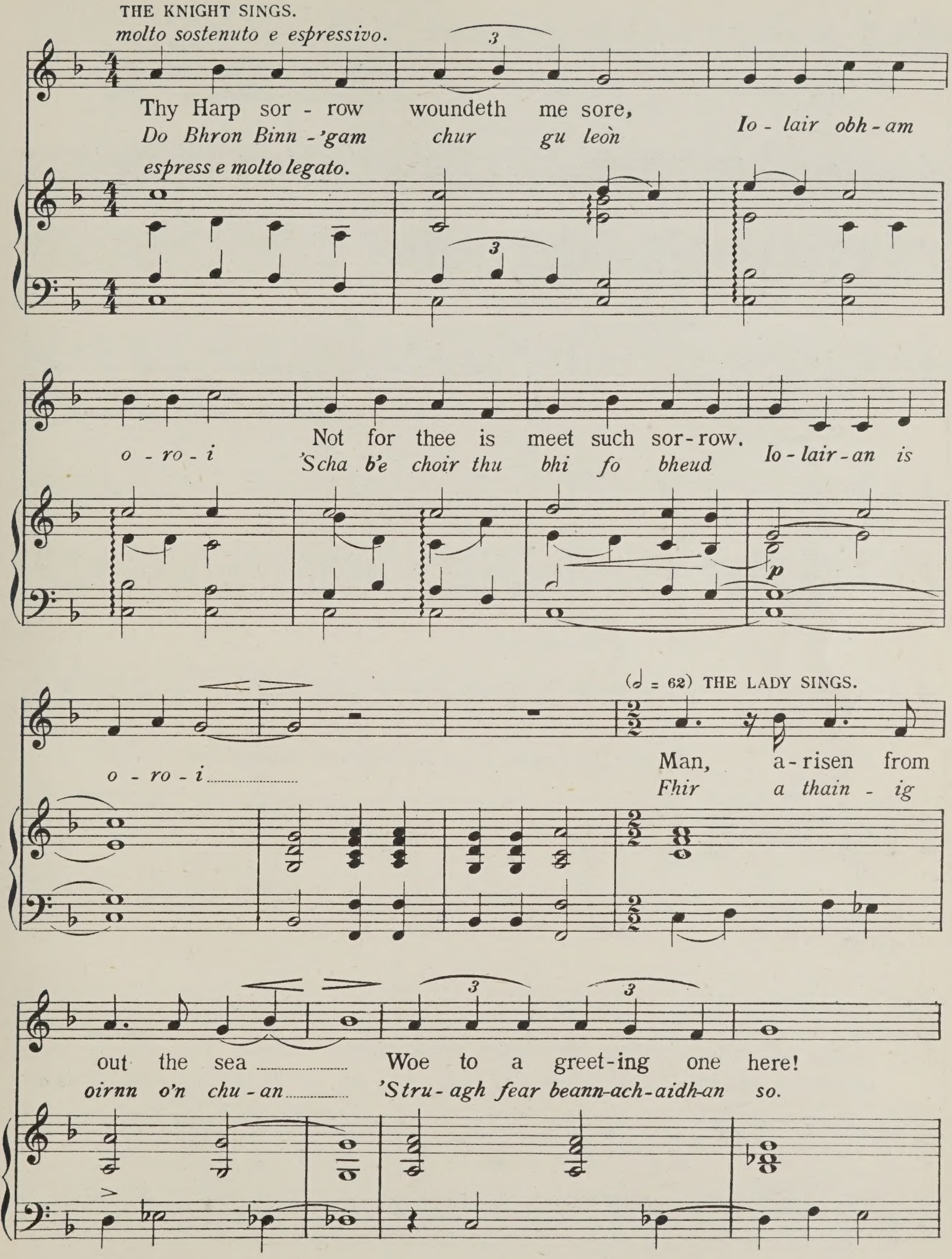
*Building. "Castle" occurs in some versions.

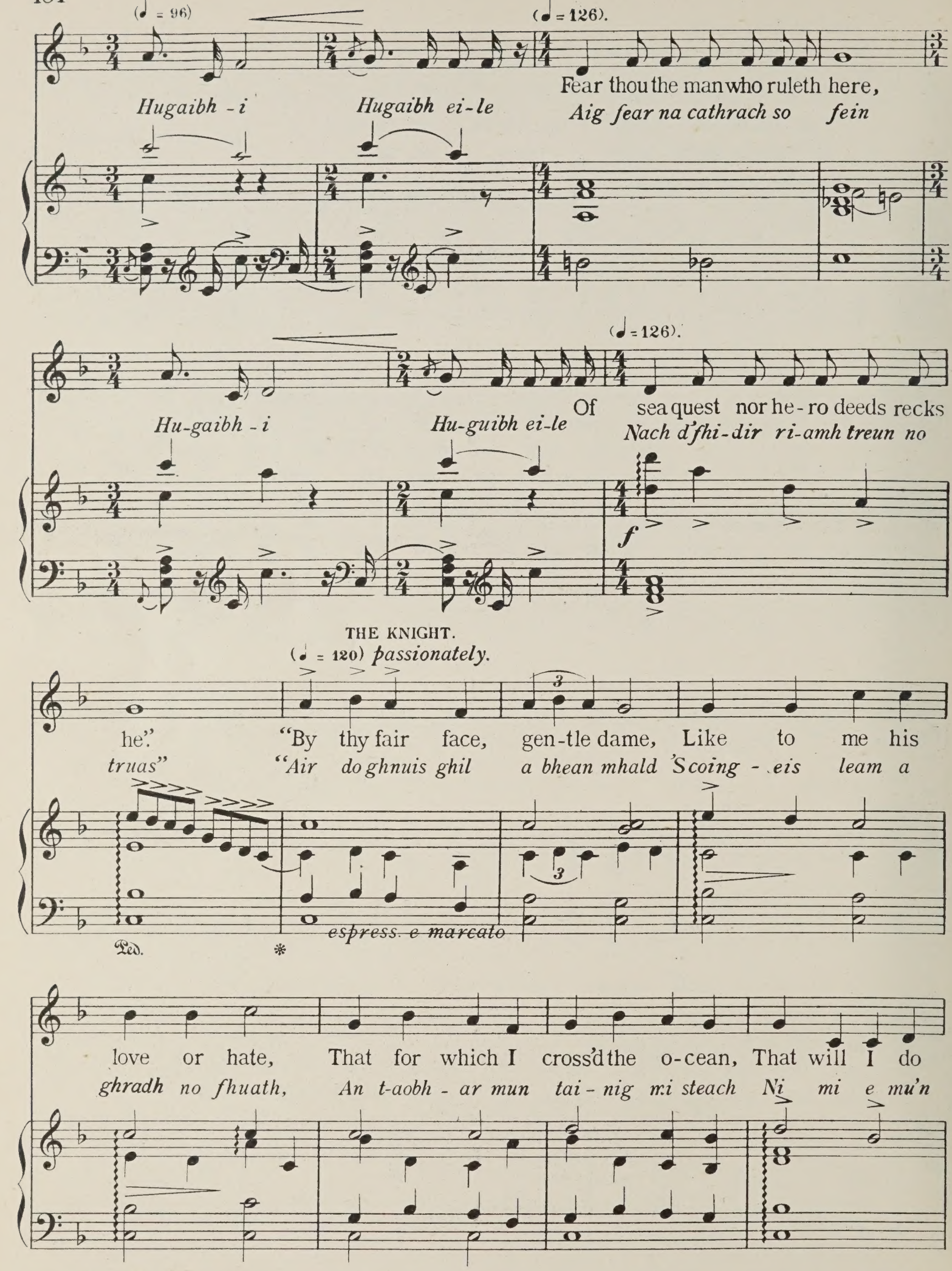

(♩ = 126)
(♩ = 96)
Hu - gaibh i
Hu - gaibh ei - le.
pesante.
Ped.
(♩ = 126)
(♩ = 96)
Nei - ther fear nor dread had he,
Cha do ghabh mi sgaoimno fiamh,
Hu-gaibh i
sempre f
Hu - gaibh ei - let
(♩ = 126)
Swift the sea-quest climb dared he,
Rinn mi an dion-ruith a suas
f
pesante.
Ped.
ff
ff
rall. dim.

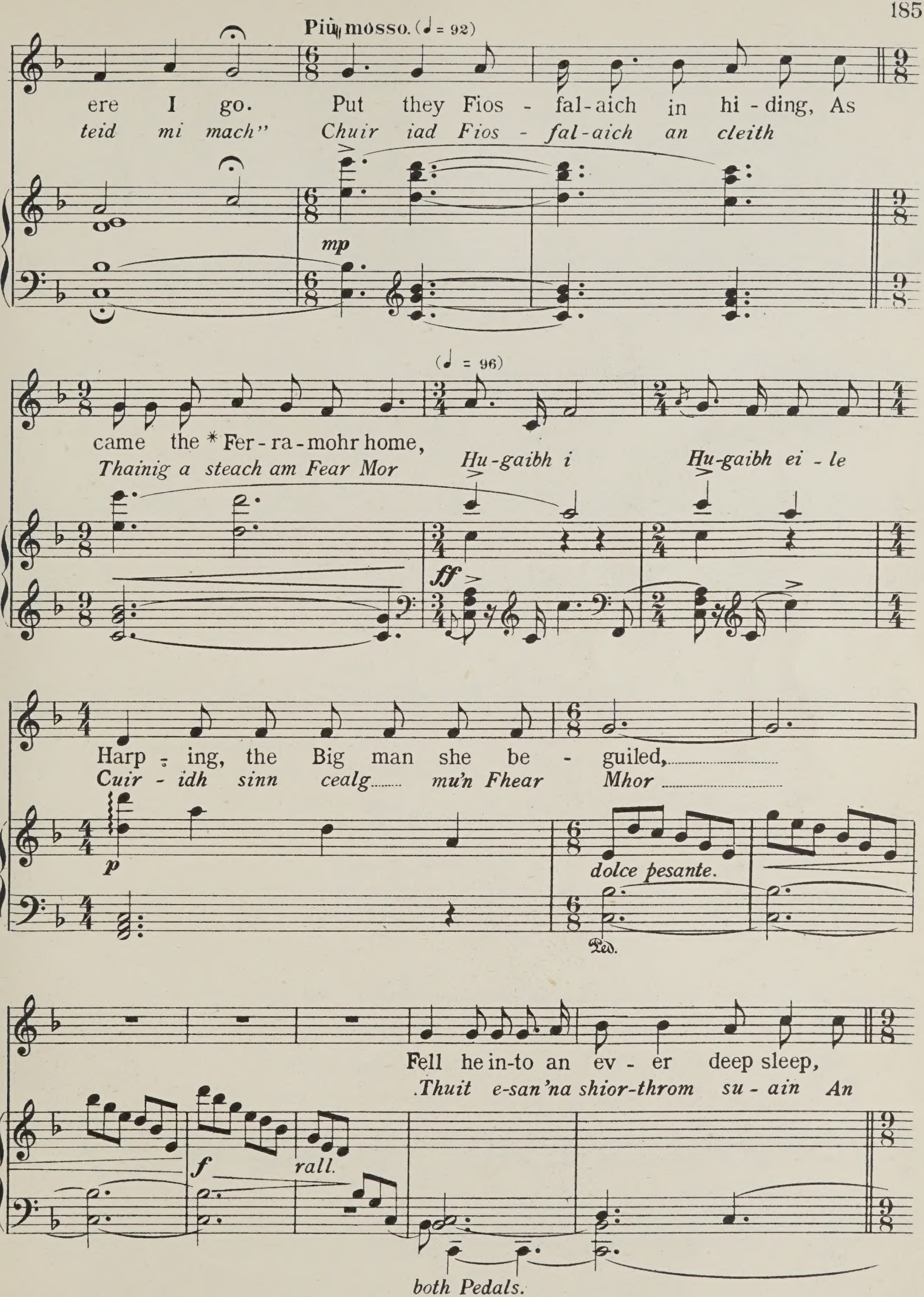

Fair young maiden spied he, white coifed, slum - b'ring on........ couch of
Faic - ear ain - nir bhreidgheal òg,.................. Ann an uir - igh oir fo
a tempo.
p
3
3
(♩ = 96) Dolce.
gold.
phràmh
Hu - gaibh i
Hu - gaibh ei - le,
p e dolce.
Whit - er than the snow - drift she,
Bu ghile..... na'n cabh - adh a cneas
Hu - gaibh i
p
sempre dolce.
Hu - gaibh ei - le.
Blue her eyes, like blossoms white her teeth. ....
Gorm a rosg 'sa deud....... mar........ bhlath ....
Ped.


(♩. = 72)
A blood...... drop on the
Boin - ne fo - la air
p e dolce.
wing of the o - cean, Beau - ty as each might de - sire,......
sgeith a' chuain A snu - adh a' frea - gairt gach deoin......
(♩ = 96)
Hu-gaibh i
Hu-gaibh ei - le
(♩ = 126)
Bare - ly her foot-fall brush'd the
Cha ghluais - eadh a cas an
sempre p
dew,......
druchd......
(♩ = 96)
Hu - gaibh i
Hu - gaibh ei - le.
pp


(♩ = 126)
Nor did she e'en the birds a - wake.
'Scha mhò a dhuis - geadh i na h-eoin.
pp
dolce.
Harp in hand the
Cruit an laimh na
(♩. = 80)
fair fresh mai-den, Sweet - ly played there - on.
Fin - ne gheal ur, Bu bhriagh a shein-neadh ia' chlar.
Tranquillo
Ped.
8
rall
*

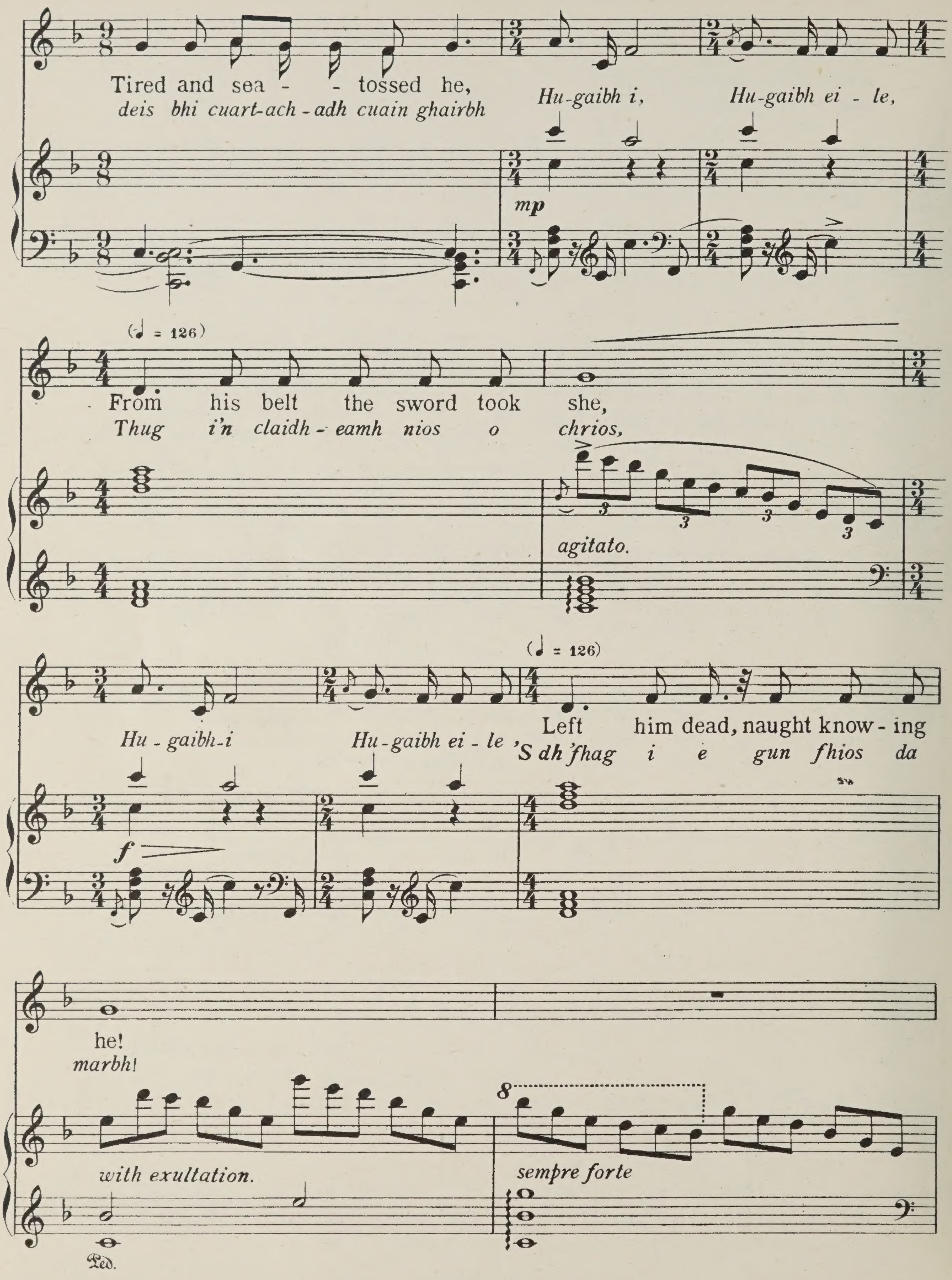

THE KNIGHT SINGS.
molto sostenuto e espressivo.
Thy Harp sor - row woundeth me sore,
Do Bhron Binn - 'gam chur gu leon
Io - lair obh - am
espress e molto legato.
o - ro - i
Not for thee is meet such sor-row.
'Scha b'e choir thu bhi fo bheud
Io - lair - an is
p
o - ro - i
(𝅗𝅥 = 62) THE LADY SINGS.
Man, a-risen from
Fhir a thain - ig
out the sea
oirnn o'n chu - an
Woe to a greet-ing one here!
'Stru - agh fear beann-ach-aidh-an so.

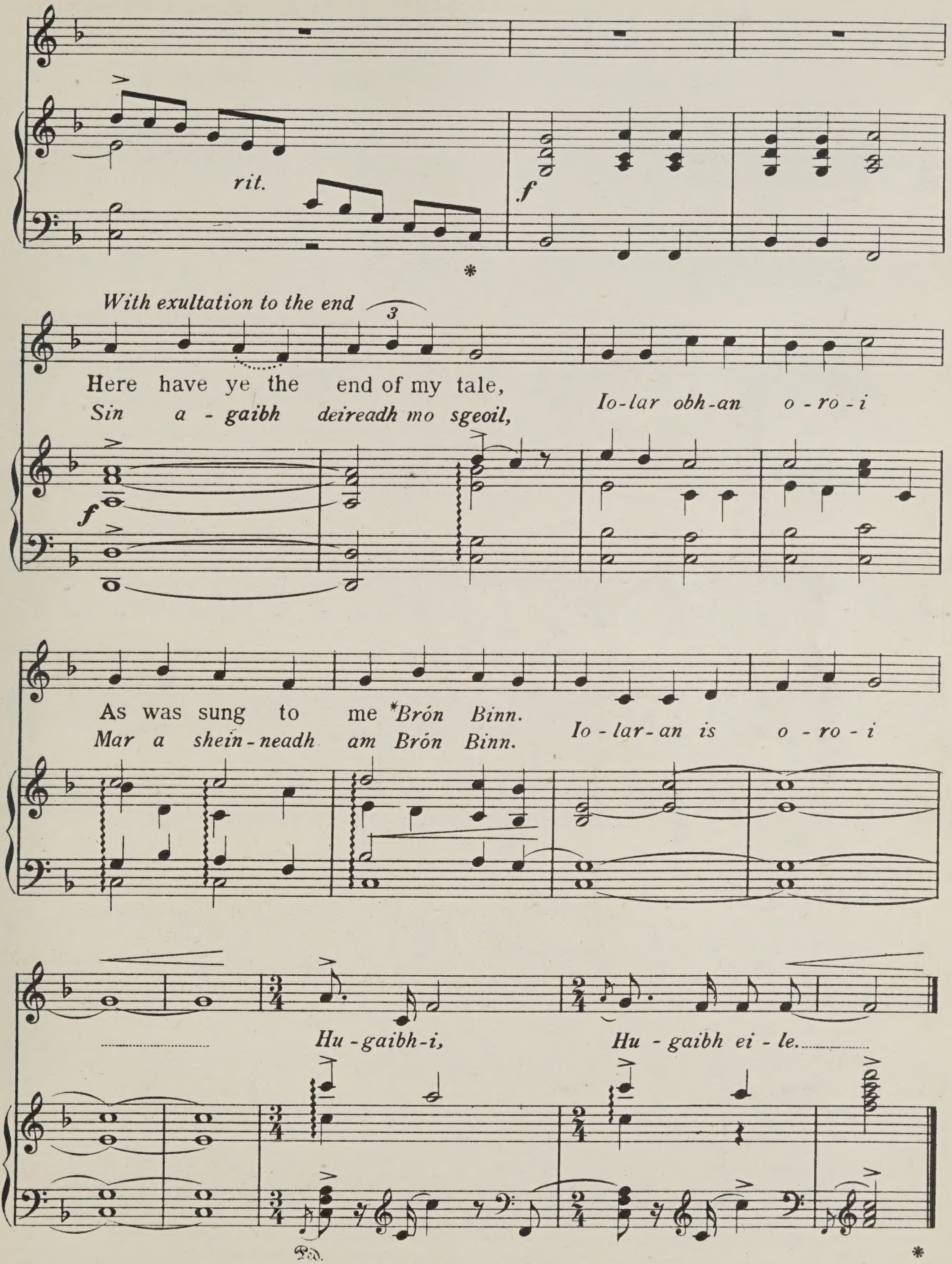

(♩ = 96)
(♩ = 126).
Hugaibh - i
Hugaibh ei - le
Fear thou the man who ruleth here,
Aig fear na cathrach so fein
Hu-gaibh - i
Hu-guibh ei - le
(♩ = 126).
Of sea quest nor he - ro deeds recks
Nach d'fhi-dir ri-amh treun no
f
THE KNIGHT.
(♩ = 120) passionately.
he."
truas"
"By thy fair face, gen-tle dame, Like to me his
"Air do ghnuis ghil a bhean mhald 'Scoing - eis leam a
Ped.
*
espress. e marcato
love or hate, That for which I cross'd the o-cean, That will I do
ghradh no fhuath, An t-aobh - ar mun tai - nig m.i steach Ni mi e mu'n


Più mosso. (♩ = 92)
ere I go. Put they Fios - fal-aich in hi - ding, As
teid mi mach" Chuir iad Fios - fal-aich an cleith
mp
(♩ = 96)
came the * Fer - ra - mohr home,
Thainig a steach am Fear Mor Hu-gaibh i Hu-gaibh ei - le
ff
Harp - ing, the Big man she be - guiled,
Cuir - idh sinn cealg mu'n Fhear Mhor
p
dolce pesante.
Ped.
Fell he in-to an ev - er deep sleep,
Thuit e-san'na shior-throm su - ain An
f
rall.
both Pedals.

---

* Fear Mor = Big man.


Tired and sea - - tossed he,
deis bhi cuart-ach - adh cuain ghairbh
Hu-gaibh i,
Hu-gaibh ei - le,
mp
(♩ = 126)
From his belt the sword took she,
Thug i'n claidh - eamh nios o chrios,
agitato.
Hu - gaibh i
Hu-gaibh ei - le
f
(♩ = 126)
Left him dead, naught know - ing
'S dh'fhag i e gun fhios da
he!
marbh!
with exultation.
sempre forte
8
Ped.


rit.
f
With exultation to the end
Here have ye the end of my tale,
Sin a-gaibh deireadh mo sgeoil,
Io-lar obh-an o-ro-i
As was sung to me *Brón Binn.
Mar a shein-neadh am Brón Binn.
Io-lar-an is o-ro-i
Hu-gaibh-i,
Hu-gaibh ei-le.
Ped.
*

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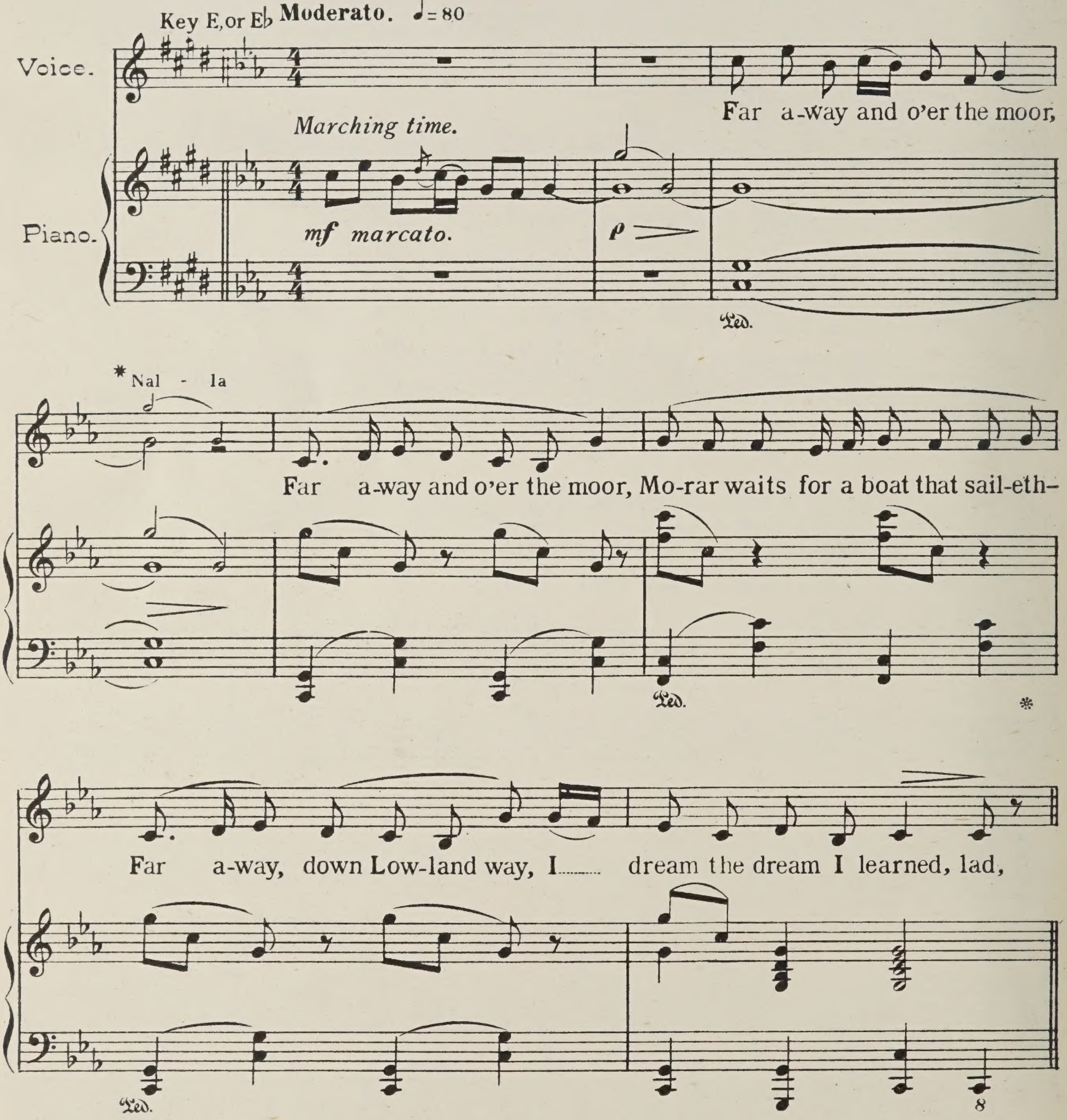
* The Gaelic title of the ballad, meaning melodious sorrow, pronounced *prawn been-ya,* i.e. as *three* syllables.

The Peat-Fire Flame.

A TRAMPING SONG.
companion to "The Road to the Isles."

Words by KENNETH MACLEOD,
to a tune played on the chanter
by MALCOLM JOHNSON.

Arr. for Voice and Piano by
M. KENNEDY-FRASER.


Key E, or E♭
Moderato. ♩= 80
Voice.
Piano.
Marching time.
mf marcato.
p
Far a-way and o'er the moor,
Ped.
*Nal - la
Far a-way and o'er the moor, Mo-rar waits for a boat that sail-eth–
Ped.
*
Far a-way, down Low-land way, I...... dream the dream I learned, lad,
Ped.
8

---

* When the song (in tramping) is sung in unison without accompaniment, these two melody notes may be sung by the higher voices to this Gaelic ejaculation *Naile,* meaning behold.

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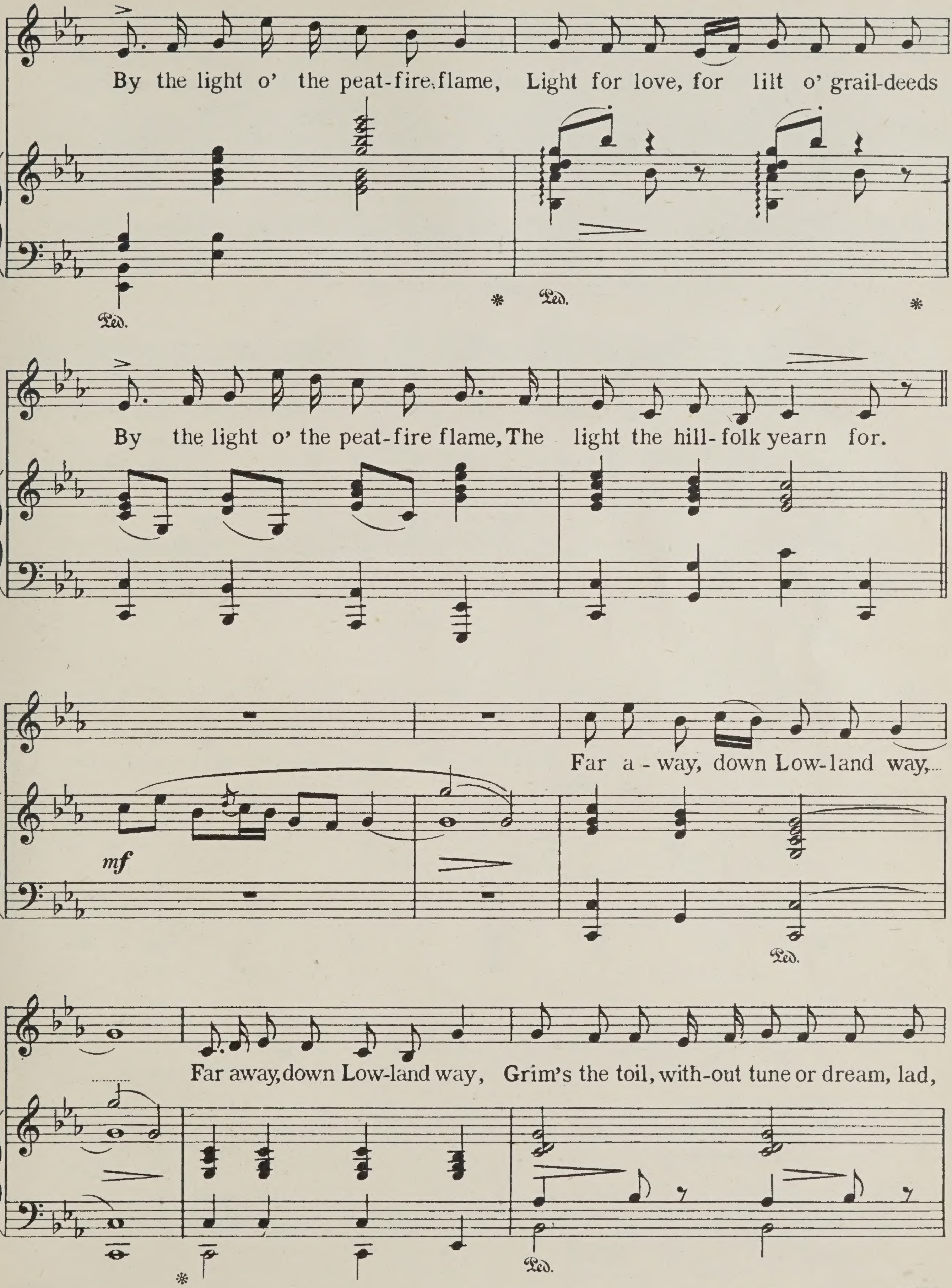
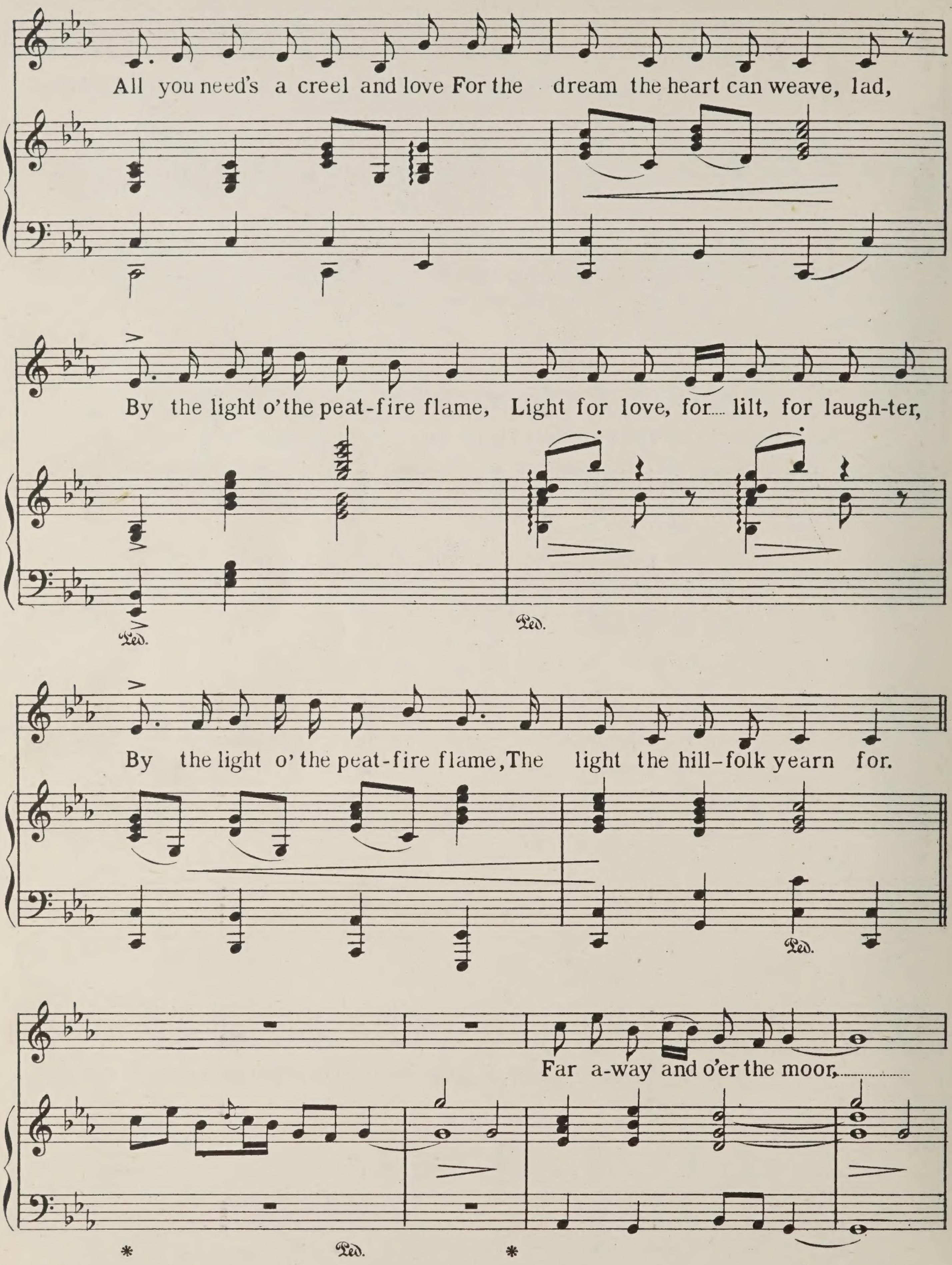
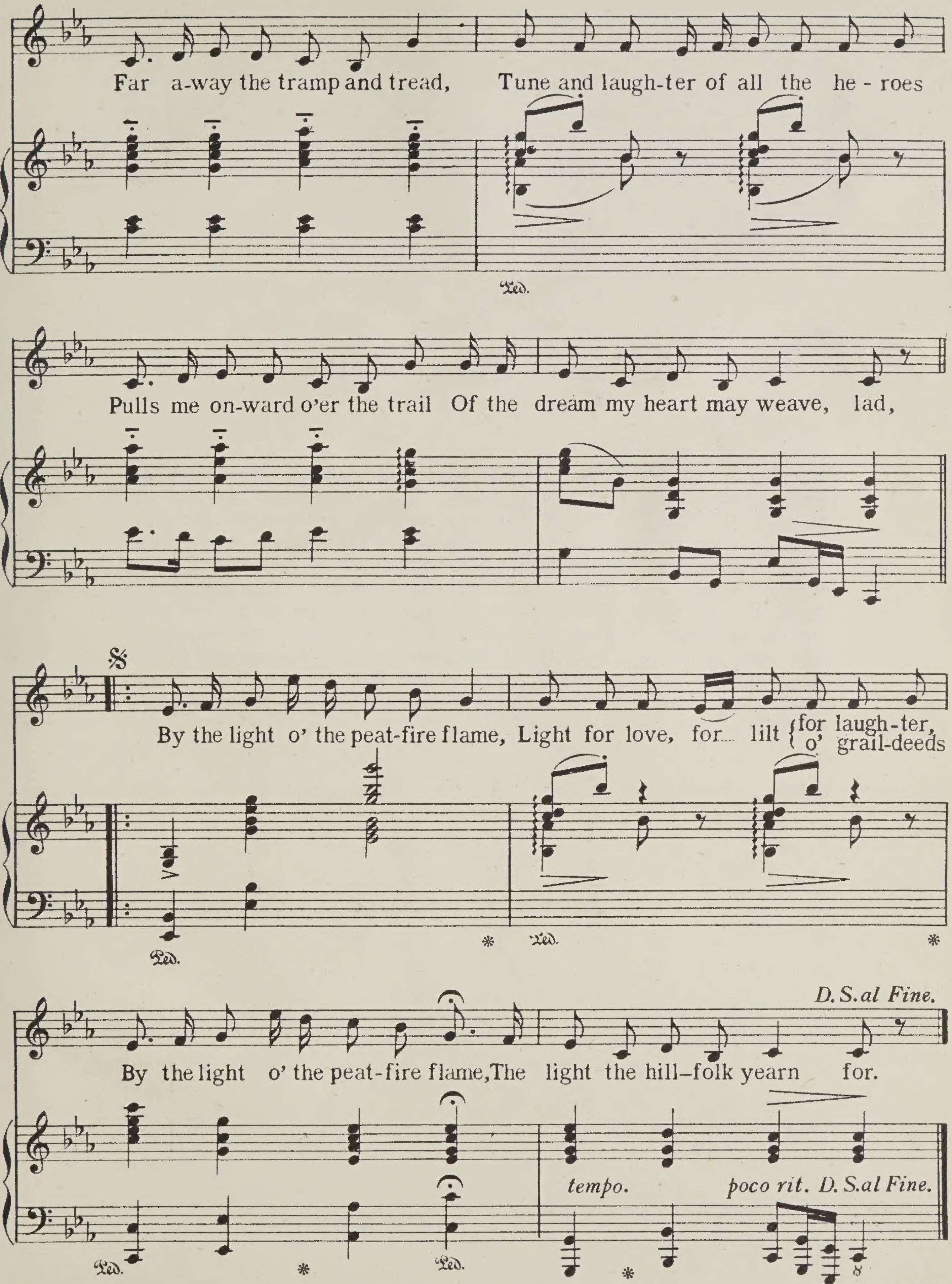

By the light o' the peat-fire flame, Light for love, for lilt o' grail-deeds
By the light o' the peat-fire flame, The light the hill-folk yearn for.
Far a-way, down Low-land way,
Far away, down Low-land way, Grim's the toil, with-out tune or dream, lad,
mf
Ped.
*


All you need's a creel and love For the dream the heart can weave, lad,
By the light o'the peat-fire flame, Light for love, for.... lilt, for laugh-ter,
By the light o' the peat-fire flame, The light the hill-folk yearn for.
Far a-way and o'er the moor,..................
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
*
Ped.
*


Far a-way the tramp and tread, Tune and laugh-ter of all the he - roes
Ped.
Pulls me on-ward o'er the trail Of the dream my heart may weave, lad,
By the light o' the peat-fire flame, Light for love, for... lilt {for laugh-ter, o' grail-deeds
Ped.
Ped.
D. S. al Fine.
By the light o' the peat-fire flame, The light the hill-folk yearn for.
tempo.
poco rit. D. S. al Fine.
Ped.
Ped.

Fare thee well.

Mairi, Daughter of Alastair Rua, having seen the last of her nurslings steering a boat, was now leaving Dunvegan Castle for her own Isle of Bernera. Her right arm was leaning on a staff; her left arm was carrying a little burden that was no longer there. And whom met she on the track to the leaving shore but Blind Ruari, the Harper. "I am not envying thee, Mairi, Daughter of Alastair Rua, blind though I am. It is growing out of thine arms the little ones will always be — and are they not the two sore things, the broken harp and the empty arm." "It is thine own finger that can touch the string, Blind Ruari. But I am thinking it is not out of its own head the harp is singing, or the arm is fondling. And so fare thee well, Ruari, Harper, maker of music." "And fare thee well, Mairi, Daughter of Alastair Rua, maker of song."

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Fraser, Marjory (Kennedy)
Songs of the Hebrides

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